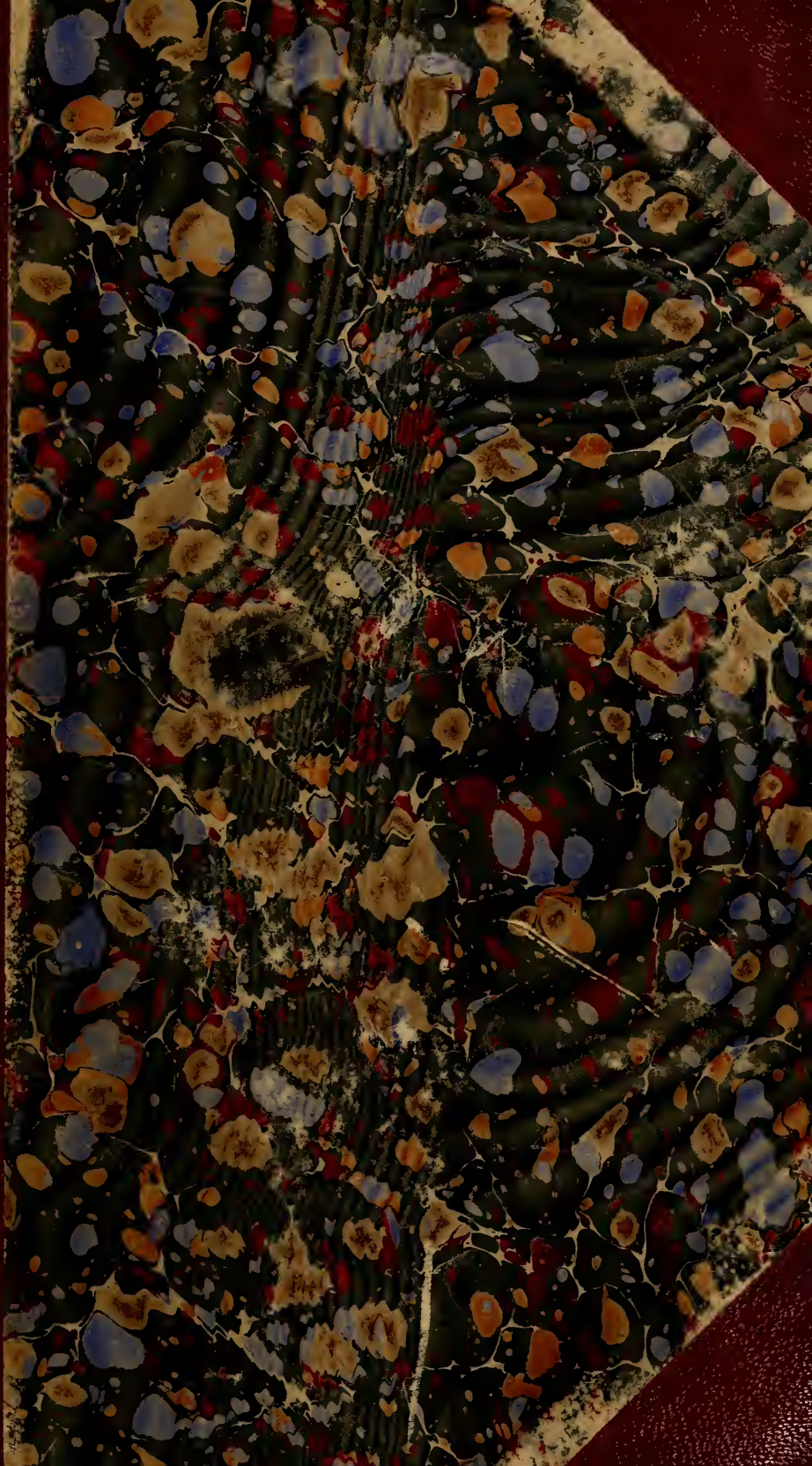

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Faithfully Yours.

Walter S Lorcasy.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, OCTOBER, 1899.

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All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to J. M. FLOWERS, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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THE CONGRESSIONAL CAREER OF THOS. L. CLINGMAN.

BY JOHN S. BASSETT.

The sketch of General Clingman which his niece, Mrs. Kerr, contributed to THE ARCHIVE for March, 1899, deals with the personal side of her distinguished uncle. It has, therefore, seemed to me that a further sketch which should deal with his political career would not be without value to North Carolinians. There have been many sons of our State who are ranked by their admirers as the equals of General Clingman in political ability; but there are few who can be thought to have equaled him in party prominence. His tireless activity kept him thoroughly up in any line of business in which Congress might be inter-

ested. In the exciting debates that preceded the Civil War he made it a custom not to retire before two o'clock. He soon was able to learn who were the men who were up latest and by talking to the others early in the evening and to these later on he was able to exchange views with a large number of men, so that when he went into the House in the morning his information as to the latest changes in public opinion was remarkably accurate. His impetuosity, fearlessness, and honesty made him an effective debater. He was ambitious. He determined early in life that he would be President, and but for the sectional issues that stood in his way, it is possible he would have reached that goal. He had the good sense to be a practical politician in the better nature of the term. He knew the people, without pandering to their prejudices; he knew the point beyond which it would not be safe to try to lead them, and in the event he was with them. More than this he was a man of the people. His ideals were their ideals and it was no violence to his conscience when he stood for the things they believed in. He was not fastidious in his dress, although he was neat. He loved homely virtue and those who knew him well believed that in this respect his love was but an outcome of his own character.

It was in 1842 that he was first elected to Congress. He was then thirty years old. In politics he was a Whig, but he was too original in his way of thinking to yield himself to the current of a party majority. He always ran as an independant candidate, and late in life congratulated himself that he had always been free from the tyranny of a nominating convention. His district was a mountain district, lying around Buncombe county. The inhabitants were as independent as he. They were accustomed to look more closely at the leader than at the party. To them he became an ideal—"Tom. Clingman" he was affectionately called by man, woman, and child. He first asked these people for their suffrages in 1840, when he was a candi-

date for a seat in the State Senate. They responded liberally and he was elected by two votes to his opponent's one. In 1844 in one of his first speeches in the House of Representatives he said of the people of his district: "My district is unapproachable. She stands alone in her strength and dreads no contact with Democracy. On the contrary she courts it. She would gladly embrace in either arm the two strongest Democratic districts in the State and they would fall under that grasp as did the columns of the Phillistine edifice before the strength of Sampson." His prediction was a good one. As long as he led the Whigs in his district the district was theirs beyond question; and when at last he appeared as a Democrat candidate he carried it for that party.

His first notable action in the House was to oppose the rule by which the House refused to receive petitions to abolish slavery. This was a measure which the Southern members, whether Whigs or Democrats had supported generally. It had arisen out of a foolish idea that such petitions were insulting to the dignity of the South. It had given the abolitionists an opportunity to cry that the right of petition was abrogated at the behest of the overbearing slave-owners. Moreover, it did not stop anti-slavery petitions. On the contrary they came faster than ever. Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was the leader of the anti-slavery sentiment in Congress, always appeared at his desk on the day for receiving petitions behind a huge pile of those documents. To read the titles of these and to refuse to receive them had a greater effect on the popular mind than to have received them would have had. Mr. Clingman realized that the rule in question was inexpedient from a party standpoint and in point of fact futile. He with a half dozen other Southern Whigs voted against the rule and it was defeated. He gave his reasons as follows: "I voted against the rule excluding abolition petitions, not only because I regarded that rule as an

infringement of the right of petition, but because I was well aware that most of the citizens of the Northern States viewed it in that light; and I was not willing to do violence to the feelings of a large portion of the Union, for the mere purpose of preserving a rule that was of no practical advantage in itself." It is certain that his opposition did much to defeat the measure.

His next notable speech was one delivered on January 6, 1845, on "The Causes of Mr. Clay's Defeat." There was in Mr. Clingman a strain of Indian blood, his mother's grandmother being Elizabeth Pledge, a daughter of the Cherokee chieftain. It seems to me that from this source Mr. Clingman must have received a certain amount of savage vindictiveness, which came to the front only when he was aroused and which spared no feelings. Here the speaker was smarting under the recent defeat of Mr. Clay, to whom he was ardently attached. He was in no mood for mercy and he attacked his opponents in the most candid manner. He charged them with favoring the abolitionists in the North and opposing them in the South, with being held together solely by "the cohesive power of public plunder," with favoring a high tariff in Pennsylvania and opposing it elsewhere, and with deliberate "misrepresentation and fraud" generally. Mr. Polk was accused of using language "as doublefaced as the responses of the old Delphic oracle," and the history of the world afforded no other "example of fraud and falsehood on a scale so extensive." The Democrats were charged with election frauds through the use of "repeaters" as well as through illegal voters. The members of the "Empire Club," a political organization of New York which had rendered good services to the cause of Mr. Polk, were denounced as "gamblers, pickpockets, droppers, thimble-riggers, burners and the like." Moreover in this case he gave a bill of particulars. This he did with great plainness, so that there was no need that any one should not see what he meant.

Mr. Clingman was never an admirer of Mr. Calhoun. In fact he regarded that gentleman as inimical to the true interests of the South, and at this early period in his career in Congress he was accustomed to speak of him with much bitterness. In this speech he said: "Mr. Senator Benton did great injustice to John C. Calhoun, when he said, if common report be true, that the same John C. Calhoun, so far from being a statesman, had 'never invented even a humbug.' The fact cannot be disputed that John C. Calhoun was the first to take 'the very highest ground for the South,' the prime originator of the policy of objecting to the reception of petitions, of which the twenty-fifth rule was a parcel. Hard then is the necessity which compels the peculiar followers of that gentleman to make a burnt offering of the first and only offspring of that idol." Later on in this same speech he again took up the same subject. He said: "As I have had occasion to allude to John C. Calhoun, I take it upon myself to say that looking at his course for more than twelve years, with the exception of a few years after 1837, when he hoped from his new connection with the Democratic party that he might become President of all the United States.—I say, sir that his course, whether considered with reference to the tariff and nullification, to agitation on the subject of abolition and slavery, or his mode of managing the Texas question, is precisely that which a man of ordinary sagacity would take who designed to effect a dissolution of the Union. And that such is his object can only be denied by those who hold him a monomaniac."

Of this speech Mr. Clingman himself said: "To those unacquainted with the state of political excitement then prevailing, this speech will seem excessively violent; but in giving expression to my own earnet feelings, I did not exceed the bounds which party friends justified. The Rev. Mr. Hammett, a Democratic Representative from Mississippi, but a personal friend, afterwards told me that

I had said the bitterest things ever uttered on the floor of the House. Mr. Mosely, of New York, a political friend, said that the Democrats, while I was speaking, reminded him of a flock of geese on hot iron. During the first part of the speech, Dromgoole, of Virginia, who sat just by me, seemed to enjoy quietly my hits at the Calhoun wing of the party, between which and the Van Buren or Hunker Democrats there was much jealousy and ill feeling; but after I had directed my attack on the Northern wing of his party, his manner changed and his countenance indicated much anger. I was subsequently told that many members of the party insisted that unless Mr. Yancey, who obtained the floor to speak the next day, would assail me violently, that he should give way to some other member of the party. Hence his remarks, which led to a personal difficulty, were perhaps influenced to some extent by the wishes of his political friends." To the Whigs the speech was greatly satisfactory. It opened the eyes of many of them and aroused the indignation of all; so that Mr. Clingman was of the opinion that at that moment they might have carried the country.

The Democrats did indeed put up Mr. Yancey to reply to this speech of Mr. Clingman's. Ordinarily Mr. Yancey's speeches were dignified, cultured, and considerate. As a whole this speech, as it appears in the *Globe* was of the same nature. But in a short passage he referred to Mr. Clingman in terms of the greatest contempt. This was more than that gentleman would take. He was a born fighter and no one who knew ever doubted his courage. He challenged Mr. Yancey to fight a duel. The latter was an excellent shot. He accepted and chose pistols for his weapons. At the first shot Mr. Yancey missed and Mr. Clingman unwilling to make any woman a widow fired over his antagonist's head. Then friends interfered and the affair ended.

Except for his position in favor of receiving anti-slavery

petitions, Mr. Clingman had at this time said but little about the slavery question. The Wilmot Proviso, however, made it necessary for him to take a stand. Accordingly on December 22, 1847 he spoke on "The Political Aspects of the Slavery Question." He began by discussing Mr. Calhoun. That gentleman had said in the Senate that the territories being common property of the whole Union, Congress had no right to exclude from them any citizen from any State. This statement, said Mr. Clingman, was not true. The territories were truly held for the use of all the people; but all of the citizens could not go to one State. Congress could not carry out that kind of a distribution, but it could do the next best thing; it could distribute the territories among the citizens on a sensible basis. He thought, furthermore, that Congress might regulate all property in the territories, acting however under the provisions of the Constitution. But it must be just to all citizens. He did not discuss the moral grounds of slavery, but he spoke very bitterly of the abolitionists, whose influence, however, he thought to be of no consequence. As for the negroes themselves he pronounced them an inferior race and by no means able to exercise the gift of citizenship which the abolitionists proposed to give to them.

The most striking part of this speech is that in which reference is made to Mr. Calhoun. Mr. Clingman now returned to, and amplified, the charges he had hinted at in his speech of March 7, 1844; viz., that Mr. Calhoun was responsible for the great feeling in the country on the question of slavery. He said: "After the unpleasant difficulty growing out of Nullification had been satisfactorily settled, there was a general disposition both at the South and the North to bury all sectional and local ill feelings and differences. Unfortunately, however, for the repose of the country, Mr. Calhoun, who had been a prominent actor on the side of Nullification, found himself

uncomfortable in his then position. The majorities of everyone of the Southern States were not only opposed to him politically, but viewed him with suspicion and distrust. Being ambitious of popularity and influence, he sought to restore himself to the confidence of the South in the first place and seized upon the slave question as a means to effect his end. He professed to feel great dread lest the North should take steps in contravention of our rights, and to desire only to put the South on her guard against the imminent danger which was threatening her. He only wished to produce agitation enough to unite the South, though every body knew that there was, in relation to this subject, no division *there*. Whether he had ulterior views against the integrity of the Union, it is not my purpose to inquire; I am only looking at *acts*, not inquiring into *motives*. The former obviously looked to the creation of a political party based on the slavery question." To this general charge he proceeded to bring evidence. The conduct of the *United States Telegraph* was cited. In 1833 this journal was known as the organ of Mr. Calhoun. It was edited by Mr. Duff Green. It began at that time to publish a series of inflamatory articles calling on the "South to awake, to arouse to a sense of her danger." At the same time it charged the North with the intention of liberating the slaves. It published every abolition document or "frothy incendiary paragraph" that it could find. This matter was printed not occasionally but daily, and whole columns of it at a time. Some sensible democratic papers repudiated this plan. The *Telegraph* denounced them as traitors to the South. In response to this the Richmond *Enquirer* said: "We do not declaim about slavery because we do not believe that the citizens of the North are mad enough to trench upon our rights." The *Pennsylvanian*, another democratic journal, declared: "The conduct of the *United States Telegraph* in relation to the slavery of the South is incomprehensible. Day after day

that incendiary print is endeavoring to stimulate an excitement on this fearful topic, by representing the desperate journals of a few fanatics in New York and Boston as emanations of the late patriotic proclamations of our beloved President''—an allusion to President Jackson's proclamation against Nullification. When the *Telegraph* took up this line of action, continued Mr. Clingman, the country was resting quietly in the influence of the Missouri Compromise. Neither the South nor the North was alarmed. Nobody was uneasy save Mr. Calhoun and his uneasiness was due to the fear that he was about to be shelved by the public; and so the Southern people must be stirred. ''Already,'' shrieked the *Telegraph* to the South, ''has the ban of empire gone forth against your best and wisest statesmen. Fidelity to you is political death to them! Treason to you is the surest prospect to federal promotion! Is it wise, is it safe, is it honorable to sleep over such wrongs?'' ''When this occurrence began,'' continued Mr. Clingman, ''the people of the North, not understanding the game that was to be played, seemed to be surprised. They declared that the South was too timid and too sensitive on the question; that there was no danger to be apprehended from the machinations of the abolitionists; and that their movements were condemned by ninety-nine out of every one hundred of the citizens of the free States. . . . Intelligent Southern men, too, who traveled through the Northern States declared the same thing.'' Yet the *Telegraph* was not satisfied. It became more furious than ever. ''Such returns seemed to chill the generous enthusiasm of the North.'' This is strong and not uncertain language. If the charges contained in it are true it marks the beginning of great national calamity. The infuriation of the South in the beginning brought about the conditions of out of which war could not but come. If, as Mr. Clingman charged, Mr. Calhoun wrought that infuriation, and for his own selfish political ends, it is

to him that we must charge the misery and death that the war brought to the South and to the North. Is the charge a true one? I am not at present able to say. I have seen politicians do as much in my own day. I am not sure that they would not have done it in 1833. It is but just to add that in 1848 Mr. Clingman retracted this charge to the extent that it gave Mr. Calhoun the intention of dissolving the Union. This change of view was due to an incident which happened at that time and which, said Mr. Clingman, "satisfied me that Mr. Calhoun was really a friend of the Union on the principles of the Constitution.' Here it must be remembered, however, that Mr. Clingman's own views were changing, and that when they had completed that process of change he was a Democrat, and one of the most advanced defenders of the Southern rights side then in the party.

In this same speech, Mr. Clingman discussed secession, which was then much talked of. He did not consider secession as beyond the range of the probable, and when it should come he thought that the slave States would be able to maintain themselves. For himself he said: "I am for maintaining our present Constitution of government as long as any human exertion can uphold it. . . . But when a great organic change is made in that Constitution—a change which is to degrade those who have sent me to represent them here—then, sir, at whatever cose of feeling or of personal hazard, I will stand by the white race, the freemen of the South."

However much he might have condemned the efforts of Mr. Calhoun in stirring up the South as early as 1833, it is evident that the South once excited he was on the Southern side. As the Northern Whigs came more and more under the anti-slavery influence the Southern Whigs veered more and more away from them. As early as 1848, says Mr. Clingman, he was convinced that the Northern Whigs could not be relied on to keep their promises to the South.

In the fall of 1849 he was traveling in the North and he was convinced from what he saw and heard there that in the coming Congress the Northern Whigs and Van Buren men would support the Wilmot Proviso. Moreover, he was of the opinion that many Northern Democrats, tired of contending against the strong anti-slavery current at home, would help to pass the Proviso and thus force President Taylor, the head of the Whigs, either to approve the measure and so to alienate his Southern vote, or to veto it and alienate the Northern Whigs. On his return to Washington he proposed to some of his colleagues that an effort be made to arouse Southern sentiment so that the North should not dare to proceed to extremes. The proposition was agreeable, and by request he wrote to Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, a letter in which he declared that all the South ought to unite in resisting the encroachment of the North "in a manner commensurate with the violence of the attack." Mr. Foote was a leader of the extreme side of the Democratic party in the South. When, therefore the correspondence between the two was published it made a deep impression on the public mind. The South was aroused. The result was that some of the Southern Whigs voted against the party candidate and after a long contest Mr. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was elected Speaker over Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts; but in this case Mr. Clingman seems to have voted with his party.

In the same session Mr. Clingman made a speech "In Defence of the South against Aggressive Movement of the North." He eulogized the civilization of the South as follows: "I regard it as right to say on this occasion, that whether considered with reference to the physical comfort of the people, or a high state of public and private morals, elevated sense of honor, and of all generous emotions, I have no reason to believe that a higher state of civilization either now exists elsewhere, or has existed at

any time in the past, than is presented by the Southern States of the Union." The Missouri Compromise, the constantly growing tariff, the Wilmot Proviso, and the kindred measures were enumerated as acts of Northern aggression. Secession he discussed as a near possibility and he declared "calmly to Northern gentlemen that they had better make up their minds to give us at once a fair settlement; not cheat us by a mere empty form, without reality, but give something substantial for the South." What he wanted was a compromise line at 40° north latitude, with California left to the North, although he said he would be willing to accept the Missouri line for that purpose. The region south of this line was to be left open for a time to all classes and then the inhabitants were to decide its relation to slavery. This he thought a fair compromise. The North would find the South patient under wrongs. But let her beware. "We do not love you, people of the North," he exclaimed," well enough to become your slaves. God has given us the power and the will to resist. Our fathers acquired our liberty by the sword, and with it, at every hazard, we will maintain it. But before resorting to that instrument, I hold that all Constitutional means should be exhausted. . . . Sooner than submit to what they [the abolition press] propose, I would rather see the South, like Poland, under the iron heel of the conqueror."

As a practical means of resisting the North he suggested to his friends to make dilatory motions and thus obstruct all business even to the loss of the appropriation bills. This plan was at that time a surprise to the country. It was resorted to for temporary purposes and became known as the "Clingman process." Mr. Clay asked the author where he got the idea. He answered that it came to him one night between midnight and day as he lay thinking on the distressed condition of the country. "Well, said Mr. Clay indignantly, "it is just such an idea as I suppose

a man would get between midnight and day." "Neither Mr. Clay nor Mr. Webster liked the speech; but Mr. Clay was tactful enough to keep on good social terms with the speaker. Mr. Webster was more abrupt and the winter had not passed ere he had told Mr. Clingman plainly that he could not maintain social relations with him, a position which the great man soon regretted and which he took steps to reverse. Yet all that the two great leaders could do did not keep the representative from the North Carolina mountains in the Whig fold. He was slowly setting his face towards the Democrats. He opposed the compromise of 1850, but voted for the Fugitive Slave Law. He considered that the measures yielded nothing to the South since the Constitution itself guaranteed the return of fugitive slaves.

His final break with Whiggery came as follows: In April, 1852, a number of Whig leaders in Washington held a caucus to consider the advisability of calling a national convention to nominate a candidate for the presidency. Mr. Clingman favored Mr. Webster for President, because he was conservative. There was a strong tendency to put up General Scott on a platform endorsing the compromises of 1850. This would make him acceptable to the North. Against this scheme Mr. Clingman and a few other Southern Whigs were united. The caucus was plainly against him. He announced that he could not pledge himself to support the nominee of the proposed convention. He had prepared a resolution demanding that the convention should favor a faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. When he saw that the caucus would not do this he and his friends walked out of it, and from that time he ceased to be a Whig. In due time General Scott was nominated on a Southern platform. In his letter of acceptance he managed not to endorse the platform. Thus it was thought he would please both sections. The result showed otherwise. He carried only two Northern,

and two Southern States. Mr. Clingman supported Mr. Pierce, but was himself re-elected in his impregnable mountain district. This district had been carried by President Taylor in 1848 by a majority of three to one. It was decidedly a Whig district. It was a great evidence of the confidence of his people in that they re-elected him in 1852 when he was supporting a Democrat for President. In the present day of party machinery such a thing would be impossible.

Mr. Clingman's next important action was in regard to the Kansas-Nebraska Act. By this measure Mr. Douglas tried to open to possible slave colonization territory made free by the Missouri Compromise. At first Mr. Clingman opposed this measure on the grounds of expediency, although he thought it well founded in theory. He thought it would alienate Northern friends of the South. On the other hand he considered that since the compromise of 1850 had declared for non-intervention, non-intervention it should be everywhere. The Democrats blindly decided to go ahead. They pushed through a bill which the simplest of them must have known would be regarded in the North as a breach of faith. Our North Carolinian did not hesitate for a long time. He supported the bill in a fervid speech and gave it his vote. Later on he said in a letter to some of his political friends: "I declare to you, gentlemen, that after a congressional service of nearly ten years, I would rather that every vote of mine on all other questions should be obliterated from the journals than be deprived of my participation in that one act."

From that time Mr. Clingman was hardly so prominent as formerly. As a Southern Whig he had attracted attention. As a Democrat he was swallowed up in large numbers. Yet he did his duty faithfully. He opposed the higher tariff, he favored low expenditures, he advocated American intervention in the Crimean War; he wanted the United States to bring on a war with England, or Spain, or

France, if possible; so as to overwhelm slavery in the public mind. He favored the Ostend Manifesto and made a speech in its support, and he was bitterly hostile to England and demanded the repeal of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. His speech to this effect was his last in the House. Shortly after it was made, he was appointed, in May 1858, to the seat in the Senate vacant by the resignation of Mr. Biggs. At the expiration of this term he was elected to the same seat and sworn in at the special session on March 5, 1861. A few weeks later he resigned to follow his State into secession.

In the Senate his career was satisfactory to his friends. He at once became a leader on the Southern side. Although he continued to profess his love for the Union no man insisted more strenuously on the rights of the South. The John Brown Raid was a severe blow to him, and on January 16, 1860, he gave vent to his feelings in a "Speech Against the Revolutionary Movement of the Anti-Slavery Party," a speech which was thought by some to have been his greatest effort. Those who are acquainted with his intense style of oratory may be somewhat disappointed to find this speech full of calm and rather plaintive feeling. It is as if he were convinced of the hopelessness of his cause and were only bent on making a protest for the sake of posterity against a wrong the consummation of which was already fixed by destiny. He still thought the matter could be settled without disunion, but said clearly that the Southern people were prepared to resort to that if necessary. At this time Mr. Clingman declares that he knew nothing of the plan of Messrs. Slidell and Jefferson Davis to divide the Democratic party, a plan which, he said, "so much surpassed in its insanity and wickedness all similar events in the history of humanity that no one can fairly be blamed for not anticipating it." Of course he resisted such a plan. When Mr. Davis, as a means of developing this sentiment in the minds of Southern Con-

gressmen, introduced a resolution defining the power of Congress in the territories, he made a speech against the resolution. All his efforts were unsuccessful. The party convention saw the consummation of the Davis scheme. After the conventions were adjourned he retired from active politics. He could not stay long in retirement. He was called out by a sentiment in a speech of Mr. Douglas, at Norfolk, Va., in which that gentleman endorsed coercion of the South. This sentiment was repeated in Raleigh. Mr. Clingman then decided to support Mr. Breckenridge. He made several speeches in the campaign and in them advocated resistance in case Mr. Lincoln should be elected.

It was in keeping with the above sentiment that on March 6, 1861, he made some remarks on the motion to print President Lincoln's inaugural. The latter had said that he would recognize no "resolves or ordinances" to the purpose of secession. Mr. Clingman took his cue from this idea. He declared in all the fervor of his best days: "I say the practical question is now upon us; shall we have these forts taken; shall we have a collision; shall there be an attempt to collect a revenue in the seceding States? It will not do to ask the country to wait two, or three, or more years, as the Senator from New York sug-suggests, to obtain constitutional amendments. If Mr. Lincoln intends to use the power in his hands, as he states in his inaugural, we must have war." As day after day passed and the President gave no further definite assurance of his policy, this conviction settled in Mr. Clingman's mind. On March 19, he again addressed the Senate. He said that if the policy of the President was to be peace why had he not given the country assurance of it? The failure to do so he could but believe meant that a policy of force was determined on. The waiting he foresaw was to give time to collect the scattered army and fleet. Later in life he was convinced that the administration had not

at that time decided on war. The cause of the change he thought partly to have been the action of Virginia in refusing to secede. This convinced Mr. Lincoln that if war should come it would be with the cotton States alone and these could be easily overcome. But peace was not to be. North Carolina seceded when called on to fight the Confederacy, and Mr. Clingman resigned his seat in the Senate. He passed out of civil service to the field of military activity and became in the war that followed one of the most efficient brigadier-generals in the Confederate service.

FORT RALEIGH—ITS HISTORY.

BY B. R. ETHERIDGE.

A peculiarly strange fate has attended every original site of colonization on the North American continent. Not one has waxed great and prosperous. Most stand to-day desolate. Plymouth is but a village. The island which the Dutch first occupied below Albany is as empty of men as when the first block-house was built upon it. Jamestown is an open field. First, and earliest of all, the scene of Raleigh's colony, Roanoke Island, has to-day a population probably not more than double than when it was discovered, and the site of the colony itself has had no dwelling for three centuries.

The occupation of civilized men has left its visible mark and change on most of our coast, but the shores of the two great sounds of North Carolina, Albemarle and Pamlico, and the various islands which separate them from the ocean, the waters which first received English keels and the lands which were first occupied by English speaking men, are to-day for leagues together, as they were first seen. Nothing has materially altered. The long low island remains to-day, in many respects as it was then. The rows of white swan still rise at a shot as they rose at the report of Barlowe's Arquebuc. The flat line of the horizon, the amazing luxuriance of vegetation, the wilderness of bird life, the wine-colored waters of Albemarle, the shifting shoals which connect it with Pamlico, the tempestuous ocean without and the calm sounds within—these all still repeat in minute detail the narratives of Lane, of Hariot, of Amandas and of Barlowe and the sketches of John White.

The permanence of physical conditions, untouched and unchanged, with slight exceptions, by man, lends a singular interest to this forgotten corner of the continent and sheds a special illumination on the narratives of the expe-

ditions made to it. The long rampart of sandy islands which shut in the two sounds of North Carolina between which lies the island of Roanoke, constitutes, taken together, the physical feature on the Atlantic coast, whose conditions have changed less and whose hydrography has altered more than any stretch as long on the continent. Now, as then, two rivers, the Roanoke and Neuse, and numerous lesser streams pour their waters into these shal low sounds. Now, as then, tripple forces, the Gulf stream, the prevailing northeast and southwest winds, and these rivers heap these sand bars and fill with the space behind them. But while this process, in progress from the earliest days of the current emergence of the coast along the line of the Cincinnati upheaval, produces the same conditions and leaves the same general outline of coast and the same low horizen of sand-dime swamp and wooded islands, the outlines of the coast steadily alter as land and sand encroach on the sea. Nowhere else are general outlines more permanent. Nowhere else are specific boundaries and physical features more transitory. Much ingenuity has been expended in determining the exact course followed by the voyagers of three centuries ago; but as it is morally certain that no one of the inlets now open was open then, with possibly a dubious exception at the southern end in Ocracoke, the attempt to decide this question absolutely is a fruitless labor. The utmost which can be done is to reach approximate conclusions which we shall try to do later.

Till the close of the fifteenth century Italy was the most advanced and enlightened of the States of Europe, the chief seat of the arts and sciences; and as mistress of the Mediterranean it was natural that she should give birth to the first great navigators and explorers. Her sons had penetrated the unknown regions of Asia and Africa; they led the way to all the great discoveries, and Marco Polo, John Cabot, Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci are only the most illustrious among many adventurers. But when a

new world had been discovered, when the Atlantic superseded the Mediterranean as the great sea of commerce, then the work of the Italian students and scientists is done, and it is the Spaniard and the Englishman who reap the fruit of the discoveries—strange freak of fortune that the genius and enterprise of her sons were to deprive Italy of her maritime supremacy, that Venice and Genoa, the queen cities of mediævel commerce, should be discrowned by the immortal exploits of their own children.

The spirit of adventure was the all absorbing one in England at this time. Men of an adventurous nature were naturally spurred on by the great hopes of future greatness that now seemed to open up before them. In all respects this is the most interesting period in the life of the English people. Bacon and Shakespeare were now budding into manhood. Drake had returned to amaze all England, with his story of the circumnavigation of the globe. Cabot had brought the new world more vividly before the eyes of the people, and through the influence of this same spirit Raleigh's attention was turned to colonization. He was a remarkable man in a very remarkable age, a cavalier, statesman, philosopher, historian, poet, hero, mariner, explorer and martyr. He had himself, in company with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, commanded a ship by which he hoped to reach our shores, and establish a colony which should prove a check to the progress of the Spaniards, for this was one of the tasks he had set before himself, that of humiliating Spain. But this attempt failed and he was forced to leave the work in other hands while he should remain at home and plan for each expedition; so it is to his great work and perseverance that we owe the praise of exploring the lands whereon was established the first English colony, whereon was born the first white American, and whereon was celebrated the first Christian rite within the limits of the Thirteen Original Colonies. Here was the starting point of events as pregnant with

great results in the wonderful history of our race, as was the landing of our forefathers on the shores of Kent when they migrated from their Holstein homes more than a thousand years before.

So to Raleigh the scheme of colonization came almost as an inheritance, and in March 25, 1584, Queen Elizabeth issued to him a patent of discovery, granting him full power over all lands he might discover.

In the same year Raleigh equipped two vessels under command of Amadas and Barlowe, and it is from the pen of the latter that we have an account of the expedition. "The 27th day of April, in the year of our redemption, 1584, we departed the west of England, with two barks well furnished with men and victuals. The 2nd of July we found shole water, where we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with odoriferous flowers by which we were assured, that the land could not be far distant—keeping good watch, and bearing slacke saile, the 4th of July we arrived upon the coast which we supposed to be a continent, and we sayled along the same 120 miles before we could find any entrance or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered, and cast anker about, harquebus-shot within the haven's mouth; and after thanks given to God for our safe arrivall thither, we manned our boats and went to view the land next adjoyning, and to take possession of the same, in the right of the Queen's most excellent majestie." The writer's description of the land portrays it to us as one of the most plentiful then known; fruits, grain and sweet smelling shrubbery grew in abundance. "The soile is the most plentifull, sweete, fruitfull and wholesome of all the world." In speaking of the entertainment received from natives, he said: "We were entertained with all love and kindness and with as much bountie as they could possibly devise, voide of all guile and treason, and such as

live after the manner of the golden age." It is important to mark this tribute to the character of the Hatteras Indian, and bearing in mind after instances of their kindliness and fidelity, we are forced to admit that their attitude of hostility was entirely due to harsh and cruel treatment to them by the colonists. It was stern and ruthless; the followers of the blessed Gospel of peace and love went ever armed with fire and sword, and admitted no right of any savage or pagan opponent to prosperity, liberty or life.

The only point about this first voyage that has caused any discussion, is that concerning the harbor through which they entered. According to the statement made by Barlowe the harbor they entered was seven leagues distant from the Island. This has caused considerable confusion, and when we take a glance at the conditions of our coast to-day, with its ever changing features, the best we can do is to approximate as near as possible concerning this place of entrance.

Very nearly every inlet now upon our maps has been credited with furnishing an entrance to the voyagers during the period, now approaching two centuries, in which the subject has been under active discussion. But of the ten inlets which have been open at intervals into these sounds since 1580, only one, Ocracoke, has been open through that period, and it is not improbable that this was closed during part of the seventeenth century from a reference made to its navigation. In our own brief day, Hatteras, opened in 1846, has begun to close and can no longer be entered even by vessels of moderate size. Steadily the winds carry the sands grinding along the coast, until the characteristic detritus of the New England coast can be traced a thousand miles south; steadily the ocean currents and storms together dig breaches in the sandy rampart, and as steadily are they filled by the southward march of sand and the outward flow of fluviatile deposits; but in no ten

years together do these varying conditions produce exactly the same result in bar, inlet and channel. So when it is once seen and clearly understood that inlets have been and still are opening and closing along the entire line of the coast for three centuries, it will be seen what a fruitless labor it is to endeavor to determine by exactly which inlet Amadas, Barlowe and their successors entered by applying the uncertain record of the successive navigators from 1584 to 1590 to our still more uncertain knowledge of the region then and our none too certain acquaintance with it now. The two most satisfactory theories as to place of entrance, but opposite in situation, are an entrance north and an entrance south of the Island.

The crucial argument in favor of entrance north of the Island is, that once having cleared the shoals of Cape Hatteras they were met by no other obstruction, reaching Trinity Harbor, where they were safe, for this afforded a broad entrance and an anchorage safe from any but a southeast wind, also that the Island is always approached from the north. It was at the "north end thereof" that Barlowe found "a village of nine houses." It was "round about the north point of the Island that Lane sought his colony." Moreover, the upper end of this entrance was thirty-five miles from the Island, and Collington Island then being of larger size that at present, furnishes the first island of Amadas and Barlowe. Another fact in favor of the northern entrance and opposed to a southern one is that once being inside of Ocracoke the channels that would lead up to the Island are so intricate in situation, that it would be almost impossible to find the correct one to follow. Also should they have entered from the south they could very easily have seen the other Indian villages which were situated on the southern end of the Island, and would perhaps have landed here instead of pressing on farther north.

The other theory is that they entered at New Inlet, but as stated before, this inlet was not in all probability then opened, so this theory falls through without solving the question. The truth of the matter is that no one knows where they entered, and will probably never know, and we must content ourselves upon this, as upon many other questions, by simply giving the hypothesis or circumstantial evidence without any real knowledge of the facts in the case.

In my own opinion should this last named Inlet have been opened at this time, it would comply with the conditions as stated by Barlowe far better than a northern entrance, but in view of the fact that we have no positive evidence of its being open, and furthermore that this inlet, as all others upon the coast, is continually moving, we are led to suppose that at the time they entered it was much nearer than the seven leagues as stated by Barlowe, whereas it fulfills the conditions at present.

The first explorers remained in our waters only two months, reaching England again "about the middle of September," bringing with them two of the natives, Wanchese and Manteo. Their arrival excited the greatest interest. Raleigh named the new country Virginia in honor of the Queen, and our whole Atlantic coast was now regarded as under the dominion of France, England and Spain; the three districts of indefinite boundaries being known as Canada, Virginia and Florida.

This voyage of Armadas was merely one of exploration; but in 1585 Raleigh fitted out a second expedition of seven sail and one hundred and eight men, under command of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, to plant a colony in the paradise described by Barlowe. Grenville is another of the brilliant heroes of this time, and it is interesting to note the number of remarkable men who were connected with the American voyages. Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, Lane Harriot, and White form as striking a group of adventurous spirits as can be gathered in history.

Grenville, as Amadas had done before him, only remained two months on the Carolina coast, and then putting the colony under the government of Ralph Lane, returned home to join the other "Sea dogs" who were now making the whole Atlantic unsafe for Spain. It is to Lane that we are indebted for full accounts of the experiences of the colonists. His description of the country in every way only corroborates that given by Barlowe. He says: "since Sir Richard Grenville's departure, we have discovered the Maine to be the goodliest soyle under the cope of heaven, so abounding with sweete trees, and grapes of such greatnesse, yet wilde. It is the goodliest and most pleasing Territorie of the world: for the continent is of our huge and unknown greatness, and the climate is wholesome. If Virginia had but houses, and vine, I dare assure myselfe, being inhabited with English, no realm in Christendom were comparable to it."

But all his great hopes for the future of the colony were rendered futile by the hostility of some of the Indian tribes. Conspiracies were formed against the English and their situation grew so precarious that many turned a longing eye homeward. Provisions were fast being consumed—and as they had not planted to any extent—their condition was anything but hopeful, and on June 10, 1856, when Sir Francis Drake anchored off the coast with a fleet of twenty-three sail, they gladly accepted the proffered bark for their conveyance homeward, Many of the colonists were bestowed on this vessel, but there arose a storm which drove her to sea, and her fate is probably unknown. Thus despairing of any remedy for this disaster, and unable to pass another without succor from home, Lane determined to abandon the colony—and being bestowed among Drake's fleet proper, they arrived at Portsmouth on July 27th. Thus the second as well as the first attempt at colonization, was a failure.

In no wise discouraged by the failure of this costly experiment at colonization, Raleigh fitted out another expedition of three vessels in the following year, under command of John White, to whom we are indebted for the story of the colony. For the first time the enterprise had an element of permanence, by including among the emigrants women and children. The intention was to make a settlement on the shores of the Chesapeake, but through the treachery of a priest, as is said, Roanoke Island again became the home of the colonists. The settlers now numbered ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children over whome White, with twelve assistants, was appointed ruler under the name of Governor and assistants of the city of Raleigh in Virginia. The task of these colonists was to rebuild the old fort, and make for themselves an English home which they ardently undertook. Soon after their arrival there occurred two incidents of extreme importance in the life of the colony, "On the 13th of August our savage Manteo was christened in Roanoke. The 18th, Elenor, daughter to the Governor, and wife to Ananias Dare, one of the assistants was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the same was christened there the Suday following and because this child was the first Christian born in Virginia, she was named Virginia."

The baptism of Manteo and of the first Anglo-American child are the beginnings of the life of the English church in the new world. The fate of this first American girl is shrouded with mystery. Perhaps she died in infancy, and that her dust mingles with the soil of her birth-place and blooms there into flowers that blush unseen—or perhaps her little feet joined in the wandering of the settlers from Roanoke to Croatan, and that there she grew to womanhood in their sacred home and that there her sacred life ended in a tragedy amid the darkness which enshrouds the fate of the whole colony.

Finally this last attempt ended in failure, and the colonists set sail for England. Thus ended in disaster all of Raleigh's great schemes for planting the English race on our shores, yet here was planted the germs which were eventually to yield the richest harvest, the direct fruit of these efforts was the colony of Jamestown and Raleigh is the real pioneer of American civilization.

Now haing merely outlined these voyages let us in the next place to some extent examine the scene of action where many of the incidents above stated occurred, that is, the Old Fort itself. For it can not be too often repeated or too well remembered that the current of history flows in channels furnished by the earth's surface and that every narrative, however full, however accurate, however near, and however remote, needs for its full compensation the place where the events took place, and its institutions were formed, its greater figures produced, and its battles decided. Without this foundation, history is but a succession of shadowy and shifting scenes "whose worth's unknown altho' their height be taken."

The Fort is a quadrangular embankment whose angles lie due north and south and east and west, so that the faces front southwest, northeast, northwest, and southwest. The mound which is perfectly clean around the enclosure, is 2 feet 4 inches high above the ditch at its most prominent point. The four faces measure; the southwest 84.3 feet; the southwest 77.6 feet; the northwest 63.3 feet, and the northwest 73.9 feet. As the mound is irregular, these measurements are necessarily approximate. By measuring from points on the irregular slope farther in or farther out different demensions would be secured, but it was probably originally a square of 25 yards. The eastern angle is a right angle without any signs of a bestion whatever. Each face is broken by an angle about 15 to 18 feet across and projecting from the embankment line about 5 to 7 feet. The southwest and northwest angles are bes-

tioned. The interior is nearly on a level with the embankment, but at points slightly lower. By excavations made upon the site there remains no evidences that the embankment was once formed of logs, if so they are wholly decayed; but the indications are that it was heaped sand, the dark ashy layer curving over its slopes. Within the embankment excavation show a thin and undisturbed layer of sandy humus of 6 to 8 inches to a foot, then a layer of black, ashy earth, containing many fragments of charcoal and frequent fire pits. This layer rests directly on undisturbed sand, often penetrated by fire pits. Toward the base of the black, ashy layer have been found small pieces of iron, corroded nails, chipped pieces of quartzite and some small fragments of Indian pottery, networked. These last named relics together with an old hatchet, constitute the general class of remains that have ever been found.

The most serious charge which must be addressed to this ancient is its size. An area of 625 square yards is scant space for over one hundred souls who composed the beleagued colony for which it was built. As the houses had been taken down it was their only dwelling, and while it is not impossible that it would hold them in league, one would expect the fort would be much larger. The forest immediately fronting the fort towards the sound would lead one to believe that at some past time, dwellings, or tilled soil used to exist, for at present it is overgrown with a thick pine forest with little or no debris which usually succeed such conditions, whereas on the rear oak forests exist. So if this should be true, the small size of the fort might be accounted for—with this all is told of the existing relics of Raleigh's. It is only little short of a miracle of accidents that this crumbling mound "Child of silence and slow time" has escaped destruction. The elements have spared it on an Island where the merest exposure of the loose, thin soil starts shifting sands to pile

dunes and level them. The plow has never passed over its low walls, and it has escaped the ravages of the relic hunter, Even in the Civil War were found officers who appreciated its value and guarded its outline. A just local pride has shared in its preservation, and the first sod turned by English hands in the Americas stands to-day after three centuries more clearly marked than many a later site and more ambitious structure. The low mound, scarce higher than a grave, will rear its round outline for long years to come. About this low heap centered once the plans of a kingdom, the promise of a principality, and the prospect of enduring fame.

A paper upon this subject would be incomplete without giving a short sketch of the scheme conceived and perfected by Ed. Graham Daves for the recovery and preservation of the sight of the Fort which Raleigh's colony planted on Roanoke Island. In 1887, Mr. Talcott, of Pennsylvania, visited the site of the Fort, and on his return stopped at Johns Hopkins University where his account of the remarkable preservation of the old Fort excited the interest of Dr. Daves, a native of Eastern North Carolina, who was then a Professor of History in that institution. In 1893, Dr. Daves issued a call for enough money to buy the Fort, and it was largely through his efforts that the amount needed was secured. In May 1895, The Roanoke Colony Memorial Association was organized at Baltimore. This Association has fenced in the site and placed a marble block in each corner of the remains of the old Fort, and erected a monument in the centre bearing the following inscription: "On this site in July–August, 1585, O. S. Colonists, sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh, Built a Fort, called then, "The new Fort in Virginia." These colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July 1586, with Sir Francis Lake. Near this place was born on the 18th of August, 1587, Virginia Dare, the first child of English

parents born in America—daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587.

On Sunday, August 20th, 1587, Virginia Dare was baptized. Manteo, the friendly chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday preceding. These baptisms are the first known celebrations of a christian sacrament in the Fourteen original United States.''

A COMEDY OF TRADITION.

BY J. R. COWAN.

Professor Mossbach, bachelor and gentleman, as nearly as I am informed, lived fully sixty years ago. Having inquired into the details of his history and surroundings at the time, I think we shall be able to locate him, geographically, in the then newly settled country of E—— T——. By its being newly settled, that is to say this section had passed the pioneer stage of its history, and had implanted within itself some of the germs of its political and social development. Before making out the Professor to be a "flower in the desert" by speaking of his ancestry and superior accomplishments, we beg the space for a few remarks on the character and customs of his fellow-mortals.

The old pioneers had by this time nearly all passed away, and the citizens, composed of emigrants and those of pioneer parentage, had, as a rule, lost interest in their claims of noble ancestry, blue blood and the like. Suffice to say, when they had come to understand somewhat of one another, they adopted new and original ways of doing things, worked out their own traditions, if you please. Every citizen, every politician, every lawyer (if there was one), had their peculiarities, were individuals with a way of getting along in the world.

In those days, if the preacher could not impress and persuade his congregation in one way, he tried another; though he might have to twitch and jerk himself into convulsions before he spread the excitement. The educator was anything to conform with the ideals of the people, if they didn't want him to teach their children that the earth was round, he could teach that it was flat, just as well. And the politicians, to tell how the ridiculous designs and practices of electioneering secured the election and, frequently, the re-election of the candidate, would be

amusing throughout a whole article. Though the well-informed portion of the audience might laugh and hide their faces, when the candidate announced himself for the legislature, though his speech might be a ridiculous mixture of unmeaning words; the multitude listened with astonishment at his declarations. The politician with some education and pretensions as to culture was rarely so successful in his canvass for votes. In fact, the most injudicious use of good language and good sense with a fairly judicious and liberal use of the tickler or jug worked wonders.

But it is our purpose to deal with the history and traditions of Professor Mossbach. Mossbach had his traditions, likewise he had his ancestors, which lack of space and good judgment compels us to say nothing of in this sketch. As a man with a liberal education, he had sought out a field for his life work where a scholar and a gentleman of birth were far less common than in his native country. Among the new ventures in this section where we find Mossbach, there were the so-called colleges and academies. Mossbach had settled down and connected himself with this or that one for some years. He found it hard to deal with the eccentric educators with whom he associated, and a still harder matter to find the realization of his ideals among those who were to be educated. Being just a bit eccentric himself, he soon tired of life as a professor and turned to rural pursuits, that is he lived a life isolated from the society of which he had disgusted, and farmed, read history and legendary lore, lived for himself all alone.

The fact was the Professor grew more interested in his ancestry and its traditions, so much the more so, as he approached forty. If the world, as he saw it in this little hoosier section, cared not for such ideals or regarded him as a crank, he was not greatly concerned about it. If he could study of the life, traditions, and legends of fine old families in old times and old countries, thus in a state of

happiness he could live over the past. Very imaginative, he could fancy himself among castles, ruins and old landmarks, as he passed among the hills, over the cliffs, and across the streams of his new estate. This bachelor villa was located on a prominent hill some five or six miles from the village. With one farm hand to assist in caring for the small crops, the vegetables and fruit, the Professor might, at his pleasure, read, cultivate his flower garden, fish or wander the forests over in quest of the small game. To add to the luxuries of bachelorhood, the Professor cultivated to a greater extent the tobacco habit, and, at the odd moments of his daily existence, he yielded to the comforts of a long-stemmed pipe filled with the home-grown article. Professor, pipe, old histories, ballads, and legends, the flower garden, a long ancient rifle, dogs, forest, and stream were all blended into one harmonious whole. The citizens, the movements, political and social, and the formation of the traditions of a new people meant less and less to this disinterested, indifferent Mossback.

So far in his career, the Professor had taken no special interest in the doings of womankind, the traditions of no one feminine creature had caught his fancy; he continued to pace the forest with his ancient fowling-piece in quest of the small game. But just for the sake of this comedy, allow me to introduce into this narrative just one feminine worthy. Miss Knut Brown had, for the thirty-five summers of her existence, lived among the hills and amidst the mountains of these regions. Of superior intelligence and almost masculine accomplishments, she lived with an aged father and younger brothers, and was reverenced and esteemed by the neighboring country folk. If this hardy rural maid cherished any family traditions it was a matter of indifference to the Professor. If since his residence in her neighborhood, she had looked upon him with a favorable eye as he passed and repassed within her range; that, too, was immaterial with Mossbach, when it was unavoid-

able, he grunted approval of such recognition and passed on. This bachelor philosopher was busy with other matters.

Sooth to say, early one frosty autumn morning when all was quiet, the Professor started out, as was his wont, with dog and ancient fowling-piece in quest of the small game. The frost had opened the chestnut burrs, the squirrels were barking among the hickory nut trees and nature seemed to be in full possession of everything. To all appearances our worthy was hunting the wild turkey, or at least it would seem so to one familiar with turkey-hunting methods, since it might be observed that he carried something to his mouth occasionally and squeaked out a noise which resembled the call of a turkey.

It is now time, for the sake of incident in the story, to discover game for the Professor. Half way up a hill in the heart of the forest and once out of the undergrowth, that worthy did see game. Behind a fallen log under the chestnuts near the top of the hill, something with a red crest bobbed up and down, which at once assumed the appearance and proportions of a large turkey gobbler's head. Without hesitating, the Professor raised the ancient fowling-piece to his shoulder and, with a quick glance along the long barrel, fired. O, horror of horrors, from behind the log the supposed small dead game arose and assumed the proportions of large, tall game, unharmed, game which had never crossed the path of the Professor before. Full of astonishment, vexed from the bottom of his wits, the Professor dropped his ancient fowling-piece, and ran up the hill to face a graceful feminine figure, crying with every other breath, "Miss Knut Brown, what have I done, ten thousand pardons, madam."

Miss Knut Brown was out that frosty morning on one of those autumn foraging expeditions, and as she stooped beneath the chestnut trees to pick up the chestnuts which had fallen from the open burrs, poor Professor Mossbach

mistook the simple red covering, which formed her head-dress, for the crest of a turkey's head. The rifle-ball only tipped and slightly deranged the fibre of this simple covering, the rural maid was unharmed, and with all the coolness of her thirty-five, she calmly faced the trembling Professor. Not to lapse into a description of how Mossbach plead his case and not to record the words of explanation which he offered, just suppose that worthy played well his part, and no doubt, with Miss Knut Brown's assistance, gave a satisfactory interpretation to the unfortunate happening; then both were reconciled and went their ways.

Nothing daunted, the Professor was free to enjoy life as before in his bachelor villa. with the old comforts and enjoyments, the long-stemmed pipe, the books, the farming, and the pursuit of the small game. But was not the Professor's somewhat of a changed life, will he not abandon the small game in the quest for the larger game? Anyhow the Professor began to apply his love of history and reverence for tradition to his immediate neighborhood. He sought interview with all the graybeards of the country regarding the ancestry, history, or traditions of certain family settlers, and it is taken for granted that he inquired about the family of Miss Knut Brown. At any rate, by some authority he got fixed in his mind a pretty story of pioneer days in which the heroine, a girl of sixteen, distinguished herself by her bravery and presence of mind; the Professor, by some investigation, found that this heroine had died several years before and that it was the mother of Miss Knut Brown. Mossbach naturally began to want to hear from the daughter the traditions of her family and use his own judgment as to whether she had any of her mother's qualities as a heroine. Anyhow, with the audacity and bold spirit of investigation, he upon one eventful day sought out the original for consultation.

Tradition says that the Professor walked with Miss Knut Brown to the plain grave of her mother beneath that wide spreading old oak tree. And then, as they wandered away into the lap of the forest, the worthy Mossbach learned what made Mother Brown a heroine and of the traditions of the family for generations back. It is granted, from that time, that the Professor had a woman in his head, but happily Tradition leaves us no records, no impressions of any love making on the part of that worthy.

Tradition does say, however, that the bachelor villa, as described in the story, was transformed into the home of a thrifty farmer and a citizen of worth in this famous old country. Passing on a little less than a score of years, tradition gives us the picture of how little Miss Knut Brown Mossbach and her brothers played together about the villa and in days of autumn roamed the forests and picked up the hickory nuts, chestnuts, and chincapins, and for all I know they may be living unto this day and telling their children, or possibly grand-children, of the renowned Professor Mossbach, who more than three score years ago lived an old bachelor all alone, read the histories and sometimes went into the forests in search of the small game.

"AND I SAW HIM NO MORE."

BY C. A. W.

No record having been made of his name or birth, and not claiming any other name himself, I shall be content to call the individual of whom I am about to write by the name he has been known by since he came to the village in which the following incident occurred; he was called Soapstick.

Soapstick was twenty-four or twenty-five years old. He was a little below the average height; his right shoulder was some lower than his left, and both were of a spherical shape. His lower limbs were curved and his toes, magnet like, attracted each other. He had sandy hair. His mustaches were of the same color; and, true to the scriptural statement, were numbered; for by actual count they aggregated thirty-seven, his right wing being better feathered than his left by one mustache. Each individual pointed in a different direction. His eyes were of a muddy color, the whites being of a rich cream. His mouth was not endowed with the possibility of being shut; and he had never seen a tooth brush.

Soapstick wore no shoes. His hat was a derby of ancient style that had given up its original color for grease and dirt—the accumulation of years. He wore a soiled shirt, and his trousers were suspended by a leathern strip.

It was a hot summer afternoon when Soapstick half walked, half dragged himself up to the little village store and seated himself upon an empty tobacco box. The proprietor came out, and in a few minutes Soapstick said: "What's dat a-stinkin' so bad?"

The merchant indifferently answered: "Nothin'."

"I be drat ef sumpin' ain't a-stinkin'," said Soapstick.

The merchant, whose name was Phelps, was an illiterate, but intelligent young man, and was always ready for amusement. Without thinking where it would end, he

thought he would try a prank on Soapstick, and proceeded to fit to his own purpose the facts of a murder which had been committed several years before Soapstick came to the community, and about which Soapstick had never heard.

After some attempts to look composed and guilty, he said: "Soapstick, you is a good sort a-feller an' I ain't afeared to trust you with no secret. I want you to promise me never to tell nobody what I tell you now; an' I won't be a-sceared, becase I know you won't break no promise."

With considerable effort Soapstick raised his head, and without the slightest expression on his face, said: "When I promise a man not to tell no lies on him, I keeps it. My mammy never raised me to tell no lies."

Mr. Phelps, acting his part so well that Soapstick, had he been intelligent, could not have discerned any sign of falsehood, proceeded: "I been a-livin' here near 'bout nine year, an' nobody hain't troubled me, an' I hain't troubled nobody. I been a-gittin' 'long fuss-trate an' a-makin' a livin' 'at nobody cunten find no fault with, becase I been hones' an' done folks right. I ain't no fussy man, but Sadday night I got in trouble ef nobody don't never find out nothin' 'bout it. I cain't never see no more peace no more 'an ef they want none, fur I know it ef nobody else don't."

Soapstick had now straightened up a little and there was the smallest visible expression of curiosity on his sallow face.

Mr. Phelps went on: "I went to shet the winders Sadday night, an' when I come back in I seed a tramp, wher had been a-loafin' 'roun' here all the evenin', standin' 'hind the counter, an' he was a-takin' a box o' sardines. I hollered at him, an' he started to run out. I hit him on the haid with the door bar an' he fell down, an' I throwed the bar on his haid. It broke his skull, an' I seed his brains a-beatin'. Lawd, I was a-sceared to death. I

knowed I had kilt him. I was afeared somebody 'ud come an' ketch me. I denten know what to do. I axed him what his name was, but he cunten say nothin'. I knowed he wus a-dyin'. I poured some warter on his haid, but it denten do no good. All this fur nothin' but a box o' sardines.

"I run out to see ef I cunten hear no fuss, an' when I come back I seed he want a-breathin', so I knowed he was dead. I put my han' on his bosom an' his heart want a-beatin'; an' his haid felt sorter cold. Then I tuck him up an' put him 'roun' in the ole ice box in the shed, so nobody wunten find him. He felt jest as limp as you ever seed. He gin 'way jest like a dead hog at a hog killin'. I shet up the ice box, an' he is in it yit."

By this time what wonder Soapstick had on hand was aroused to the highest point. He said: "What ye a-gwine to do wid him?"

In still lower tones and with a show of great confidence, Mr. Phelps offered him five dollars to come that night and help dispose of the corpse. Five dollars was a fortune in Soapstick's eyes, and he was not slow to accept the proposition. He was to come immediately after the fast train passed, which was due to pass there at 12:45 a. m.

Soapstick hung around Mr. Phelps' store the greater part of the afternoon, till Mr. Phelps got tired of him, and told him he had better not stay there any longer, for it might arouse suspicion.

Much elated by the prospect of so much money, Soapstick began to plan for the disposal of some of it. He went to Mrs. Williams and offered to buy her old baby carriage. He bargained to come next day with the money and take the carriage. He bought some calico for his wife a new dress, and much to the provocation of the merchant, wanted him to lay it aside till next day. As it was already cut, the merchant laid it aside, but threatened to frail Soapstick if he failed to come with the money according

to promise. Soapstick assured him that he would be on hand with the money.

Then he went into a grocery store and called for goods to the amount of seven dollars. He could not count beyond twenty-five, so he was making blind purchases when he exceeded that amount. The merchant, on being told that he would pay for the goods next day, lost no time in collaring Soapstick and kicking him out of his store. This did not put Soapstick to any discomfiture; for a man who is on the eaves of a pecuniary fortune pays little attention to a small bodily trouble. He did not make any other purchases, however, but went straight to the place where he "stays," and with ecstacy (outwardly invisible) informed his better, elder, larger, and more-domineering half, Her Corpulency, Mrs. Soapstick, of the prospects of the coming night.

Reporting this to his wife was to Soapstick an unusual pleasure, for during two long years she had continually railed at him for his idleness, and had sworn daily that she would never work for another cent to buy meat and bread for his "no count" mouth.

Now that he was about to become able to be the means of support of his family, he would rise out of his state of vassalage and assume the rightful lordship of his domain. He would be the head wherefrom all orders would be given; the treasury from whence all monies would be drawn; the grand mogul of his empire; but how vain were these speculations you may know when I remind you of his wife's persona—I beg your pardon—corporality.

There was, however, as a result of the bright prospects, a faint sign of a renewal of conjugal affection; or rather, a slight approach to a reversion of the wrongful order of mastership and vassalage.

In the meantime Mr. Phelps had not been idle with his plans for the night. He informed some young men—loafers about town—of what he intended to do, and procured their aid in the execution of the plot.

They placed a box, in which a bass violin had been shipped, and which had the appearance of a coffin, somewhat, in the shed ready for use; and put the spoiled beef liver, which the butcher had left there the Saturday before, in a corner where Soapstick could not see it and find out what had caused the odor he had smelled that afternoon. The smallest in the crowd was instructed to be on hand at 11 o'clock promptly, so they could put him in the coffin. The others were furnished with pistols and blank cartridges, and instructed to secret themselves at the place where Mr. Phelps and Soapstick were to take the body.

A little after 11 o'clock the one who was to play the corpse was on hand; and after Mr. Phelps had powdered his face and smutted him under the eyes to give him a ghastly appearance, and tied a handkerchief over the lower part of his face to prevent recognition, he got into the box and placed himself, according to Mr. Phelps' direction, in a corpse-like position.

Mr. Phelps took a seat upon the bench under the shelter in front of his store. The few stores in town had long been closed, and there was absolute darkness, save an occasional gleam through a window from an all-night lamp; and all was silence, but the tinkle of a bell on a calf that had been turned out at night to graze. Finally, a distant roaring was heard, and within a minute the shrill sound of a whistle, and the great Florida vestibule loomed into sight and rushed with terrific speed through the little town, which caused the windows of the houses to rattle. Then all was quiet.

Soapstick came under the shelter from an opposite direction from his home.

Mr. Phelps asked: "Ye ready?"

Soapstick started; then whispered: "Yeah."

Mr. Phelps said: "Come on 'hind me."

Soapstick obeyed.

Mr. Phelps carefully unlocked the shed door and entered. Soapstick entered behind, feeling his way. Not a sound was to be heard; not even their footsteps, for there was no floor in the shed. Mr. Phelps closed the door and struck a match. Soapstick stepped closer to him when he saw the supposed coffin with its lid unfastened. Mr. Phelps bent over the box and lifted up the lid for Soapstick to look at the corpse. As he did so Soapstick tightened his grasp on Mr. Phelps' arm and drew back. In the pale light no one could have recognized the face in the coffin. Its aspect was horrible.

Mr. Phelps then threw down the match, and in the dark fastened down the lid; at the same time he pulled out a block from the end so the man enclosed could get air.

Nothing had been said when Mr. Phelps told Soapstick to wait there a minute. Soapstick started to follow, but Mr. Phelps was gone before he knew it, and he was afraid to move.

Mr. Phelps returned with a wheel-barrow which had been well greased to prevent squealling. Then he told Soapstick to take hold of the foot end of the coffin. He did so, and feeling their way, they slowly put it in the wheel-barrow, and adjusted it so it would not tilt to one side.

Mr. Phelps cautioned Soapstick not to make any noise, and gave him an unloaded rifle with which he told him to shoot any one who might come their way. He added to Soapstick's fright by telling him that if he was caught helping to dispose of the body he would be hanged as well as he. Mr. Phelps shouldered a gun, and ordered Soapstick to follow with the wheel-barrow. Mr. Phelps walked in front; and, constantly pretending to hear some one, stopped and presented his gun. Soapstick stopped too; but, instead of presenting his gun, he said: "Yes, go back."

The moon was beginning to creep above the horizon, and it was just light enough for them half to see and half feel

their way along the road. Reaching a path that lead to an old brick-kiln, Mr. Phelps turned, and they went in that direction till they reached the place where they were to dispose of their burden. The plan was to put it in a hole from which clay had been digged to make bricks of, and which was then full of water.

They stopped at the edge of the water, and Mr. Phelps was about to direct Soapstick what to do, when a dead limb on a tree near by broke under the weight of a buzzard, and fell to the ground with a crash. Soapstick jumped. Mr. Phelps cried: "Stop." Soapstick obeyed.

They were in the act of moving the box when a hand from behind grasped Soapstick's right arm.

Mr. Phelps fired, and ran as if for life. Several shots were fired at him almost simultaneously. He fell, cried out that he was killed, and saw Soapstick bound over him, and make his escape under constant fire.

Soapstick had plunged into the water, which was waist deep, and crossed it with the rapidity of a mink. Like a deer he leapt over the brier-covered ditch; and the speed with which he ran can only be guessed at by the distance between his tracks which was noticed next day, and the bits of clothing that were found here and there along his way.

A NORTH CAROLINA POET.

BY W. P. FEW.

Some two years ago there appeared with the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons a neat and quiet little book of verse, entitled "From Cliff and Scaur," and written by Professor Benjamin Sledd. Professor Sledd fills the Chair of English in Wake Forest College. So far as I know very little has been said of this book, and it was only a few days ago that it fell into my hands. But unpretentious as it is and unheralded as it has been, it seemed to me at once that the author of these little poems has genuine poetic talent.

It is always a difficult matter for any of us, except the most highly endowed and the most liberally and sanely educated to appreciate at their real worth the things and the men about us. We are either blinded by their commonness and allow ourselves to regard all familiar things as insignificant or we are too much influenced by our personal feelings; there is too much of the personally equation of our likes and dislikes, in our judgments. We see feelingly, as poor old Gloucester says in King Lear, with our feelings not with our minds, with heart instead of with head. In reference to all of our local concerns we are in danger of making false judgments from one or the other of these causes. We are liable to overlook through indifference or to overpraise or underestimate from personal considerations the men around us and the forces that are at work in our own time.

Those of us who would make a just estimate of anything that concerns human life must free ourselves from these hindrances to clear vision, and especially must those who would understand and appreciate literature—that highest product of man's life, the flower of experience, the countenance that is in the face of all knowledge—be free from personal and local bias. A sincere student of literature may not praise a volume of poetry simply because it

is the product of his own community or of his own State. But it is a great pleasure to read anything written by one of our own number that has real merit. This pleasure I had when I opened Prof. Sledd's volume and read the first poem in it. The poem is about the death of Tennyson and is called "Prelude, October 6, 1892."

All night I moved about the silent house,
In grief for one whom I had never known,—
Dying beyond the sea. And in the dawn
Methought I heard far off a phantom bell
Ring out one startled, broken peal of woe;
And, linking voice in voice, bell after bell
Bore on the wailing through the darkened land,
And many a heart that watched and grieved with mine,
Made answer: "He is gone,—the last, the best!

These verses show real feeling, and we have here a genuine tribute from this poet to one of the great English poets. It is his salute to the dying poet Laureate. The poem has that indescribable magic charm that belongs to all real poetry.

The same poetic charm is found elsewhere, as, for example, in "The Mystery of the Woods."

Vaguer it seems than a vision
  Dreamed in an hour unknown,—
A grave with pines overshadowed,
  And strange wild life overgrown.

The first of earth's dark secrets
  By curious childhood found,
Much did I wonder what meaning
  Lay hid in that little mound.

And once—still must I remember
  The dreary autumn day—
All trembling with nameless terror,
  I ceased from childish play.

Saying, "Death—what is it, mother?"
  Sadly she made reply,
Clasping her arms about me:
  Thoul't find out by and by."

But life's first perfect gladness,
  I never felt it more,
Nor ever again was the sunshine
  So sweet as it was before.

For long, long years I waited,
  The answer still I wait,
And hear but darkly murmur
  The riddling lips of fate.

When I joy in the strength of morning,
  And feel that life is good—
Lo, right athwart my pathway
  That fateful mound in the wood.

And when I sadly question
  What way beyond may lie,
A silent voice makes answer,
  "Thou'lt know all by and by."

In this poem is effectively suggested the mystery that borders about the fringes of existence, the mystery of life and death. And here our poet strikes a note that has been often heard in English poetry of the last hundred years. It is in fact the characteristlc note of the poetry of the century. The Romantic school of poets represents a reaction against the literalness and cold this—worldliness of the eighteenth century. It is the result of a constant attempt to break through the veil of the temple, to get into the secret of secrets, to see face to face the eternal verities. This attempt is at the bottom of nearly all the literary movements of our century, though it has very different manifestations in the work of authors like Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Emerson, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold and Browning. Different as all these men are, there is underlying the work of each of them the mood of mystery, the reaching out after the things that lie beyond the narrow line of fact, the hungering after "better bread than can be made with wheat," "the hungering for eternity." The mood of "The mystery of the Woods," is the mood of a sensitive man bowing his head

in silence before the awful mysteries of life and death, and this mood is suggestively and finely phrazed.

Closely akin to this mood of mystery is the underlying mood of other poems, such as "Out of the Depths" and "Lilian." In these two poems there is a suggestion of what sometimes looks to us like fatalism, of the hardness of life, of the tendency of things to go wrong, and to carry down the innocent along with the guilty. This is what the ancients called fate and it is what we include in our phrase, "an inscrutable Providence."

"Out of the Depths" is the story of a woman, whose children were starving and who got food for them at a sacrifice that was worse than death. She was totally unselfish and must have been in the highest sense morally innocent and yet she must bear "shame's mute agony."

> How could I see them die, when life was to be had?
> And will, in God's just eyes, the deed seem wholly bad?
> And he whose wrong is greatest—if he will only forgive,
> Gladly my soul will go, in outer gloom to live.

"Lilian" is the longest and one of the best of the poems. The man and the woman seem to be fate-ridden. Both suffer great wrong and sorrow through no fault of theirs, but because the world is as it is. "Lilian" shows great skill and delicacy and understanding of the better half of the human race—of women. So do "The Mother," and "Waiting."

Prof. Sledd is not the poet of action or singer of deeds, like Mr. Kipling; he is rather the poet of sentiment, of culture, and of the poetical aspects of nature. He does not always seem to feel sure that our modern life and civilization are worth what they cost, that "this rage is right in the main."

> Sometimes amid the city's keen, unmirthful cries,
> Which others heed not, or despise—
> The pitiless—mingled din
> Of those who lose and those who win—
> Tears for some nameless grief will rise.

More blest is he who idle waits
Without the city's thronging gates,—
Hearing unmoved the far, sad din,—
Than he who proves that fruitless life within.

But then after all it is the business of the poet to teach us,

The good of life to know,
The beautiful to see.

The volume shows considerable range of subjects. It has a distinct poetic quality and all through the book there are frequent notable lines. It is a pleasure to welcome this North Carolina contribution to our literature, and it is to be hoped that this volume is but "the fair beginning of a time."

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

With this issue the class of 1900 assumes management of THE ARCHIVE. From time immemorial it has been customary for the rising Senior class of all institutions to express in graveyard tones its profound appreciation of the responsibilities undertaken, and to call in supplicating tones upon students, friends and Alumni for support, financial and other. A very limited experience in this field of work has taught us that such thoughts are uppermost in an editor's mind, and in departing from the usual custom, in our initiatory editorial, we do not claim to be unmindful of the importance of such considerations, but some things are more readily secured by silence than by useless supplications. Besides, at this late day when the college monthly has demanded for itself a permanent and important place in the college community, there should be no question as to the amount, but as to the excellency of the support.

On inspection of the different monthlies that come to our exchange table, there is noticeable a great divergency of opinion as to what ought to constitute a college magazine or, more properly, as to the subject matter with which such a periodical ought to deal. Some deal almost entirely with sentimental love-tales—a subject that has been wonderfully mistreated in these latter days, and, that is, as usually treated, interesting at the fartherest to those only who are so unfortunate as to be sentimentally afflicted; others deal too

exclusively with purely local gossip which is utterly incomprehensible to all unfamiliar with local surroundings and local history; others still, laying aside these simpler matters, venture to grapple with weighty matters of morals and ethics —subjects removed entirely from any locality and interesting and valuable to all who can comprehend. All these subjects, and in fact, thanks to human nature, all subjects of whatsoever kind, have their place and importance with some people, and the question arises as to how much and what kind should be included in a college monthly—the representative medium of the intellectual life of a student body.

The answer to this question, if made general, must be to some extent speculative and ideal, for, as a means of communication between contributor and reader, the magazine is necessarily limited in its range by the capabilities of the former and by the desires of the latter, both of which may vary in different institutions and in the community through which their magazine circulates. While each monthly, therefore, must be regulated by its own peculiar surroundings, we are safe in saying that it would be a step towards advancing the influence of students and their colleges upon the life of the general public, and at the same time a means of elevating the standard of their periodical if the college magazines would remove themselves farther than they have done from local colorings and bearings. There has been and still is too much tendency to make the college magazine a means of communicating local history and local happenings to the outside public. There is probably an urgent demand for such a medium, but in our opinion a magazine which pretends to be literary in its aims should be largely free from such matter. What we want to say is this, that it is a matter of little interest to the readers who put the dead rat in the newer's pocket or what a certain professor said to a certain student about a certain question, et cetera ad infinitum, in which some magazines abound so abundantly. The profuse publication of such things had its origin in the idea that the

magazine was to circulate among the students alone, but it is now generally agreed that to be in any measure successful the narrow boundaries of the campus must be disregarded. Some magazines seem not to have outgrown this idea entirely, but we are glad to note that such subject-matter is largely discarded by the best college monthlies. Of course there is a limit to this objection. Bits of wit and humor or local gossip, cleverly got up, are as much in place in a college magazine as in any other. But there is need for much caution along this line, lest we run to extremes and become silly.

THE ARCHIVE has often received censure at the hands of its contemporaries for being deficient in poetry—a criticism of which we are almost proud. There's poetry and then there's poetry. Among the contents of a contemporary which repeatedly pointed out this deficiency in us last year was a poem of some five or six stanzas which began thus:

> "My heart passionate pants for thee, my love,
> There's none so sweet beneath or above,"

and continues in this strain ad nauseam. Thanks to goodness, that necessary adjunct of an editor's table, the waste-basket, shall receive such passionate poetical aspirations. There ought to be no legal penalty in this country against writing poetry when one feels compelled to give vent to his "yearning soul," but there ought to be an injunction against the publication of some of it. We do not wish to be understood as discrediting poetry, far from it. On the contrary, we shall be glad to receive and to publish all good sensible poetry, on the condition that it be poetry and not sickly sentiment. A pair of blue eyes and a chestnut-hued curl are powerful agencies in destroying our mental equilibrium, and, if we may be allowed this criticism in advance, some of our contemporaries would assume a more manly tone if they would publish less of this soft-pated sentiment. Given a moonlight night, a rippling brook, a sixteen year old maid and one of these peculiar freaks of nature commonly called a

"spring poet," and there will flow from his inspired lips metrical lines which, in his estimation, are pre-eminently the stuff for the "higher feelings." In its milder forms, this passion for spring poetry, from which we pray continual deliverance, like the measles, runs its course without serious damages. But when it becomes malignant, and without just reasons causes a man, on set occasions, to harrow up his innermost soul and to string it out in rhymed lines it makes of him the same kind of animal that Balaam was wont to ride.

We have recently received requests from friends that less historical matter be published in THE ARCHIVE and that more space be devoted to something of a more strictly literary nature. It no doubt takes the life out of a magazine to fill it with essays on dry historical facts that can be had by reference to any history, but there are many events, some in our own State, that have escaped the eye of the historian which would be not only interesting and valuable to the reader, but profitable also for those who take the time and trouble to collect them.

Probably the most difficult task an editor has is in getting good short stories. It is a difficult matter, as every one who has tried it will admit, to write a good readable story. Even our best magazines, like *McClure's* and *Munsey's*, are forced to print some that are decidedly questionable in their merits. Now and then you find one that smacks of good taste and good sense—two essential qualities in every good story. The proper and final test of a story is in the style, or manner in which it is written, and not in the subject written about, and he who desires to become a story-writer should first cultivate a good smooth original style. This will come by practice alone, and we ask all those who can to begin the practice, and to hand us in as many stories as possible, for an abundance of material is one of the first requisites for a successful management of THE ARCHIVE.

Judging from newspaper reports this must be an exceedingly good year for colleges. From every school of whatsoever nature there comes the gratifying, but somewhat new and original information, that "the enrollment has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations." That's the handiest and most indefinite expression in the language, but would that we could give it a rest. Every Fall it is snatched from its "inocuous desuetude" and flashed across the wires to startle expectant and anxious friends.

Everything has opened "with bright prospects for the most prosperous year in the history of the institution," while from a certain college in an adjoining State comes this bit of refreshing truth: "From north to south, from east to west, the students are flocking to ———. All available rooms have been taken, and every train is loaded with new men." Surely that college is in a bad fix and needs an extra appropriation.

In connection with the above it will be welcome news to know that a certain preparatory school which has recently been incorporated as a college is now, in the words of its catalogue, "Standing in the front-ranks of Southern Institutions heroically doing battle against the darkness which enthralls us."

Such stuff as this, heard on all hands, makes one a trifle weary, although its perpetrators are innocent of any intentional crime. This spirit of boasting—of blowing your own horn—which is fast permeating every southern college with which we are familiar is serious as well as ludicrous. It would be a god-send to southern institutions if by some miraculous power some people could be taught that it is the business of a college to do and not to boast. Every college has "the best library in the South," the most magnificent buildings, the prettiest campus, the best equipped faculty. Every college offers opportunities that "can not be equalled by any other institution in the South." In fact everything everywhere is the "best in the South." It is all right to

advertise and to show the public what you have and what you are doing, but this positive and extravagant manner in which some colleges polish up ordinary and often doubtful facts is rant pure and simple, and must be as nauseating to the public as it is hurtful to those who do it. If it were in place it would be easy to point out that this bragging, self-laudatory spirit is not confined to colleges alone. It is found in abundance in our politics, religion and in almost every phase of our life. In evidence of this fact listen to the average harangue or July speaking. Whether by constitution or habit we have reached the point where we prefer to boast of what *we* have, rather than to strive for what we need. What wonder then, and what grounds have we to complain, when sober, modest men, like Kippling say that we are rather too full of gas?

It takes a little stimulus of one kind and another to get some people to do even that which they ought to feel obligated to do of their own accord. It being apparently impossible to get the students to write sufficiently for THE ARCHIVE through pride and loyality, we have been forced to offer a more substantial and enticing bait. A friend has generously come to our assistance, and has enabled us to offer a prize of twenty-five dollars in *cash* for the best piece of fiction, or story, if you desire so to call it. The contest for this prize will be open to every student of every class, and we earnestly desire that they all, from Freshman to Senior, will enter it. The editor will use his discretion, without prejudice, in publishing your articles, and at the end of the year all published articles will be placed in the hands of a competent committee who will decide upon their respective merits. Hand in your papers as soon as possible, for if you wait too long it may be impossible, for the lack of space, to publish some of them and only those that are published will be considered. Remember too, that this is no useless prize, but twenty-five dollars in *cash*, something that will make you stand heavy in your boots about commencement.

THE ARCHIVE congratulates the members of the Board of Trustees upon the addition they made to the faculty in the person of Prof. P. T. Durham. When a student at Trinity Prof. Durham made for himself an enviable reputation as a foot-ball player, as a student and a speaker of exceptionally fine ability. Since his graduation in '95, he has studied at Yale and Union Seminary and comes back well equipped for the position which he now occupies. During the summer he was traveling agent for the college and made many friends for himself and the college. His many friends may well predict for him a successful future and we are glad that for a while the students of Trinity are to be the recipients of his instructions.

Trinity, together with the Methodist Church, sustained a severe loss in the death of Dr. Creasy, who was a faithful and competent member of the Board of Trustees and a loyal friend to the college. He was always a zealous worker for her best interests and lost no opportunity to speak a good word in her behalf. We desired very much to publish in this issue of THE ARCHIVE a paper on his life and character but owing to the difficulty in securing the facts of his early life it was impossible to get the article ready in time for publication. This article, however, which is now being written, will be published in the next number. His cut appears in this issue.

To-morrow THE ARCHIVE must go to press. It is now growing far along towards the witching hours of the night, "when graveyards yawn, etc," and yet I have written nothing for the Wayside Wares. The editor has just left my room, his face black with suppressed profanity, and muttering in thick breath curses unuterable upon the recreant who dares neglect his duty. So here it goes, and with thy aid, O sweet muse, I will sing unto them the tale of woe of a youth who courted a maid whose hair is as the gobbler's snout and whose face is as guinea's egg. I will tell them how the said youth, with his heart all aglow, one night stole her away from a crowd of picnickers and how they, strolling along a vine-covered path, set them down on the banks of the river, where he—who will blame him? Not I—became lost, yes, as lovers sometimes do, foolishly lost in contemplation of things beautiful; how he imagined—as lovers sometimes imagine—himself miraculously freed from this muddy vesture of decay," which weighs us down so heavily and boldly swinging out into space he glided, O happy youth, from sphere to sphere, drunk with ecstacy and joy: how in his wild wanderings through this visionary land he came upon a river beautiful and wonderful to behold, along whose banks he saw scores of friends whom he wanted to hug—as you men sometimes do want to do—for mere joy, and wildly throwing out his arms he was about to encircle them, but just then he came into terrific conflict with a fourteen inch hair-pin—cruel weapon—which brought him back to a sudden realization of

things terrestial, and he was, to tell you the truth, he was unconsciously and unintentionally trying to do naughty and as she said, "mean."

Think not, kind reader, that this youth was a sentimental fool, for albeit she was redheaded, yet she was dearer than all the world to him, and I hold it as one of the inalienable rights of a youth to dream and to see visions when and wherever he desires, and if in his visions there comes tripping to him a blushing maid whom he passionately presses to his bosom, and wakes to find himself tenderly caressing the soft form of his pillow, who shall blame him? Or if perchance after hours of well-nigh futile supplications, he presses his hot lips to her cheek in one long, sweet farewell and awakes to find his osculatory protuberance pushed in painful proximity to the impassionate bed-post, who shall say he is to blame? Again, if your imagination plays you a trick and allures you down the vistas of time and shows you a little white cottage over on the hill in which your blushing bride is patiently waiting your return, and if you rush in with quickened pace, fondle her in your embrace, and stand soothingly caressing her hair, and awake to find yourself tenderly smoothing the coarse bristles of your rough bed-fellow, would you like for him to call you a fool?

Once again, my friend, if after a night spent in futile pondering over forgotten lore you lie down with a feverish brain and in your dreams you are carried in sight of the happy scenes of the summer past, and as night comes on apace, you stealthily make your way to the home of the idol of your heart, and, emboldened by her welcome smile, as she stands beneath the honeysuckle vines on the porch, you make bold to enter, there to meet only the wrathful countenance of her angered sire, who with an unceremonious kick that causes your teeth to rattle, and with a curse that makes your blood to curdle, shows you the way to the street, and if in your frantic efforts to gain your freedom you become entangled on the gate post, and awake to find yourself astraddle the topmost railing of

your bed, making the night hideous with your howls, and with your night robes tightly drawn by your side, shall I turn on the light and laugh you into derision?

No, no! dear reader, let the young man dream dreams and see visions, for by them he lives anew the past and by them he has pleasing hopes for the future. How dark and dreary the hour of lonliness would be if we had no imagination and if our minds were subscribed by the narrow limits of fact and reality as we know them!

Oft even the calm and dignified Senior tosses upon his restless pillow, and, in his imagination, turning aside the veil of the future he sees himself addressing large and enthusiastic audiences. They mingle their loud and lusty cheering with the wild clapping of their hands in one gladsome recognition of his powers and achievements. They hang spellbound upon every word that falls from his lips, but in the very height of his peroration on the nobility and reality of life he forgets, and all becomes darkness and humiliation, and he awakes to find that his lesson in philosophy is yet unprepared. Or, perchance, he takes another view and sees himself heroically resigning all claims to the praise and plaudits of men, and devoting himself to the calm pursuits of a rural life, and along the rocky side of a mountain cliff he sees himself, like Cincinnattus of old, pulling the bell-cord over the hoary back of the famous mountain split-foot and suddenly awakens to the prosaic realization that he has his room-mate by the leg violently jerking it, and loudly exclaiming in sulphurous tones "gee Dick," or "haw Buck!"

Maybe its a Freshman, and has he not dreams also. Yea, verily, he goes to bed believing that he is altogether the stuff, and so optimistic are his opinions of himself that his imagination can play him no trick. He sees himself parading forth in all his glory,

> "Wiring in and wiring out,
> Keeping the co-eds all in doubt,"

and he awakens in the morning with the solemn belief that Oriel has whispered in his ear new fields of conquest and he

confidently sallies forth to storm the citadel of some fair maid's heart, and shortly you will see him standing on the corner with a complacent smile stealing over his handsome face, feeling down in his heart of hearts that he is something exceptional.

If, then, my friend, you see strange visions yourself, and often feel that you have been made ridiculous, remember that the whole world is akin, and remember, too, that,

"To dream, to dream, it is the pleasure of life,
Though your dreams be of a red-headed wife."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

(At the ball-room.)

"When shall we marry," said he,
To a maiden blithe and tall,
And from out the whirl she cried
"After the ball."

(At home a year later.)

"When may I sleep," he cried
When the baby began to squall,
To this she demurely replied
"After the bawl."

F. J. M.

At twelve they called her Mary—
A very modest name,
But with this she was not content,
She said it was too tame.

At sixteen she to college went,
Her wisdom to display.
The "r" was silently dropped
And now they call her May.

But such is the genius of a maid,
When romantic she tries to be,
That "e" takes the place of "y,"
And she signs herself Mae.

At seventeen she married
Why I never saw,
But now around her home,
They call her simply "Ma."

F. J. M.

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Over 200,000 volumes of *David Harum* have been sold.

In answer to a correspondent *The Bookman* gives the following arrangement as expressing its critical judgment of the relative rank of these authors:

1. Balzac,
2. Scott,
3. Thackeray,
4. Dickens,
5. Dumas,
6. Hugo.

The Outlook announces that its most important literary feature for 1900 will be an illustrated biography of Shakespeare to be written by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The biography will be in twelve parts, beginning with the first issue in January, and will be accompanied by a large number of pictures, most of them made expressly for the work. It will bear the title *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

Mr. Walter Page has resigned his position as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and accepted an important position offered by the Harpers and McClures. Mr. Bliss Perry will succeed him. Mr. Page raised the standard of *The Atlantic Monthly* which was already high; and the subscription list increased under his editorship. His course in New York will be watched with great interest, specially by North Carolinians.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge has published a 450 page volume: *The War with Spain.* It is the only history of the war yet offered by so able a historian, and will no doubt commend itself to wide reading.

Vanity Fair is to be dramatized. So eminent a critic as Mr. Charles F. Nirdlinger writes with enthusiasm about the forthcoming impersonation of Becky Sharp, by Mrs. Fiske. He says: "If the dramatization of *Vanity Fair* be in any reasonable degree adequate, I predict for the stage production of the greatest novel in the English Language a distinctly memorable success. Mrs. Fiske has taken pains to secure a cast of exceptional fitness, but it would take very bad actors, indeed, to fail to score with such vivid personalities as Thackeray created. There is no production announced for next session to which one may look forward with more lively interest and pleasurable anticipation than the scenic transformation of *Vanity Fair*."

Upon being asked what it regards as the best short poem that has been written during the past ten years, *The Bookman* replies "*Kipling's Vampire*," and states that it prefers it to his *Recessional* because the *Recessional* is in its theme limited to a particular people and particular occasion, while the *Vampire* is "a bit of eternal and universal truth written by a pen of iron dipped in vitriol."

Writing about *From Sea to Sea; Letters of Travel*, the *Review of Reviews* says: "It is no trifling boon to the admiring reader of Kipling, and also the lover of good descriptive letters of travel, to have these two little volumes, edited by Kipling himself, of the letters he wrote for newspapers in India from 1887 to 1889. Kipling was then twenty-four or twenty-five years old. This was the period of his "Plain Tales from the Hills" and those first literary efforts that caught the attention of the world. The newspaper letters now reprinted were, of course, dashed off with no thought of their ever having more than an ephemeral interest for the local public to which they were addressed. But they are capital, and would deserve to be put in book form on their own merits, even if it did not borrow interest from the subsequent fame of the writer."

Edwin Markham is a native of Oregon. He was born in 1852 in Oregon City, his ancesters being of the New England colonial stock. He was the youngest son of his parents, and his father died when the boy was five years old. After his father's death, with his mother and brothers, he settled in central California, and grew up in a rough school of a cattle ranch. Mr. Markham worked his way through the State normal school at San Jose, California; studied law, but did not practice; and after holding different positions in educational work he came to the place he now holds, that of head master of the Tompkins Observatory School, Oakland, which is connected with the University of California. Mr. Markham has published one other volume of poems besides the one entitled *The Man with the Hoe; and other Poems. The Man with the Hoe* is not the only poem he has written which laments the injustice and oppression of mankind. The same spirit is found in verse after verse of his poems. In the September number of McClure's Magazine appears a poem by Mr. Markham with the title, *Dreyfus*, and it is indeed worthy of the author of *The Man with the Hoe.*

Editors Table

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Our table is standing ready to be loaded down with good things in the shape of Exchanges. As none have as yet found their way hither, however, the manager of this department will have to content his hungry soul for this once with a few husks from his own scanty store.

A college magazine has a distinctive place—shall I say?—in literature. It is entirely different from a newspaper in that it does not discuss the politics of the day, is not given over to a recital of daily occurrences, but is more in the nature of a review of things old and new, and should be an exponent of new ideas, where those ideas tend to a more abundant life, whether those ideas be displayed in fiction, poetry, essay or other form. It differs from other monthly magazines in that it is dominated by the spirit of the institution which fosters it, and is thus rather limited in its sphere. Its contributors all look at questions from the same standpoint to a greater or less degree, varying with the greater or less amount of individualism which characterizes their institution. This, of course, is not at all the case in other monthlies. The college magazine holds a place, then, half way between the newspaper and monthly magazine, and we see no reason why it should not have this individual sphere of its own, and do good work therein. That college men, while they were in college, have not in the past produced matter that will last, is undoubtedly true. For the future we can hope for better results. If any college is so fortunate as to have a Kipling among its number we see no reason why he should

not first awaken the world to the knowledge of his genius through the columns of his college monthly. It would mean much for the monthly, to say the least.

When a college magazine has its standard of excellence so high that it is considered an honor to get one's article accepted for its columns, there is a possibility and a chance of something of worth being produced. Of course the great drawback to its progress is the lack of a large public. It is a fact that has been noted by many that college magazines are little read outside of people directly interested in the college or in some contributors to the magazine, read, in other words, as a duty which is due to the college or to the contributor. Is this the fault of the magazine in question? Do they deserve a better public than they get? If they do get the reading patronage that they deserve, there is something seriously wrong with them. College students are generally supposed to constitute the largest element of thinking young men in the country. They are also supposed to represent the best the country affords in the matter of literary training, in the matter of expressing themselves in writing. If these two statements are granted, and they are rarely contradicted, it does seem reasonable to think that the best thought of the thinking part of the young men, expressed in language which should be the best, deserves to be read by more than locally interested readers. The reading matter of a college magazine ought to rank with the best literature to be found in contemporaneous periodicals.

One trouble, we think, in getting the college magazine to this high standard is the fact that oftentimes the best thinkers of college, for one reason or another, do not see fit to spend a part of their time and energy on this literary work. This ought not so to be. Men who can be of benefit to their college magazine should be willing to give the magazine the advantage of their ability. Another reason why the magazine is not always up to the standard is that the Editor is often hard put to it to get suitable material for a certain issue

and in his straitened predicament, rushed as he is for time, accepts articles that otherwise would be rejected. This could be remedied if the class of students mentioned above would do their part and do it on time.

In this department this year the manager will try to do justice to each magazine which comes to his table and to each article criticised. Criticism, as we believe, is not merely fault-finding, and we shall not be satisfied with picking flaws in articles merely to get material to fill the space allotted to this department. There will, of course, be things worthy of censure, or at least things that could be improved upon, in all magazines—we do not claim perfection for our magazine and are unwilling to grant the distinction to any other. When we see anything that we think might be helped if attention were called to it, we shall mention it in the spirit of helpfulness. If anything deserves praise we at least hope it will get its deserts at our hands. We hope whatever is said will be taken as it is given—without malice and with a kindly spirit.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Our college has made wonderful strides in her advance toward the very front of all the educational forces, not only in this State but in the South. In her progress she has allowed none of the departments to lag behind, but all have been strengthened, and continue to contribute their full share to the growing life of the college.

* * *

The Y. M. C. A. department is second to none in its increased powers, its enthusiasm and its good will to all the students of the college. Its leaders are fresh from the inspiring atmosphere of the Summer School at Ashville. They have been made to feel more than ever their responsibility for the success of the Association, and more—the burden of souls is hanging weighty on their hearts. The members of the Association ought to take courage and enter the work with gladness *and a purpose.* Let all misunderstandings be understood and righted. Let there be no bitterness in any heart; remember, it must be a *Christian Association.* Every man that has enrolled his name on our book ought to busy himself with some part of the Association's work; and not a one but shall be urged to do so.

* * *

The first meeting of the year was held in the Chapel Sunday afternoon, September 10. President Stewart spoke very earnestly to the old students and the new, taking for his

theme the story of Jacob's flight from home and his return. Then the meeting was thrown open to any who wished to testify for Jesus or to make a request. It was gratifying to hear such heartfelt words fall from the lips of those who spoke. Some talked in an unsteady voice and in a rapid manner. Was mere excitement the cause? Ah! no; they were speaking of their relations to God, they were in earnest, life was very real to them. Does it not depend on us, old student friends, whether they shall continue to have divine emotions like these? Let us not stifle the breathings of the Spirit!

* * *

Sunday afternoon, September 17, was a Bible Study rally day. Last year four classes studied the Life of Christ. This year, in addition to the study of the Life of Christ, a course in the study of the New Testament, embracing The Acts and The Epistles, is offered. This course is intended for those who have finished The Life of Christ. In this, as in the other division, there will be two classes, of which Messrs. Stewart and R. Webb will be the leaders. Messrs. Blanchard and Culbreth will have charge of the two classes in the study of the Life of Christ.

* * *

Sixteen new members have been added to our roll. This makes our total membership seventy-seven. The college has not been canvassed thoroughly yet, however, and we confidently expect a much larger increase.

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Miss Mamie Jenkins, '96, is teaching in Martha and Mary College, Va.

Mr. A. S. Webb, '96, is teaching at Mt. Tirzah, N. C., and Mr. H. B. Craven of same class is Head Master of East Durham Graded School.

Mr. J. F. Bivins, '96, is Headmaster of Trinity Park High School, and among his associates, as teachers, are Messrs. F. S. Aldridge, '96, S. W. Sparger, '96, P. V. Anderson, '97, and W. K. Boyd, '97.

Messrs. W. W. Flowers, '94, S. S. Dent, '97, J. T. Stanford, '98, L. C. Nicholson, '99, and W. H. Adams, '99, are back at the college this year doing some higher work, also Misses Mable Chadwick and May Hendren, both graduates of Greensboro Female College, who took special work in English last year at Trinity, are back this year taking some higher work in English.

Mr. G. O. Green, '97, was recommended to Annual Conference this summer and will join this fall. He is now traveling in Virginia for a medical firm.

Messrs. J. C. Wooten, B. F. Carpenter, J. B. Needham and W. S. Nicholson, all of '98, are in the Conference and doing regular work. J. T. Henry, now Superintendent West Durham Graded School, J. T. Stanford and A. J. Rosser of same class will also join. J. P. Gibbons of this class is with the Standard Oil Co., in Savannah, Ga.; R. T. Pool is located at Troy, practicing law and J. R. Pool is at Boykin, S. C., teaching.

Mr. J. H. Barnhardt, '99, is helping the pastor on Albemarl circuit. He will join Conference this fall, we learn.

Mr. H. M. North, '99, was sent to Snow Hill circuit to fill vacancy made by death of Rev. L. J. Holden. Mr. North is, as usual, making a fine impression wherever he goes. His people love him.

Mr. E. R. Welch, '99, filled Rev. B. B. Culbreth's pulpit in Wilmington, N. C., for several weeks this summer, while the pastor was away. Mr. Welch is still in the city visiting, we hear.

Mr. L. W. Elias, '99, passed through Durham last week on his way to Harvard, where he goes to take a medical course. He stopped over at the college a day or two and we were all glad to shake his hand.

Prof. Whitehouse, in his lecture, September 21, explained all the different methods of playing foot ball, and has introduced several of the latest and most improved methods. Those who play will have the best instruction. The boys seem somewhat enthusiastic over their new game. And by the way: a new house is on the way for the Professor, and we suppose it will be a whitehouse when it is completed.

The base ball boys met on the grounds a few afternoons past to practice and were well pleased with some of the new boys. The Captain is Jno. M. Flowers and General Manager P. H. Hanes, Jr. We expect great things from our team this year.

The Technological Building, known to the boys as "Waterloo" on account of the many brave fellows who have fallen under its shadow, is being remodeled and divided off into laboratory and recitation rooms. One would hardly recognize it as the same building.

The Mary Duke Building seems to be very attractive this year from the "long hours" some of our boys spend there admiring its beauty. No one, but, perchance, a professor, could fail to feel its quickening influence on the heart.

Resolutions of Respect.

CYRUS T. STEPHENS, whom it has pleased God to remove from our midst, was a member of the class of '00 for three years, and it is with sadness and sorrow that we have been called upon to pay the last tribute to our friend. Genial as companion, generous and faithful as friend, consecrated and loyal to his class and institution, he won our esteem, our reverence, our love. To him we gladly pay the homage of our admiration and our tears, and in memory of our class-mate and friend we adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved 1st. That in his death our class lost one of its truest members, and Trinity College a son who was loyal to and jealous of her interests.

Resolved 2d That we bow in humble submission to his untimely death, and that we will always cherish as the richest heritage of our class fond recollections of his generous, kind and jovial nature.

Resolved 3d. That we extend our sympathies to the bereaved family, and beg to mingle our sorrow with theirs, and join in the common hope that it is well with him.

Resolved 4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy placed upon the class records, and a copy published in THE ARCHIVE.

N. C. YEARBY,
C. A. WOODARD,
JNO. M. FLOWERS, } *Committee.*

Resolutions of Respect.

Inasmuch as we, the members of the Columbian Literary Society, have been called upon to part with our beloved and esteemed brother, LANGDON H. SMITH, who was called from this world September 13, 1899, we would try to express our sorrow for the loss we have sustained.

LANGDON was a faithful and an earnest student and a loyal supporter of his society; therefore be it

Resolved, That while he will be greatly missed, we recognize the fact that our Heavenly Father doeth all things well, therefore we humbly submit to His will.

Resolved, further, That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy and pray that our Father may comfort them with the assurance that their loss is his gain, and that if faithful they shall see him again.

Resolved, That a copy of these be sent to the grief-stricken family, that a copy be spread upon the records of our Society and a copy be sent to THE ARCHIVE for publication.

J. M. CULBRETH,
W. H. BROWN,
B. G. ALLEN, } *Committee.*

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, God, who doeth all things well, has, in His infinite wisdom, seen fit to withdraw from our midst Mr. C. T. STEPHENS, whose lamented death occurred at his home in Roxboro, on July 11, 1899; and, whereas, Mr. STEPHENS was a worthy member of the Hesperian Literary Society and an esteemed friend of every member of the same; therefore be it resolved:

1. That the Society has lost in his death a loyal member and staunch friend.

2. That not only every member of the Hesperian Society has lost a friend, but also every student who knew Mr. STEPHENS.

3. That the heartfelt sympathies of each member of the Society be extended to our fellow-member, the brother of our deceased friend, and to the other members of the bereaved family.

4. That the Society Hall be draped as a token of our deep sorrow and bereavement.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the heart-broken family, a copy spread on the minutes of the Society, and copies be sent to THE TRINITY ARCHIVE and *Roxboro Courier* for publication.

N. C. YEARBY,
J. R. COWAN, } *Committee.*
R. WEBB,

Resolutions Passed by Trinity Sunday School.

In its history Trinity Sunday School has been called to mourn the loss of some of its brightest and most useful members. Truly can it be said of our dear brother, CYRUS STEPHENS, that he was faithful, earnest, prompt and attentive in his class, and was held in high esteem by his teacher and classmates.

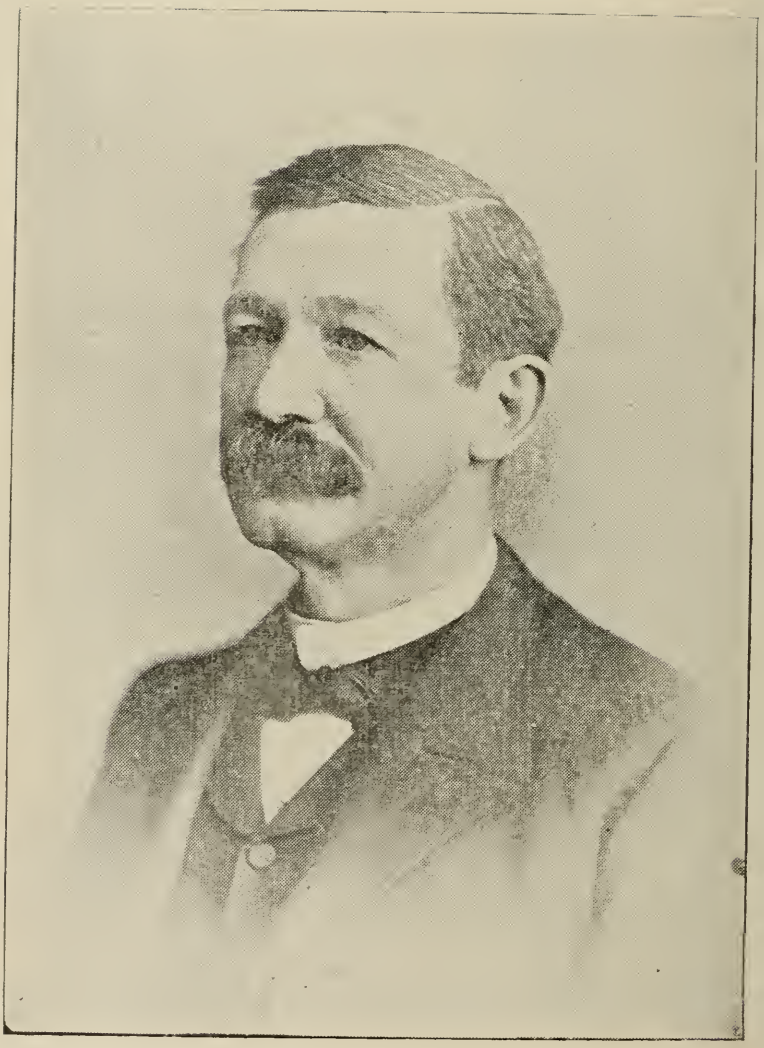
He came to us from a Christian home in Person county to take advantage of the magnificent educational facilities offered to the young men of North Carolina through the portals of Trinity College. Recognizing fully the wonderful safeguards thrown around the young by the Christian education that dominates that grand institution of learning, he realized the helpfulness of all agencies for good, and hastened to allign himself with God's people in Trinity Sunday School. It was here we learned to admire his manly purposes and sweet spirit, modest and unassuming, but always cheerful and bright, and one in whom you could depend when put to the test. Therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who is "too wise to err and too good to be unkind," yet we deeply mourn the loss of one who was with such wonderful fidelity fitting himself for a life of great usefulness.

That we extend to his heart-broken family our deepest sympathy in this hour of distress, and point them to the only Comforter who can speak peace to their troubled souls.

That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Sunday School, a copy be furnished the family of the deceased, the city papers and TRINITY ARCHIVE, with request to publish.

MRS. C. B. GREEN,
O. W. COLE,
MRS. S. C. ANDERSON, } *Committee.*



J. A. LONG.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, NOVEMBER, 1899.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to J. M. FLOWERS, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues) payable STRICTLY in advance.

ADVERTISING.

☞ *Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand.* All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to S. A. STEWART, Business Manager.
Trinity Park, Durham, N. C.

R. P. READE, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

DE GRAFFENREID AND THE SWISS AND PALATINE SETTLEMENT OF NEW BERN, N. C.

Although Eastern North Carolina was one of the first regions in America to be discovered, and its advantages of soil and climate were early known, yet, on account of the disheartening failures of the early attempts, it was late in being colonized, especially by settlers direct from the old countries. But the Virginia settlers knew of the region and many of them commenced to work their way southward toward it. Among these we find De Richebourg, a French Huguenot, who had originally been with a colony of Huguenots on the upper James, but who, growing dissatisfied, moved in 1707 with a part of the colony to a

place on the Trent River about two miles above the present situation of New Bern. Many other Virginia settlers, some of them bad characters, moved down and settled in the country about Neuse River. But New Bern was not to be founded by these.

About this time Christopher De Graffenreid, a gentleman of Berne, Switzerland, who had met financial reverses, left his country with the determination to seek his fortunes in America. He went to London and there met Louis Mitchell, a Swiss adventurer like himself. Mitchell had been appointed by the Canton of Berne to find out a tract of land in America suitable for Swiss settlement and he had been in the Carolinas for several years exploring. Switzerland, at this time, was overcrowded with persecuted Protestants, and was seeking to relieve herself by colonizing some of them in America.

De Graffenreid and Mitchell seem to have been kindred spirits, so they joined hands and made proposals to the Lords Proprietors of Carolina for a tract of land on which to settle these Swiss colonists. In 1707 they contracted with the Lords Proprietors for 10,000 acres on or between the Cape Fear and Neuse Rivers and their branches. They were to pay to the Lords Proprietors for this land 10 pounds per thousand acres purchase money and five shillings yearly as quit-rent. Also they were to have the option for twelve years on 100,000 acrres at the same rate, and De Graffenreid was to be made a Landgrave of Carolina.

About this same time there was a serious problem confronting Queen Anne and the British government in the question of the disposal of the great numbers of Protestant refugees from the Palatinate, a province in Germany, who were crowding by the thousands into London. These "poor Palatines," as they were then called, had been driven from their homes by the Catholic persecution arising from the War of the Spanish Succession and were forced to seek refuge in foreign countries. Great sympathy was

felt for them in England, and Queen Anne, in 1708 offered them protection in England, and about 20,000 of them came over. But they were a great burden, for they had to be supported by the Queen, which cost a great deal, and, besides, created discontent among the English poor. So Queen Anne was looking for some way to get them away and still do her duty by them.

De Graffenreid was a favorite with her and when she heard of his colonization scheme in Carolina, she concluded it would be a good opportunity to get rid of some of the Palatines; so she made an offer to De Graffenreid for him to take 650 of these with him to Carolina as colonists. The offer was gladly accepted, as the advantages were mutual. De Graffenreid and Mitchell wanted colonists, as it would increase the value of their land, and besides, Queen Anne offered to give each Palatine 20 shillings in cash and pay De Graffenreid and Mitchell 5 pounds and 10 shillings for each Palatine, to cover the cost of transportation etc. A formal contract was drawn up between De Graffenreid and Mitchell on one hand and the commissioners appointed by the Queen on the other. For 5 pounds 10 shillings a head, 650 of the Palatines, about 92 families, were to be transported to Carolina, and each family was to be given a title to 250 acres of land, and enough provisions, tools and stock to enable them to run a year. For five years the Palatines were to pay no rent, but after that they were to pay 2 pence per year an acre quit-rent. After this, as a sign of her good favor, the Queen made De Graffenreid a Baron of England and Landgrave of Carolina. The Lords Proprietors also, as an extra inducement offered to give orders to their Receiver-General in Carolina to supply the Palatines, until they got a good start, with what provisions he could spare.

The Palatines sailed for America in January, 1710, with three directors appointed by De Graffenreid over them, for he himself, had to stay in London to see about his

Swiss colonists. They had a terrible voyage over, being driven violently by storms and having one of their vessels plundered by a French privateer. They landed in Virginia not daring to go to Carolina by sea on account of privateers and the bars at the inlets. From Virginia they went overland and by the sound to the county of Bath, as it was then called, and were located in May or June 1710, by John Lawson, the Surveyor-General of the province, on a tougue of land, at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent Rivers, then called Chattawka, the present situation of New Bern.

Ill luck seems to have always been attendant on these poor Palatines. On the trip over, about one-half of their number had succumbed to the hardships of the voyage and died. Now they were located in a rough wilderness with hardly any tools and provisions and insufficient money. They were forced to sell a good part of the movables they did have to the neighboring people, in order to get along until De Graffenreid should come with the Swiss. When De Graffenreid and Mitchell did come in December, after a good voyage over, they found, as De Graffenreid has told us, "a sad state of things, sickness, want and desperation having reached their climax."

It is hard to find out exactly how many Swiss colonists there were, some accounts say 1,500, but as De Graffenreid mentions only one ship load, there could hardly have been that many.

De Graffenreid also found the affairs of the province in a bad way. The Governor was dead and Colonel Cary, the Lieutenant-Governor would not recognize Mr. Hyde, the Governor newly appointed by the Lords Proprietors. De Graffenreid threw his influence on the side of Mr. Hyde, which so incensed Colonel Cary that he would not recognize De Graffenried's patents and orders, and would not give him the help which the Lords Proprietors had promised and on which De Graffenreid said the life of the colony depended.

Thus De Graffenreid was forced to go into debt to support the colony. Soon Colonel Cary and his adherents broke out in open rebellion against Mr. Hyde, and for a good while the province was in a tumult. At length, through the aid of the Governor of Virginia, the rebellion was put down.

All this had its evil effects on the little colony at Chattawka point. It made provisions high, and by it the colony was unable to get the promised help from the Lords Proprietors. However, the arrival of the Swiss put new life into the Palatines, and they both set to work to put things on a firm basis. A town was laid out at Chattawka point and called New Bern, after De Graffenreid's old home in Berne, Switzerland. The land was apportioned, cabins built, provisions provided and everything done to insure success.

But now when the colony seemed to be prospering, a "storm of misfortune," as De Graffenreid has put it, "rushed upon them in the shape of the Indians." De Graffenreid accuses Colonel Cary of being the instigator of this outbreak through revenge and jealousy.

In September, 1711, just before the outbreak and suspecting nothing, De Graffenreid started on an exploring expedition up Neuse river with Surveyor General Lawson. When a few miles up the river they were both seized by the Indians and made prisoners. They were brought before the Indian council, which, after much deliberation, condemned them to death. De Graffenreid, in a letter to Gov. Hyde, describes in very vivid terms the horrible evening and night he and Lawson passed, in constant fear of death. The Indians stripped them of their clothes and bound them to a tree. Then they built a great fire in front of them and had a big medicine dance around it. All of them were painted, and dressed in the most horrible and fantastical manner. Every once in a while the chief conjurer, who, De Graffenreid said, looked like "the devil

among his imps," would dance out in front of them, and with horrible motions threaten them with the most terrible deaths. However, De Graffenreid, through the intercession of a friendly Indian, succeeded in getting a respite. Tradition says he effected this by telling the Indians he was a king, and proving it by showing the golden star, which Queen Anne had given him when she made him a Balm. De Graffenreid was retained as a prisoner but Lawson was executed; the exact manner of his execution is unknown, but it is said the Indians stuck his body full of lightwood splinters, like hog-bristles, and set them on fire, and so gradually roasted him.

This was but the beginning of a great Indian outbreak. The Tuscuroras, with all the Indians of that region, simultaneously attached all the colonists along the Pamlico and Neuse rivers, plundering and slaying them. Of the Palatines and Swiss there were sixty or seventy slain and a good many taken prisoners, and the rest forced to congregate in a palisaded place, where they were nearly starved. All this time De Graffenreid was a prisoner among the Indians, but he finally effected his release by making a treaty with them. In this, he pledged that his Swiss and Palatines would remain neutral in the war between the Indians and the Carolinians. He also agreed not to take up any land without the consent of the Tuscurora king. In return for this his colony was not to be molested. All of the Swiss and Palatines were to put a big letter N on their houses. This stood for Neuse, and was to be a sign that that house belonged to De Graffenreid's people, and was not to be molested. For a little while this treaty was kept, and the Indians didn't bother the New Bern colony, although they were waging a terrible warfare on all the other whites. But there were some among the Swiss and Palatines who didn't like to remain neutral, while the other people of the province were so hard set, so they broke the truce and attacked the Indians. The Indians then turned on them and came near destroying the colony.

The whole province of Carolina was now in great danger, for the Indians, headed by the Tuscurora tribe, were making great headway. They had driven all the people into strong-holds, had plundered their farms and captured and killed a good part of them. Help was solicited from Virginia, but it didn't come, and then a delegation was sent to South Carolina for the same purpose. The Governor of South Carolina sent Col. Barnwell with a small force of whites and a band of eight hundred auxiliary Indians, which succeeded in subduing the Tuscuroras for a while, but after the South Carolina force left, the war broke out anew. South Carolina was again solicited, and she responded with a force, which, with the Carolinians, effectually put down the Indians.

But the war had lasted over a year now, and the colony at New Bern was in a shattered condition. A good many of them had been killed and a good part of the rest had deserted and were scattered all around the county. They came back to find most of their houses burned and their cattle and tools destroyed and themselves without provisions. De Graffenreid went to Virginia to see if he could get any aid, and he did succeed in getting two boat-loads of supplies, but of these one was burned up before it got to New Bern, and the other ran aground and most of the contents were lost.

De Graffenreid now determined to try his last chance, which lay in finding a gold mine. One of the chief things which induced him to come to America had been that will-o'-the-wisp which attracted so many of the early settlers, the hope of gold. In the Minutes of the Lords Proprietor's meetings we find a contract by which De Graffenreid and Mitchell were to have a lease of all mines and minerals in the province. Up to this time De Graffenreid hadn't had time to do anything along this line, but now he made an extensive tour into the mountains, looking for silver and gold. But although he searched faithfully he was unable

to find any signs of either, and he returned as far as Virginia, completely disheartened. The blow about the mines was a great one, for he had been so sure of success that he had induced a number of skilled German miners to come over, and now these were left stranded without work.

He despaired of success now; his colony was without supplies, he was unable to get any, having run heavily in debt already; his bills of exchange would not be accepted, and he was threatened every day with a debtor's prison. He tried as a last straw to get a rich pardner, and when this failed he sold out his interest in the colony to Col. Pollock, a prominent man in the province, and then went back to Berne, Switzerland, in disgust.

Deserted by their leaders, the colonists were now in a terrible condition, and many of them left for South Carolina. But some few remained, and by hard work gradually put themselves on a firm basis. The natural advantage which the location of New Bern had as a trading centre soon told; the people from the surrounding country commenced to locate in it, and in not so very many years it was considered the largest town in the province.

De Graffenreid, in the manuscript in which he describes his adventures, divides the whole into a series of mishaps and cross-accidents, and this truly seems to be the history of the venture.

De Graffenreid accuses Col. Cary of being the chief cause of all his trouble, for besides instigating the Indian uprising, he accuses him of fraudulently taking money from the Palatines in payment for land to which he could give no title, and this evidently was true, for the General Assembly, in 1711, passed an Act to force Col. Cary to restore the money thus taken. De Graffenreid also lays a great deal of the blame on the colonists themselves, accusing them of being worthless and wicked.

The fact is, De Graffenreid, in his account, hurls accusations of cowardice, incapacity and rascality around so

generally that the truth is hard to get at. One begins to think that among all this rascality and incompetence, he himself was not untouched, and that this might have had something to do with the failure. He at least didn't deal fairly with the Palatines, for he left without giving them the deeds to the land which they occupied, and which was one of the stipulations they made with him in coming over. In 1714 we find them petitioning the Assembly, trying to secure titles to their land.

On the whole, De Graffenreid seems to have been a mere adventurer, out for his own interests, and so he naturally deserted the colony when he saw it had failed as a money making project.

Amid all this, one cannot but feel in sympathy with the "poor Palatines;" they had left their country to escape persecution, and came to America only to be cheated and mislead on all sides, and finally, after a good part of them had been slain by the Indians, the rest were left in a strange country to shift for themselves.

THE SYSTEM OF MY OLD MAID AUNT.

BY J. R. COWAN.

I was aroused from a cramped position on the seat of a passenger coach to prepare for the end of my journey, and with a sigh of relief I recognized the colored porter's long drawn out "War-r-saw!" Warsaw was my destination; I was sure of that, and alighted at the dimly lighted little station only to stop a few steps away, bewildered at the darkness which surrounded me. Presently, I got the glimpse of a little stooping figure advancing my way, which would, I trusted, act as a guide, and the next moment I was saluted by a volley of caresses in the shape of a vigorous handshake, a half-loving embrace, parental greetings. "Come on now, Martin Daniels, I 'spose it's you, we'll get to our vehicle right here and be home in a bit. I know you're tired, so I won't talk you out this late at night, but will get you to bed and let you sleep as soon as possible. Sometime up in the day you will be waked, then we'll see what you are like. I am jes' itchin' to see you, my boy, I know you must be interesting."

I had by this time meekly resigned myself to the care of this bundle of human affection, for I was tired by miles of railway travel and a good subject for the entertainment of some one. An alert little old man, whose voice was a bit wheezy, this much I had found out, but of him I knew nothing more. In fact, I did not have time to consider, we were in a heavy carriage, there was a crack of the whip and we were jerked off in the darkness. Then the old conversationalist began; conversationalist I call him, for I was not long finding out that he was one of the most wonderful talkers I had ever met up with.

"We have four miles to go, but those mules will take us there a kitin'; it has been showerin' some though, and it will be a bit muddy. Well, of course you're wantin' to know who I am, without that relative of yours has told

you, but ten to one she has sent you away without explaining a thing."

"Aunt only said that I was going away to spend the summer with an old friend," I assented.

"I knowed it," said the strange little old man, "I'm not going to let you into any of her secrets, so far as I know, but I guess I might as well sketch off my life a little, or leastwise the most essential part of it in the present extremity. I know you are a stranger in a strange land and have been all your journey in a puzzle as to what you are about. Well, as the people say, I'm 'Talking Billy Partington', that's what they all call me and I reckon they're right, for, to my knowledge, there aint my equal in the talking line anywhere in this Bledsoe or the adjoinin' counties. Dare say there aint much in me, but still I have a reputation, they all know Talking Billy. You can call me what you please; but I'll tell you it would kinder sorter tickle my fancy to call me Uncle Billy. It's a fact I'm no relative of your'n, still there's such a thing as might have been or might be in this world. Your Aunt said that I was an old friend, and 'spose we let it go at that, she and your mother also were among my acquaintances in that old Virginia neighborhood where we grew up men and women. Then,—well, I am going to stop right now before I get into the ups and dows of my life, for if I do you won't rest to-night, or what's left of to-night, for its about three o'clock now.

"You must have been aroused rather earlier than usual, Mr. Partington."

"No, no," he said, "I have neither a time for going to bed nor any special time for getting up, but I always awake by three or a little after, whether I get up just then or not. I can do on three hours sleep, four is enough, and I never care for more than five. I lie awake the best part of my time nursin' all sorts of presentiments as to somethin' that's goin' to happen for good or better, for bad or worse in the world."

The old man stopped short and sighed, I had been an interested listener and was becoming impressed with such an extraordinary individual. We had come some two or three miles of the way, it was dark and cloudy and I could see nothing, there was only the splashing sound of the mud and the slipping and sliding of the mules as they went up and down the hills and stumbled over the bridges.

"I ought to have told you, resumed old Billy "that my family consists of myself, my son, Benton, and daughter Penelope; my wife has been dead several years; besides these I ought not to leave out of my family my old black man, Aaron, and his wife Sukey, they have been with me many years, through thick and thin. That's Aaron driving us now."

Old Aaron, being thus mentioned by way of introduction, clucked to his team and cracked his whip in approval, and we were hurried on. Soon I caught the white outline of a yard fence, we were out and passed through the gateway and along a gravel walk on either side of which I could hear among the leaves of the trees the dripping from the recent showers.

"Here's what will be your home now for a while," said the old man, then I found myself in the hallway, my host secured a lamp and lighted my way up the stairs to my room. He deposited the lamp and added, "Be at your ease, make yourself at home. Good night."

I was alone for reflection in a large room of an old-fashioned farm house, a room which with all the furniture it contained was seemingly vacant. I made myself ready with all possible haste for retiring. Then there I was lying wide awake to reflect upon my peculiar situation. From the Eastern city the evening before to a lonesome country house in the South, and now, when the second night was nearly ready to fade into dawn, I had not had the chance to consider what it all meant. Who was this strange little old man that talked so much and seemed to know about

me? I had graduated at an Eastern college, my college career was at an end, and I was in a dilemma as to what I should devote my energies in the future. My maiden aunt had said: "A summer in some quiet country place will help you Martin. I have a peculiar old friend who lives on a farm down South. He is just queer enough to make you have a good time, you are sure to like him; then such a change by three months may make you feel more settled about your future." There was not another word of explanation, I knew nothing about the 'peculiar old friend': and furthermore, my aunt had made the strange request that I write no letters unless there was something I needed, that she would write with any suggestions she thought necessary.

My parents were killed in an accident when I was very young, since then I had been in the care and keeping of my maiden aunt, and had had all the advantages or disadvantages of an over-scrupulous maidenly aunt system of training. We had been living in the city since I could remember, and Aunt had told me very little about her early life. And, here was a strange little old man that promised to tell much that was interesting, there was some mystery about it, whether he sustained some relation to me or my aunt I did not know. I fell to all sorts of musings as to how it might be, then it began to rain and I was lulled away to sleep.

I awoke late that morning with a dull headache, but felt somewhat refreshed after a good wash and a change of apparel. The old man appeared at the door to conduct me to breakfast, and I had a first opportunity to look upon his genial face and his lustrous little eyes as he uttered his cheery "Good morning." I was introduced to the son and daughter and was seated at the breakfast table; a black countenance was peeping at the entrance of the kitchen into the dining-room and old Billy called out:

"Come on Sukey and see some of our kinsfolk."

She came in grinning, and made an old-darkey-like remark:

"He's too good lookin' to be any folks of ours."

Flattered by such a remark, I began to relieve my hunger by the virtues of just such a well assorted table as we find in some rural communities.

"Well," said the old man, "you are like your mother's folks, more like your aunt, I declare, you look just as she used to."

"I have often been told that I resembled her," I replied. I did not try to take much part in the conversation, but listened to the talker, for I was absorbed in the meal. Penelope Partington was a quiet listener and I was rather impressed by her modest demeanor, but as for the son, Benton, I perceived at once that he was like his father. He seemed swelled with impatience to say something. At a convenient opportunity after breakfast he slapped me on the shoulder and said in a suppressed tone, "As soon as you can get off from Pa, come and go around with me anywhere you want, Pa talks so much I can't say anything when he is about."

Then the old man led me away to the long front porch which was completely enveloped by the shadow of the giant shade trees, and then, whether it was while we were sitting there or as I followed him from place to place about his premises, I think with very few interruptions he conversed all the rest of that long summer day. Such a recital of personal experience, of family history, so many war yarns and wonderful stories, I know I never listened to.

"I must tell you the rest of the story of my life," began Uncle Billy, for 'Uncle Billy' he continued to insist, and I soon grew accustomed to addressing him by that title.

"I told you last night I was brought up with all your folks in Virginia before the war. Then I left them and fought for glorious old Confederacy through it all. I returned after the war to settle down with the old folks for

good, but after two years I found I couldn't get things fixed to suit me, and all this was on account of one person. She was too slow or she wouldn't catch on or somethin', so, as I meant business, I untied myself from old associations and come to this country. In a few years I managed to buy this farm, then I settled my affections on the sweetest woman in the world for a life companion. She lived right here in this neighborhood, and though I may not have loved her exactly like that one I had been hankerin' after ever since I was a boy, still she was an innocent creature and hers was a life of usefulness as long as she lived. My wife only lived long enough to see a son and daughter grow just large enough to be interesting. Since then, Sukey, Aaron and myself have cared for things, and now you see the children are about grown. I am sixty-five now, but I 'spose you will take me to be older than that. About three years after my wife died, I got it in my head to marry again; you see I had kept on trail of my old sweetheart all the time, and by that time I had wrote letters, and actually thought the date was as good as set, but something happened which changed her plans. That sweet obstinate old maid is still living, and I believe loving me, and I have a presentiment that we will be united yet by some power. Well, I won't talk any more about such matters. I have been worrying too much of late over that which concerns other folks very little, and they are getting tired of it, and you probably won't prove an exception. They all like for me to spin my old yarns, but when I get to talking about a foolish old man's troubles, and expressing my feelings, they want to get rid of me."

The old man was getting husky and, as he became silent, something like a shadow seemed to pass over his face. After a few minutes silence some trivial occurrence excited a remark, and then the bright eyed old story teller was lively for the rest of the day, his personality was marked by no more of that gloom. As a listener I could only

grunt occasional words of encouragement, and old Talking Billy talked on about everything that one could talk.

Late in the afternoon I was fortunate enough to get away for a stroll and conversation with Benton Partington, who was a young man slightly younger than I was.

"I have always taught Benton to keep his mouth shut," said the old man, "'specially when he is where older people are, people that out of their ripe experience ought to have something to talk about."

I smiled at one of the ideas of this eccentric old man and we walked away.

"I believe," said Benton, "that Pa is talking his life away, if anybody ever did do such a thing. It is only of late years that he has been croaking of trouble and evil. He used to be, as a rule, always lively and cheerful, but now, since he has been having his presentiments, as he calls them, he is either full of hope or down in the mouth. Sometimes he breaks down, and there seems to be some sort of a disease that brings on these fainting spells. Anyhow he is always talking, and when there's company about I have to get Pa away before I can say anything. Now, cousin Julia Padgett, who lives about a mile from here, (you can see the house right over yonder on that hill) brings her friend Henrietta Morrison over to see us sometimes while Henrietta is visiting her. Henrietta lives in town and I always rather liked her from the first time I ever saw her, but when she is with us I never get to talk to her, for Pa talks to her himself or winks and blinks in his old way so that I can't put in a thing. And then Henrietta laughs her pretty laugh and looks at Pa; she thinks there is nobody like him. Henrietta will be with us again this summer, she is pretty and lively, full of mischief, and I know you will like her."

I found Benton an interesting companion, he had spent the most of his life on the farm, he had a fair education and there were all the indications of good sense in his

bearing. He talked very practically of his plans for the future, that which I could not do in my case. He asked just such questions as he might about myself, about my life at college, he was a good-natured, congenial fellow, and seemed already to understand me. That night, having had the best of attention all day, I retired early and enjoyed a fine night's rest.

On one occasion on the next day I was left alone with the daughter, Penelope Partington, and had the first opportunity for a conversation with her.

"Your father is a jolly old fellow, full of life and always has something to talk about," said I.

"Papa is not what he used to be," she said rather sadly. "Declining health and years of work make him less lively than he used to be. He was more cheerful than common yesterday, but to an observer of the last few years he is breaking away very fast."

Penelope's sweet disposition impressed me, she was innocent and modest, and there was something half sad about her sometimes. Thus, day by day I grew into the acquaintance of the family, the old man carried me about the premises, over his farm, and talked of crops, of horses, cattle, hogs and so on. He told me about the people in the community where his and my old folks used to be, more than my aunt had ever told me, more than I had dreamed. Still I hoped he would tell me something of his relation to my aunt, I was going to find out something about that I was sure. Benton took me over the neighborhood and by and by I began to feel at home and went here and there at will. The scenery of the country impressed me, everything impressed me, I had been four years within college walls, and mine had been a maidenly aunt system of training, so I was now to reap the benefits of a change, if there were any. I became acquainted with the neighbors, took long walks, and talked and introduced myself to all those that were acquainted with Uncle Billy. One old citizen in particular said of him:

"Old Talking Billy will soon give out, he is not what he used to be. He is getting too garrulous of personal matters, and is worrying himself to death about something, goodness knows what it is. Now, he used to be the delight of all the children in the country, telling all sorts of tales, going through monkey-shine explanations, with all kinds of gestures and gesticulations, sometimes talking some old Indian language or singing snatches of Indian songs. He went all over the country and no one refused to have him spend a night with them. At the country stores and public places he used to have the reputation of being the biggest liar in the country; it was wonderful how imagination and experience could build such lies. He meant no harm by telling his lies, everybody wanted to hear them, the old fellow had told them so often that they were no longer lies to him, they were real. But he is getting too sad and earnest now, folks are already beginning to shun him."

Old Aunt Sukey rendered the same verdict as to the old man's decline in her own way:

"Marse Billy used to be so hearty, always talkin' and jokin', is yet sometimes, but he's gettin' mighty solemn 'bout some one somethin' that's not a-suitin' him. I reckon its all comin' from dat curious disease, you know he has dem faintin' and fallin' spells. Some ob dese times he's gwine to faint and fall so that none of our rubbin' gwine to bring him through."

One by one the days went by. Julia Padgett had brought over Henrietta Morrison, and after that Henrietta spent several days with Penelope. Henrietta had always come every summer, she thought there was no one like Uncle Billy; Uncle Billy thought there was none like her. Penelope and Henrietta, the two were there and I was there. Penelope was so modest, so unpretentious, at first I thought I liked her better, but Henrietta was as Benton had described her, "pretty, lively and full of mischief."

Poor fool as I was, I had been shut up four years in college walls and was to reap the rewards of years of a maidenly aunt system. It had been my lot to walk in paths diverse from those of female society, and now, when those roguish brown eyes beamed into mine, it brought the blood to my cheeks, and then again, when I looked from the corner of an eye, she smiled as indifferent and made some passing remark on one of Uncle Billy's freaks. So I was mistaken, there was no hidden meaning in the looks of those eyes which so concerned me. But day by day roguish brown-eyed, sweet and indifferent Henrietta so impressed me that she won my affection more and more. On those hot nights I tossed upon my pillow, it was my first experience, surely it was love that ailed me. Then again, I would walk across Uncle Billy's pasture field with my pocket filled with cigars, and as I smoked away all those fanciful ideas vanished with the smoke. I was a fool, that was all.

Henrietta was in that neighborhood all summer, I saw her again and again. In spite of all, those vain imaginings would get the better of me, her conversations were so pointed, so sympathetic, yet so indifferent, compared to all that I fancied. What would be the outcome of the whole business, how long was I to remain in such a state of mind? In the midst of all this, calm, straightforward Penelope by her presence turned me to serious, practical thought. I cleared up my befogged brain to think of other matters.

All the while Uncle Billy had asked frequently about my aunt, he seemed disappointed that she had never mentioned him. I thought by this time I ought to understand everything, so far as my Aunt Matilda and Billy Partington concerned one another, so one day I asked him rather shyly for his experience in matters of love.

"I never really loved but one and that one I have loved all my life," said Uncle Billy.

"Though I have not seen her now for twenty-five years," he continued, "still, she is to me now just what she has always been. She has assured me of the same on her part, but she has from time to time put me off. That she has long ago faded into old maidenhood and lived alone is no fault of mine. I have been a patient man, I have waited and waited these many years for the removal of this or that condition, and its no wonder that I am worked up so and sleep so little at nights. When I wake up so early and hear all the roosters crowing, I just lay there and wait patiently for the dawn. Now Martin, my boy, of course I'll be sorry when your visit is over, your aunt said it should last until a certain date, but I am looking forward anxiously and patiently to that date, for after that I trust the last condition shall have been removed. I have a presentiment that my love and I will be united after that, if any other conditions should arise, then the old man's patience and hope will be done for."

I had never heard the old man recite anything more feelingly, the tears were standing in his eyes. I saw through the whole matter now, I had solved the whole riddle, just as I had half suspected from the first, old Billy and my aunt had been lovers of a life-time. Aunt Matilda had sent me here in one of her freaks, and forbade me to write. I was some sort of an agent in a maneuvre, which she alone understood; when I returned from the visit she would relieve Billy by a final decision. Somehow I was to be concerned in the removal of the last condition which the old man spoke about so mysteriously. I thought to myself she was maturing her plans rather late in the day, that was all.

At last autumn was nearly on. I went around to pluck some of the last fruit from this and that tree in the old farmer's orchard, I saw the last of the vintage gathered from this and that vine, I saw so sadly the last flowers of summer bloom and die. Then, the winter would come, I

would have all my plans for the future, all those silly fancies about Henrietta must go as did the flowers of summer, the whole was too much like a dream. One night I got Henrietta in my head again, and slipped from my room for a moonlight walk so that my fancy might have its way. As I tiptoed past Uncle Billy's room, I heard him muttering aloud, whether asleep or awake I do not know, but I stopped to listen and this is what I heard:

"I am going to send my nephew to spend the summer with you, when he has done this I hope his plans for the future will be matured. I have appointed the date, he will return, I hope, a man of his own, ready to fill his chosen calling."

This was, I perceived at once, a quotation from one of my aunt's letters, a revelation which gave me enough to think of for that night. Partially on my account, perhaps, it was that she had held the foolish old man off all this time. But why hadn't she married him in the years gone by?

The next day was fraught with a second revelation for me. I became unintentionally an eavesdropper, I heard Henrietta and Benton talking very practically about a future in which they were mutually interested, they were talking quietly, earnestly, sympathetically. "Fool", I muttered to myself as I hastily, noiselessly sought a retreat and almost involuntarily tore into my pocket for my cigar case, "of all the fools of the century where is my equal, —I, a victim of maidenly aunt system, a victim of lovesickness and moonshine, bah! And by the time I had smoked one hour in my lonely retreat, I decided for the future the practical side of my nature would have the better of me, I would at this moment time and place bid eternal defiance to maidenly Aunt System. Something besides the System had been at work of late, but out of all the influences wouldn't I gather breath enough to blow my own trumpet.

Now as my aunt had been trying to do everything for me by her system, I thought I would have a part in that system as it applied to herself. Old Billy couldn't live long, that was one thing sure. Aunt had, as I said, forbidden me to write. I had but two weeks more to spend with the old man whom I had learned to love and was sorry for. So I wrote in a long letter what was not quite the truth, but that which I hoped would arouse my aunt; that old Billy had been getting worse ever since I had been there, that in my own opinion he might die in a week or in fact at any time, since he was subject to those peculiar spells, and as he talked of her and mentioned her name so much in his moments of despondency she ought to come at once to comfort him. The letter had the desired effect, she wrote immediately the date at which I was to meet her at the train.

The day arrived upon which my aunt was to come. But on the morning of that very day, old Billy had one of his spells and that a very bad spell too. Penelope and Benton were very much excited, Aunt Sukey was doing all she could to relieve the sufferer by external appliances and Aaron had hurried off for a doctor. In the midst of this I remembered it was high time I was off for my aunt and I slipped out noiselessly, hitched up, and drove away. I met my aunt, she shook hands warmly, then her question was,

"How is he?"

"Uncle Billy is very bad to-day," I replied. "He has had one of his spells, an usually bad one and he may scarcely live until we reach him."

I drove back with all possible haste, we were soon there, the doctor was at the door, Uncle Billy was beyond hope of recovery. My aunt pressed into the room, Penelope and Benton were at the bed-side. Julia Padgett and Henrietta were also there. In a moment my aunt found a place at the bed-side, she took old Billy's hand in her's, he was

in a semi-conscious state. But as she stood there, or rather knelt, still holding his hand, the old lustre returned to his eyes, he smiled and there was the exclamation scarcely audible, "My Old Maid Matilda." The old maid leaned over very close to catch a few whispered words, which none but her could understand. And then, in a little while the old lustre vanished, the countenance was blank, and the hand which she held was cold and lifeless.

My aunt turned away and wept convulsively, wept as I had never seen her before.

A LAWYER'S POLITICAL EXPERIENCE.

C. M. K.

James Custis graduated from college in 1888, and after a year spent in studying law under a private tutor, he secured his license and settled down for the practice of law at Clemtown, a small village in Western North Carolina of some four or five hundred inhabitants. It would be much nearer the truth to say that he settled down, hung out his shingle and waited for the practice to come in the fullness of time.

Clemtown was one of the innumerable small towns which have sprung into existence in that portion of the State, and have been buoyed into a temporary prosperity by the widely spread belief that at some near future time economic and commercial laws would necessitate the extension of railroads through that mountainous section, bringing, as it was supposed they would do, wealth and prosperity in their wake.

At the time of which I write, the prosperity of this particular town, like that of many others, consisted chiefly in sanguine hopes and hair-brained schemes, very little of which had yet reached material realization. When Custis finished his college course and began to look around for a location he was led to select this small villege by a process of reasoning which was highly plausible if not immediately practicable. It was well nigh impossible, so he reasoned with himself, for a young man without sufficient means to rise in the legal profession in a city where, in the beginning, he would necessarily be overshadowed and crowded out by men of widespread experience and matured ability, but in an undeveloped community a young man could at small expense keep apace with its growth, and become, by the exercise of his ability and discretion, the highest product of its evolution whatever that product might be.

The only man capable of meeting opposition successfully is he who has the gift of planning, and withal a continuous faith in the consumation and integrity of his plans. His plans may be frustrated and his faith at times well-nigh baseless, but so long as it remains intact it inspires the possessor with a will and determination that count not failure among the possibilities. Whatever may have been Custis' weak points when in school, and there were many, none ever charged him with lacking in judgment or foresight. So with a not-over-crowded purse, two volumes of Blackstone, and a large supply of hopes and resolutions, at the age of twenty-one, he hung out his attorney's sign in Clemtown, and, Micauber-like, sat down to await for something to turn up. These first years were filled with despondency and the pangs of frustrated ambitions. He devoured almost to the point of memorizing Blackstone and read, and re-read all the volumes in the meagerly furnished libraries of his fellow attorneys-at-law of whom there were two. But this increase in knowledge of facts, useful as it might sometimes prove to be, did not bring him either clients or fees, two things of which he was in most immediate need. He was tempted almost to the fatal point to break the resolution he had made before coming, not to give up let come what would, but a certain infidelic trust in the old saying that "all things come to him who waits" enabled him to view with a philosophical turn of mind his present discouraging circumstances and to turn a fatalistic hope towards the future. But over against this optimistic view stood in marked contrast the very process of reasoning that had led him to select a home and profession which had as yet offered very little promise. In that it was admitted that every man is more or less the product of circumstances, and he frankly confessed to himself that there was but little flattering inducements to persevere to become even the highest embodiment of all the good of his present conditions. A more

intimate acquaintance with the community and its people tended to strengthen him in this latter opinion. They were a hardy, unpretentious, honest folk, rarely ever having occasion to resort to law, and while from the moral view this was highly satisfactory, it nevertheless offered but little encouragement to a young lawyer who expected to thrive upon their crimes and petty disputes.

Apparent failure in his chosen profession, was not, however, the only discouraging feature in Custis' life. He felt very keenly the utter lack of congenial and sympathetic companions. The guileless folk among whom he had cast his lot were largely ignorant and uncultured, and, therefore, incapable of appreciating the sensitive feelings of a young man contending in a futile struggle against heavy odds. Loneliness and inactivity cast him into fits of despondency, and at times made him think that his life, which was here being spent to no avail, might have been more useful and profitable in another field.

In one of these gloomy periods he entered his office one bright, sunny, June morning, with a lazy, unbusiness-like air, and was agreeably surprised to find in his mail box a letter addressed to him in a neat feminine hand. He broke it open eagerly and read:

MR. CUSTIS:—A young lady who has just returned from college, and who is acquainted with a friend of yours, would like for you to call to-night at 7:30 o'clock, if you are not engaged in professional duties.

Sincerely, MAUD COZORT.

A pleasant but almost sarcastic smile played over Custis' handsome face when he came to that condition about being engaged in professional duties. "If my professional duties," he chuckled to himself, "are all that is in the way, I guess I can manage to spare the time." He dispatched an acceptance, and sat down to think upon this new but altogether acceptable experience in his monotonous life. The young lady he did not know, and had never seen, but he had gathered from the town gossip that

she was the only daughter of Hon. Harold Cozort, congressman from ——— district, and an eminently successful practitioner at the bar. Since his coming to Clemtown Maud had spent the entire time either at Converse, where she was going to school, or at Washington with her father, and James had never had occasion to form her acquaintance. He had only a formal and impersonal acquaintance with Harold Cozort, whose congressional and legal duties had kept him continually away from town, but political rumor had it that he was a politician strictly with all the questionable significance that term carries with it. It was even slyly whispered that his large property was the material result of his political career. But at that moment his interest were concerned with the probable appearance of the daughter, rather than with the professional character of the father.

Promptly at the appointed time Custis was ringing the door bell at the Cozort home, donned in the best style his scanty wardrobe afforded. A stately negro servant ushered him into the large commodious building, and with a sweeping bow invited him to enter the parlor—a simple, but elegantly furnished room. The nervous sensations which had disturbed him since the reception of the note left him and he became strangely absorbed in studying the large paintings which decorated the frescoed walls, and in the small but daintily arranged library. On every side were evidences of ease and luxury that appealed to him strongly because he had never known what it was to have them. He was called from this meditative attitude by the soft rustle of skirts, and he turned towards the door just as Maud entered the room, dressed in spotless white, and presenting to him the dazzled appearance of a tall form, black hair and eyes, and blushing cheeks which he fell to gazing upon with awkward scrutiny.

"This is Mr. Custis, I suppose," this as she was advancing towards him with outstretched hand. "It was so

kind of you to come to see a perfect stranger. I hope you didn't think it improper in me to send you that note."

"On the contrary," said Custis, as he warmly grasped her proffered hand, "I assure you that I have not been more agreeably surprised since coming to your town," and felt like saying he was more agreeably suprised in her than he had been in receiving the note. They passed easily and informally to discussing commonplace subjects, first the common friend, Ethel Summers, mentioned in the note, whom Custis had known in his college days, and who was a classmate of Maud's, and then his success at law, which he frankly confessed to her solicitous inquiries, had not been phenominal, but that he hoped for better things. As the conversation waxed lively and interesting the solemn and careworn expression, which loneliness and despondency had brought to his once jovial and smiling face, passed away, and he experienced a wild joy at the return of his old self. He summoned all his resources to be entertaining, and when ten o'clock came, all too soon, to him, he felt that he had been partially successful—an excusable egotism which had been corroborated by many a hearty, cheerful laugh. As he bowed himself out the door he pressed her hand lightly and said, "I feel that I must thank you, Miss Cozort, for this pleasant evening. I have not enjoyed myself so much in many a day."

"Thank you, Mr. Custis, I'm glad you have enjoyed it, and I hope it won't be the last." He assured her that he joined heartily in that hope, and passed down the street with a light step and a light heart.

Often the most trivial thing suffices to relieve the drudgery of daily toil. The merest glimmer of a distant star lends joy and comfort to the weary sailor lost in the night; the distant baying of the watch dog on the side of the mountains, brings a sense of security to the lonely mountaineer, and that vague indiscribable joy that comes upon

one who can see through the befogging mist of despondency even the fading form of a future hope took posession of Custis and sent him about his work with an interest and pleasure that were new to him. His visits to the Cozort home became frequent and lengthy, and there were unmistakable signs of mutual attractions, which he was pleased to call to himself "intellectual sympathy," but town gossip gave it another name.

Blessings never come single-handed, and Custis now began to find in politics another field of diversion and attraction. The political antagonists were sharpening their wits and whetting their tools for the fall campaign of 1890, and James found it necessary for mere comfort's sake, to show his political colors, for there is no middle ground in that section—you are either a Republican or a Democrat. Among a people with whom political campaigns and debates are the chief diversion, partizan prejudices and animosities are pushed to the furtherest point, and often made the basis of business and social relations. Custis was by training and by sympathy a Democrat, but politics had given him little or no concern. His views upon the so-called questions of the day were limited in scope but withal decided and firm, and so he had no hesitancy in making known to the anxious inquirers that his political persuasions were decidedly Democratic—a declaration that was hailed by his partizans with much ado. In September of that year a Convention was called in Clemtown to nominate a candidate for State Senator on the Democratic ticket, and James reluctantly consented to make the nominating speech. The man selected for that position by the Committee was a prosperous farmer of sound judgment, but of few intellectual advantages. Custis learned these facts, and on the morning of the Convention he entered the hall with a carefully prepared speech, dealing rather extravagantly with the State's need of such men. His desire to impress the Convention favorably had led him into extrav-

agancy of expression which the facts did not altogether warrant, but he knew what the people wanted, and it was his desire to please them. When he mounted the rostrum and addressed the Chairman of the Convention there was a deep silence in the room. At first he spoke calmly and slowly, but soon his old delight in speaking returned, and he passed rapidly into the graceful and passionate style that had won him the orators medal when in school. A few witty passes at the opposing party were responded to by loud and lusty cheering on the part of the Convention, which began to show evident signs of pleasure. At the close of his speech, he said: "Mr. Chairman, I have now outlined to you the urgent needs of the State, and the lines along which we must make the fight. Let me now, in conclusion, present to you the man who is to lead us in this fight—a man who is a battle-stained hero of your campaigns—the pioneer of your prosperity and the next Senator from this district, Mr. J. S. Templeton." These closing remarks were received by a terrific storm of applause, a general mixture of cheering, hand-clapping and feet-stamping. Custis left the hall feeling that he had made what the boys in school used to call a "decided hit," and the ease and rapidity with which the Convention dispatched its business and adjourned confirmed this conclusion. Templeton was nominated on the first ballot, and so well pleased was he with the nominating speech that he offered Custis a liberal salary to make the campaign against the Republican candidate. There were several reasons why Custis should accept this proposition. He needed money and something to do, and he also thought that a little mingling with the people in the capacity of a public speaker might aid him in his profession. He entered the campaign with an earnestness of which he thought himself incapable. All the energy and fire pent up in him by two years of brooding and despondency, rushed out in such force as to make his opponent quake and tremble—

greatly to the delight of his partizans. The canvass extended over several of the adjoining counties, and at every appointment Custis was given a warm and enthusiastic welcome, and in every debate he got the lion's share, his opponent finally retiring from the field utterly routed. When the campaign was over Templeton was elected by a large majority, and Custis had made for himself a reputation.

The length of the story makes it necessary to skip "sundry years" and to pass on to the fall of 1892. The most immediate result of Custis' participation in political affairs was an almost phenomenal increase in his professional duties, which were now bringing him a fairly good income, with bright prospects for a still larger increase since he was practically without competition. The two intervening years Harold Cozort had spent at Washington, and Maud, who had graduated in the meantime, was visiting in Virginia, but she was not unfamiliar with Custis' prosperity, for a continued and intimate correspondence had kept her informed. A little letter carefully preserved in the tray of his trunk and a little white cottage going up over on the hill told plainly that his success was of more than friendly interest to her.

This fall Mr. Cozort was to stand for re-election, and already the excitement was beginning to blaze. A little gerrymandering on the part of a Democratic Legislature had made the Congressional district about equally favorable to both parties, and there were evident signs of uneasiness in Republican headquarters, while the Democrats were renewing their courage for the fight. Custis was receiving letters from prominent party men throughout the district offering him their support and urging him to declare himself a candidate for the nomination. To all these he replied in the negative, stating that he preferred for the present to devote his time to his profession.

One morning he entered Harold Cozort's office, but his business was neither professional nor political. He found

Mr. Cozort alone and without much unnecessary ado, made known his business:

"I suppose, Mr. Cozort, that your daughter has told you of our engagement, and I have come to ask your consent to marry her."

This business-like statement of the case produced no visible effect upon the father, who replied in the same matter-of-fact way:

"Yes, I have known of the engagement, but I can consent to it only upon one condition."

"What is that?" asked James rather hastily.

"You may think it a strange condition, Mr. Custis, but it is a practical one. I have heard your name mentioned repeatedly as a probable candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket. As you know, the contest is going to be close, and with you against me I fear that I could not win. The condition, then, is this, that you promise me not to use your influence against me in the coming election."

"That condition is not at all objectionable, for I do not intend to take any further part in politics at present."

"Very well, then," replied Cozort with evident pleasure, "I have no further objections. I hope Maud will prove as good a wife as she has been a daughter. Good-day, sir." With that James left the room, well satisfied with the result of the interview, and to all appearances Cozort was of a like mind.

As the time for the Congressional Convention, which was to be held at *Elktown*, grew near, the requests to declare himself a candidate became more frequent and urgent upon James, but to all these he gave a flat refusal, invariably giving his profession as his reason. He did consent, however, to go as a delegate from his county merely to cast an instructed vote. The convention assembled in due time, various names were put in nomination, and the balloting began in a careless way, the votes

being scattered at random in favor of the various candidates. Then followed two hours of continuous balloting, without any nomination. The Convention was growing tired and interest was lagging when from over in the corner a broad shouldered farmer in shirt sleeves rose and addressed the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman," he cried in a loud deep voice, "I want to put in nomination James Custis, the man who can catch these votes and ride Harold Cozort from one end of this district to tother." This prophethic declaration was received with an instantaneous round of applause as if the Convention had been expecting it. To Custis it came like a thunder clap from a clear sky, and before he realized what was taking place the chairman announced that James Custis of Clemtown was the nominee. Immediately James was surrounded by the surging delegates who hoisted him on their shoulders and made two or three circles around the room cheering wildly and frantically. When at last he was let down on the rostrum, and a speech was demanded, his mind was in a whirl and his tongue motionless. He stammered out something about how he could not afford to accept, but there was such an uproar below that it fell upon deaf ears, and he came down feeling and acting as one in a dream. Visions of the grandeur of a Congressional career were floating through his whirling brain followed by the fleeting form of Maud, for try as he would he could not see them together. He passed out of the hall dazed and not knowing whither he was going. On the street he was halted by crowds eager to congratulate him but he saw them not. Like Glaucus under the influence of the love potion he felt a wild desire to be going he knew not whither. On his way to Clemtown he began to think calmly upon what had passed and would have returned to decline the nomination but when he looked at his watch he knew that the Convention had adjourned ere that. Instead of returning he hastened

on home determined to explain it all to Maud and her father and to tell them that he would decline. As he entered the Cozort parlor that night Maud was lying on the sofa weeping bitterly, which told plainly that the news had preceded him. He rushed forward, knelt by her side and coaxingly asked what was the matter. "Oh James, James," she cried between sobs, "you have ruined our happiness. Papa will never forgive you."

"Yes he will Maud, I can explain. It was not my fault, I'm not going to accept."

"The time to have said that, sir, was at the Convention." This came from the door and was the voice of Harold Cozort, who had entered the door unseen. Without rising James turned towards Cozort, who continued: "Turn loose my daughter's hand, sir, and never put your foot in my parlor again. The man who breaks his word of honor with me can not fondle my child." The speaker advanced to where James was kneeling and taking him by the collar jerked him to his feet. Custis wrenched himself loose from the grasp and exclaimed in commanding tones:

"Hands off, sir. At your request I leave your house, but hear from me first my statement. I have not broken my word with you. When I promised you not to take part in the campaign, I meant it. The nomination was thrust upon me unexpectedly, I lost my head and did not know what I was doing 'til it was too late to decline. I came here to explain this to you. I'm going to decline and keep my word"

"That's a damned lie. It was a made up job against me, and you—before he could finish that sentence, Custis sprang at his throat and was in the act of dealing him a blow with clinched fist, but a cry from the sofa stayed his hand and loosening his hold he replied, "If it were not for your daughter, I would beat that lie down your throat. I love her and would rather make her my bride than be Congressman for life."

"She'll never be your bride, and you will never be Congressmen for this district. I'll defeat you if it takes my last dollar. Now, sir, you may leave my house." This last command was accompanied by a threatening motion towards the door. Custis hesitated, but an admonishing look from Maud told him that it was better to go and without further words he left the house. He hurried on to his room, a fierce conflict between love and revenge raging within madly driving him on. James was a man of honor and would gladly have retraced the steps which had placed him in the apparent light of wilful falsehood, but he had too much manhood and character to be forced into a servile acceptance of his love even. "It was not my fault," he kept muttering to himself, "I didn't want the nomination. But that lie!" and at the thoughts of that scene he quickened his pace. "He would never consent now," he resumed, "even if I did decline, but I'll be revenged for that insult, let come what will." Every tender thought of Maud, who he knew was not to blame, was followed by one of repulsion for her father and for the moment his thirst for revenge against the one was almost as strong as his love for the other. A letter of further explanation to Maud was unanswered, and with some misgiving about breaking even a rash and unnatural promise he determined to repay the loss of his bride by her father's seat in Congress.

In the campaign which came on that fall, Custis surpassed his previous efforts. His insulted feelings and suppressed passions poured forth in a continuous stream, and gathered volume as they went. Cozort withered beneath his biting sarcasm and stood disarmed beneath his terrific onslaughts into his political career. Custis' eloquent appeals to the Democrats put new zeal in them, and they were flocking in great crowds to hear the debates. Everywhere there were shouts and cries for Custis to the utter discomfiture of Cozort and his constituents.

When the returns came in on the 8th of October, Custis had won by a large majority and Cozort was a humiliated ex-Congressman.

Congressman Custis, as he was now called, tried to renew his relations with Maud, but letters addressed to her repeatedly received no answers. The end of November came, and he had heard nothing from her. He was seriously regretting his whole connection with politics, which had lost him his best friend and intended companion, when the most unexpected thing happened. There came a letter from Harold Cozort briefly stating that Maud was sick and that he had his consent to see her.

He found her in a large easy chair before the fire, worn and wasted. As he knelt by her side and took her wasted hand in his a smile of joy lit up her troubled face, but both were silent.

"Mr. Custis"—again this was from the door and was the voice of Harold Cozort, who had entered the room as on another occasion, and who now stood looking out the window—"Mr. Custis, I had sworn never to speak to you again, but Maud has been pining away for you. Why, I don't see. She is dear to me, and if you still want her, you have my unconditional consent," and with that he left the room. There was a faint cry from the invalid chair, and James opened his arms to close them around her form, and when he went to Washington he took his bride with him.

THE PARSON'S MATRIMONIAL TRAGEDY.

BY PARSON.

"I've got a plan, Brother Riley."

George Riley was preacher in charge of a little western town. He was a man of considerable mental culture, having graduated from a leading college in the South and taught in one of the best colleges in the west. Going to Harlet as pastor of a little flock, he readily adapted himself to the condition of his people, and had about made up his mind to spend his life among the less favored and less cultured, thinking that he would be able to do more permanent good among this class than in his own circle of culture.

The preacher had labored faithfully with his flock and had succeeded in building up an excellent congregation of people, to whom he was devoted and who were devoted to him. He had been there for several years, and though his friends were numerous, his longing for a closer attachment and the ties of home became almost unbearable. During his younger days George had formed many friendships among the girls of his own station, and there were two or three still living and unmarried whom he remembered with a lingering fondness. But they were highly cultured and he felt that he could not ask one of them to share the hardships necessarily following wedlock with a western parson. So he tried to forget them as nearly as he could.

But he was growing old. A little bald spot had already appeared on the top of his head, and the young folks of his charge called him "the bachelor parson." He felt that he ought to be married. His work demand it, and he was willing to do anything for the sake of his work. Moreover the loneliness of his isolation was becoming more and more intense, and he felt that he would go mad if he did not soon have the pleasure of immediate companionship. He felt that he was setting a bad example to the young

men, who were excusing their avoidance of family responsibilities by referring to the case of their preacher.

He must get married. He was determined to do it. But the girls in the east were out of the question, and he had found none in the west that seemed to please him. The parson grew desperate, and in his desperation, went to lay the matter before the Chairman of his Board of stewards. So he was standing on the church steps with Brother Cline, talking the matter over with him, when the Chairman said, "I've got a plan, Brother Riley."

The parson was in a worse condition than a drowning man and was willing to grasp even a very small straw. When he first met Brother Cline he regarded him as a clumsy, awkward, ordinary, every-day fool, but time and separation from any educated association had taught him to respect the judgment of his chairman in affairs pertaining to Harlet. Why not risk his judgment in matrimony? He had brought himself to believe that he had entirely eradicated his capacity for the "grand passion" and would marry solely for the good of the church. John Wesley himself could not have been more submissive in this respect. So he hesitated eagerly for Brother Cline's plan.

"I've got a sister up at Benton that would just suit you. She is fairly good-looking and is the best church worker I know of. She always said she wanted to marry a preacher, so she could help him do good. What do you say?"

"I am perfectly willing to risk your judgment, Brother Cline," said the parson.

"When do you want to be married?"

"As soon as possible."

"All right. I'll go up and talk the matter over with her to-morrow and you can be married next day."

"Well, I suppose that is best."

Then the two separated, the parson going to his room to congratulate himself upon the fact that this troublesome question had been settled, the steward to pack his valise.

Let not the reader be too hasty in calling this preacher a fool or in concluding that his actions were unnatural. There had been a time in his life when his heart was as warm as August sunshine, and if any one had told him that he would allow another man to choose a wife for him, he would have said that such a thing would never happen before he was starke crazy. But many things had happened to him and had left their traces on him. He had been separated from congenial lady companionship, until he had concluded that marriage was like casting lots or throwing dice, and he was now willing to allow another to throw dice for him. He had despaired of finding intellectual congeniality in that town, and was willing to be satisfied with a companion of good works. And was not Brother Cline's sister fond of church work, and did she not want to marry a preacher?

A telegram came on the morrow stating that Brother Cline and his sister Martha would be down on the train next day. Martha! Why had he not inquired for her name before? The name at least indicated that she was a good house-keeper and knew how to knead eatable bread. George went to his wardrobe and took out his Prince Albert with the feeling of wrecklessness that comes over a man when he knows that the die is cast. He dusted it carefully and then sat down to await developments. After preparing his Sunday sermon that night, he went to bed to sleep soundly, concious that his future happiness was secure.

Next morning a slight reaction took place. He arose and dressed himself with a sensation somewhat between that of a condemned criminal preparing himself for execution and a general going into battle. He then devoted himself piously to reading and prayer. After eating breakfast, the parson went into his study, adjoining the church, to meditate upon his duties as husband and father.

A knock at the door disturbed his meditations.

"Come in!" he said, with welcome in his tone.

And they came. In walked Brother Cline, with the Presbyterian clergyman on his right, a stumpy, freckle-faced girl of sixteen on his left, and two stewards leading up the rear.

"I thought you might be a little excited, Brother Riley, and want it soon over, and so there migh'nt be no delay, I just got the license on my way up and brought Brother McGuire and some witnessses with me. So you havn't got a thing to do but get married." Thus spoke Brother Cline.

And there stood sister Martha. Short—sadly short. Her face was as speckled as a guinea egg, only the specks as large as bran flakes, and in the midst of a host of freckles two little squinted eyes peeped in merriment, a little below them was a short pug nose in proportion to her stumpy body, and just below this was a mouth as large as two ought to be, emitting grins that extended to the roots of her hair. She wore an expression of serene pleasure, mingled with childish surprise. She looked like an overgrown baby or a silly booby boy.

George Riley was startled, amazed, dumbfounded. Was it possible that he had agreed to marry that thing! But he was dazed with surprise and did not know what was happening. Brother Cline took Martha by the hand and lead her to his side, the preacher opened his book and the ceremony began.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? Your answer is, 'I will.' "

The parson was dazed. He said nothing. The clergman repeated the question, but George was silent still. He seemed to be in a dream. Brother Cline stepped up before him and said, "Your answer is, 'I will,' " This aroused the parson somewhat to the terrible reality, and he feebly answered, "I will."

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband. Your answer is, 'I will.' "

"I will," responded Martha eagerly, and their fates were sealed.

Martha went and took her seat. The parson still stood dazed. She wanted to show her affection for him, so, waddling to his side, Martha leaned her flabby, stumpy little self up against his tall form and threw her arms around his neck.

"My God! what does this mean! Where am I? What have I done?"

"You are now the happy possessor of a wife. Martha is now your own."

"I am not! I never married that thing. I'll die before I will. I loathe her! I despise her! Take her away from me!"

"But she is your wife."

"She is not my wife! I'd rather be married to a Guinea pig and live in a stye than to live with that squatty child. Take her away!"

"You are strange in your talk, George Riley. You sent me to get you a wife. You are married to her, and you say, take her away.

"I am not married to her, I tell you. I'd rather live in Hell than with that thing!"

He turned abruptly away to leave, and as he did so, he saw Mr. McGuire, who had quietly taken his seat in the rear of the room.

"I am not married to her, am I, Brother McGuire?" he questioned pathetically.

"Yes. You answered, 'I will.'" said the clergyman.

If Mr. McGuire had been saying, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," over Riley's dead body, he would have been no paler than he turned at these words of the clergyman. He staggered to the sofa, and falling on the sofa face forward, wept and wailed like a man in abject despair. All left the room but him and he was left to meditate over his condition.

"Oh! I am married to that thing. I loathe her! O how I loathe her! I wish she was dead! Damn the day that I was born! There is a girl at my home cultured, refined and noble. I might have married her, but I have sacrificed her happiness and mine to be tied to worse than a corpse! I love that girl and she loves me, but I am married to a female clown. I know what I will do. I'll kill myself!"

He went to his trunk and took out a pistol that had been undisturbed for five years. He snapped it. The hammer worked. Then he began to search for cartridges. There were none there. What could he do?

He then thought of his razor. He uncased it and tried to cut a hair. The razor was too dull. He took the hone and began to carefully sharpen it. Now it is sharp enough. It cuts the hair easily. This will be a thorough job. He starts for the bureau to see where to cut. He places the razor at his throat and looks at the glass. Now he will soon be rid of his loathsome life.

He looks at the glass. His view is obstructed by the photograph of his girl that he loves. He snatched it away and dashes it to the floor. He sees his eyes, blood-shot! starting from his head! Face fiery flushed.

"Oh! I am going mad! I am mad! My God, what shall I do?"

A sad, despairing wail rends the air. The parson is startled from his slumber by his own cry to see the sun streaming in through his window and to find himself still in the enjoyment of the blessings of bachelordom. Trembling from the nervous exhaustion of the frightful nightmare, he slowly dresses and goes down to breakfast. He sees not. He hears not. His eye is resting on a face far away and he is listening to a voice of long ago.

After breakfast he seeks the study of his Presiding Elder and tells him that his health demands his immediate return to the east. The noon train receives him on board and

sends him flying toward his forsaken but not forgotten love.

A dream related; severed hearts united; two lives made happy; and an effort to deprive himself of that which God always intended that he should have is ended. George Riley married the girl of his heart, a woman of intellect and culture, and settled down to lay out his life for those of his own cultural stratum—those who could appreciate him and be congenial to him.

A MODERN PENELOPE.

BY D. D. PEELE.

On a large plantation, in the southern part of this State, there is a stately old house built on that style of architecture so common in ante-bellum days. The body of the building consists of two spacious halls, opening into a passage which runs through the middle of the house. In front, a piazza extends the entire length of the dwelling, which, with a corresponding adjunct in the rear, inclosed so as to furnish bed-rooms for the occupants, completes the structure and gives it more the appearance of a barn than of a modern residence. At either end, there is an old mossy chimney, built upon a foundation of stones, rough, uneven and of various sizes. The pillars that support the house are shapeless with the crumbling away of years. A mulberry grove in the front yard is protection from the cold wind in winter and a screen from the scorching sun of summer. On all sides, cotton fields stretch away in the distance where nothing hinders the view, save here and there an uncut fence-row or gum trees growing upon ditch banks, and a narrow strip of woodland stretching along the horizon—one of those old ancestral farms which has been spared by the cruel custom of dividing inheritance.

This was, at the time of which we speak, the home of an old lady, in age, the counterpart of the building, and who, equally with it, may be regarded as a relic of past ages. It is impossible to learn her exact age, for, although she has outgrown all hope of wedlock, she is still a woman. She gives no birthday dinners; the old family Bible in which her birth is recorded is hidden in the bottom of her chest and she carries the keys. So then we must not strive too hard to satisfy our curiosity, but be content to know only this—she is an old maid. Nevertheless she is of a good temperament and really enjoys conversation. Except when she is aware of the possibility of giving some intima-

tion as to the date of her birth, it is her delight to gather friends about her and talk of their fathers and grandfathers. Here the children come on Sunday afternoons to hear this woman tell of a people as unreal to them as the fairies they read of in their story books. Here the school boy comes to hear an account of the gathering war cloud and compare it with what he reads in his history lesson on the same subject. In fact, this home is one of the most popular homes in the country.

This was also a favorite haunt of the young men of the community until a few years ago; but the purpose of their visits were of more immediate interest. They cared nothing for Miss Betsy's stories of their grandfathers. It was not the loves of a Mr. Brown of whom they knew nothing, that was of interest to them, but rather it was the love of Miss Belle, the only co-occupant of the house with her aunt, for which they plead. This person was a charming maid of eighteen summers, the only child of Miss Betsy's youngest sister (she had ten younger than herself), who stayed here partly for a want of somewhere else to live and partly to be company for her aunt. Though many suitors thronged these halls, Belle did not seem especially attached to any of them. Her aunt claimed the privilege of selecting a husband for her, strange to say, seeing that she never did that service for herself. This prerogative, assumed by Miss Betsy, was never disputed by her neice, at least, so long as neither of them had made a choice. The truth of the matter is, Belle was too childlike to care about the world of love and love-making. She preferred to spend her leisure moments walking through the grove or cracking walnuts on the gnarly roots of the large trees with none for her companions save the chickens, walking restlessly about her expecting their share of the kernel which never failed them, or her pet kitten softly purring by her side. To her, the arrival of a suitor only meant that she must quit her pleasant haunts and submit to the

unpleasantness of a dignified conversation. Her indoor life was of similar character. She could not be content to sit still all day with her aunt, but was ever going from one part of the house to another, now gazing on the pictures which have hung in the same position so long that they have become a part of the house, now scrutinizing the old loom which has been thrown into the garret as a thing of no use any longer, but of infinite interest because of its old associations. The character of these scrutinies is well described in the phraseology of Miss Betsy as "plunderings." No room, no trunk, no closet, in fact, there was no place in the house where anything might be kept without being subject to the most critical examination, except in a chest which Miss Betsy regarded as peculiarly her own and which only contained articles connected with her strictly private matters.

Belle, in her childlike simplicity, could see no reason why this chest should be closed to her when everything else was so free for perusal, and determined, if the opportunity ever presented itself, to learn the secrets contained in this mysterious box. She waited impatiently a month or more, after she had made the determination, before the chance came. It was on Sunday morning. Miss Betsy was going to attend preaching at a meeting-house near by, but Belle could not because of a headache she pretended to have. Contrary to all custom, the old lady, in her haste to set out, forgot her keys and left them lying on a table. It is needless to say that on that Sunday morning the old chest was opened by a hand other than Miss Betsy's. The first thing that attracted Belle's attention was a shoe box full of old papers of various kinds—an irresistable temptation to any girl and especially to one of her nature. Many of these, she learned, were letters from a Mr. Holt to her aunt, dated from 1860–1863, written from various places over the South, but especially from Virginia. They were very affectionate, and in one was

found a picture, in tintype, of a young soldier in uniform. The secret was out. This explained why the chest was kept locked. Some secret love, thought Belle, as she took the picture from among the papers. The face was unknown, but none the less handsome. There was a strangeness about the features which appealed to the emotions of the girl so effectively that she sat and admired the face for hours.

It still occupied her attention, when Miss Betsy's carriage rolled up to the gate. Belle hardly had time to shut the chest and put the keys where they had been left, before her aunt came rustling into the house. There was an expression of uneasiness on her face which gave place to one of satisfaction only when the keys, found on the table, were safely fastened once more to her apron string.

"How is your head? I fear you have had a lonely time this morning."

"It is some better, thank you," replied Belle, saying nothing of the manner in which she had spent the morning.

Weeks passed away. The girl constantly thought of the hidden picture, wondering whether or not it was Mr. Holt, but not daring to ask. She longed for another apportunity of seeing it, but that was never allowed. The picture was guarded with more care, if possible, than before. Miss Betsy had lost the whole of one sermon because she had left the keys home, and was careful that such should never occur again.

One afternoon the children of the community came to visit the old lady and her niece. One of the little girls brought with her a new book on Grecian mythology, of which she was very proud. So interested were all in the new book that they drew their chairs together and listened while one, who studied a fourth reader in school, read aloud. All was perfect silence while story after story was poured into their ears. After some time they became tired of the book and asked Miss Betsy for a story of war times.

Belle observed that her aunt was sad that afternoon, and perhaps not in a mood for story telling. After a little persuasion, however, she began in the following manner:

"I was thinking, children, as you read the beautiful story of Ulysses, of the numerous Penelopes I have known. Yes," she continued, "the South is full of them—Penelopes who have waited long, but in vain; for them Ulysses has never returned, but lies buried in an unknown grave."

"I believe I know some of them, but they were not married as the one in the story was," said Belle with a knowing look.

"O yes, of course you do," said Miss Betsy, casting a suspicious glance toward her neice. "They are all around us. Who does not know those old maiden ladies who were coming into womanhood during the sixties and who have never married. Most of these are Penelopes. Mark me, I didn't say all." By this time the old lady's face was covered with blushes. The subject was too embarrassing for her and she begged the children to excuse her from pursuing it any further. After that day Belle was more certain what the picture in the chest meant to her aunt.

Towards nightfall one day of the following week, Miss Betsy and her niece were sitting near the large fireplace silently knitting. Belle was thinking of the tintype which had constantly haunted her since that Sunday morning she spent at home alone. Her aunt was doubtless letting her mind run on the story of Penelope which she had heard read a week before. The pet kitten was playing with a ball of thread which had been carelessly thrown upon the floor. A light tap was heard at the entrance. Miss Betsy hastened to the door, where she found a young man of elegant form and bold, handsome features. He introduced himself while nervously pushing a small bag under his coat, which was persistent in showing itself and betraying the fact that he was a—book agent. Much to Belle's surprise, she saw her aunt spring towards the new comer as if

to throw her arms about his neck and then start back very much embarrassed. As for the agent, he was much surprised at first at the prospect of so warm a reception, but, as the landlady started back, he inwardly cursed his book bag, which he thought had already made known his business, and certainly cheated him of a happy experience.

"Excuse me," stammered out Miss Betsy," I believe you said your name is Mr. Holt. I thought you were an old friend. Come in."

As Belle observed a resemblance between the young man's features and the tintype in the chest, she thought her aunt's friend must be old indeed by this time. The request of the agent to spend the night there was granted. And, as the niece went to prepare supper, she slyly whispered in her aunt's ear, "This must be Telemachus." A smile was the only reply.

From the conversation that night, it was learned that Mr. Holt's father had survived the war, but, hearing of the destruction of all his property by Sherman, would not come home to view the desolation; but settled in Virginia leaving the impression that he was dead. He married a lady of that State, and after a few years of married life both died and left an only son. This boy had fought hard against poverty and was now attending college. He had decided to sell books during the summer, partly to help pay college expenses and partly for an opportunity of visiting the scenes of his father's childhood. And this is what had brought him here to-night.

As the young agent advanced in his story, Miss Betsy observed that it was a warm night and with her handkerchief wiped the perspiration from her face, and especially from her eyes. After he had finished, she began to talk of the senior Mr. Holt and of the pleasant afternoon strolls she had taken with him. As her coversation became more and more confidential, she actually admitted that she was rather fond of Mr. Holt's company; and, if she had ever

desired a husband (which she had never done), in all probability she would have chosen him.

Long after the usual hour, they all went to bed with happy hearts, none more so than the young agent who was now enjoying the hospitality of his father's old sweetheart and under the same roof with one who to him was lovable indeed. Miss Betsy lay awake until the tall clock struck three, thinking of how appropriate a sermon the parson might preach on the following Sunday on the Prodigal's Return.

Next morning, Belle was much surprised to hear her aunt say she was getting old and needed some man to stay about the house and look after the farm. And as for her she could see no reason why Mr. Holt was not as good a person as she could get. Belle readily assented. The agent was pleased with the idea, saying that he was making nothing in the book business any way. And so it was arranged that Mr. Holt was to live in the house with Miss Betsy and her niece, look over her farm, go to market for them and share their affections. The last was not expressed but none the less agreed upon. It is useless to persue this story any further. Suffice it to say, Miss Betsy had retained her assumed prerogative. She had made a choice; so had Belle and fortunately both had chosen the same young man.

W. G. BRADSHAW.

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Almost every magazine that has come to our table for the month of October has had something to say, one way and another, of Walter Page's advancement to the position of literary advisor of *The Harper-McClure's Monthly.* And, of course, all we North Carolinians have been pointing to him with pride and boasting of what North Carolina can do in the way of producing prominent men. We have nothing to say against this feeling of pride, in fact we should be ungrateful did we not possess a certain amount of it, but the indulgence of such a sentiment calls to mind the position of Mr. Page a few years back, when he was trying to give to our State the benefit of those natural talents which have, in spite of opposition, brought him to the position he now occupies. Had we been as ready to recognize his abilities as other people have been, and had we given him the encouragement that other people have given him, we might now be pointing with pride to a first-class State magazine, which would certainly be more creditable than boasting of North Carolina as the birthplace of a rising man of letters who was forced, for lack of sympathy and support, to leave home to find his field of labor. Walter Page is a man of sound judgment, strong convictions, and withal the courage to speak out, and a man in whom the elements are so mixed finds but little encouragement among our people. We want men to tell us of our virtues, but the mantle of charity must be spread over

our faults. It has been handed down from generation to generation as a soothing inheritage that we are the brightest star in the galaxy of States, the first signers of Declaration of Independence, and, therefore, any faults we may have must be overlooked. We may be behind in the science of agriculture, and in educational facilities; we may have more illiteracy than any other State, and also very questionable politics; we may be decidedly lacking in literary tastes and desires, but he who kindly points out these defects is unpatriotic and must be dealt with summarily and immediately. Other States may take them up and make good, useful and progressive men of them, if they want to, but as for us and ours, we will tolerate no such disloyalty.

It is right and proper to cherish proud recollections of past deeds and achievement, but it is not right or even wise to cherish them to the exclusion of present effort. It is well for all young men who expect to make North Carolina their home to learn that this is the peculiar and unmistakable characteristic of her people, the remedy of which will be found in the persevering toil of capable and efficient men, who, mindful of and loyal to the past, yet recognize that there is much to be done in the future.

It shall not be the policy of THE ARCHIVE under its present management to use its columns to criticise every local affair which does not conform to its preconceived notions, but we shall take the liberty to point out, from time to time, anything that may be of benefit either to the students or to the college.

At present the relations between the students of Trinity and the good people of Durham are abnormal, to say the least. It is very doubtful if there is to be found in the whole State a body of students as utterly unfamiliar with the character and hospitality of the people among whom their college is located as is the case with us. They are distinct not only

as regards their locality, but in their every interest and activity. Church affiliations and such business as must necessarily be transacted are the only occasions of association, and these in most instances are of a superficial and impersonal nature. This wrong and unnecessary state of affairs, we frankly confess, is the fault of the students and not of the people of Durham. Many students spend two, three or four years in college, as the case may be, and at the end of that time they can count on their fingers the number of acquaintances they have formed, or even tried to form. They pore over their text books, or over something else, night after night, week in and week out, paying absolutely no attention to the social life offered them, of which they stand in much need and for which students of other institutions seek and find it not. A college located in a city offers many opportunities and advantages that could not be offered if located in the country, and the student who fails to profit by them is simply standing in his own light. The failure to do so grows out of a misconception as to what it takes to educate a man. The idea was once prevalent in this country that the only way to educate a boy was to send him away from every customary influence and force him, by very dint of circumstances, to study continually because, in truth, he could find nothing else to do. This idea has been outgrown in theory, but unfortunately not altogether in practice. One of the most disagreeable persons to be found is one of these walking encyclopedias of misarranged facts. A young man who leaves college stuffed to the point of overflowing with useful facts, but who has neglected every other side of his nature, may be educated in one sense of the word, but it is in a very limited and narrow sense. A young man, and there are many of this kind, who has a college diploma hanging in his rooms, but who feels every time he goes in the presence of fair strangers, that his coat and pants have become suddenly and wonderfully contracted, or that his feet and hands are superfluous appendages, may be, as we have said, educated,

but he certainly is not an agreeable fellow to have around. No man is endowed with an education at birth and very few with culture. A college is a good place to secure the former, but continued familiar association with all classes of boys does not, as all will readily confess, give one much desirable polish, either in conversation or in habits. A wide range in the knowledge of facts is probably the chiefest of achievements, but how much better fitted for public life is a man thus possessed who has added to his knowledge the ability to pass easily and pleasantly among strangers without embarrasment or undue nervousness.

The point we want to draw from these reflections is this, that the students do not take sufficient advantage of the social life offered them by the people of Durham in various forms. A more widely extended and intimate acquaintance would be highly profitable to every student, and would serve as a basis of connecting the college more closely with the people in whose midst it has been located. We are not now arguing for less studying and more sporting; nothing of that kind. To study should be, first and last, the chief aim of a student's life, but every student, however studiously inclined he may be, has much spare time which he ought to devote to something other than books, and in our opinion there is no way he can spend it with more profit to himself than in mingling with the social, business and professional life of the people down town. Such an association will bring him, from actual experience, much knowledge that books can never tell—knowledge which, however superficial and unnecessary it may appear to some, lends much towards forming a useful and desirable class of men.

When THE ARCHIVE came into our hands we made a solemn vow to ourselves and to its readers, that its columns should not be used as a safety-valve through which we might disgorge ourselves of personal spleen and spite, but we must

now make a few remarks. This makes the second edition of THE ARCHIVE for this year, and not a single article has been contributed voluntarily, but all of them, with one or two exceptions, have been secured by prayers and supplications. The students seem to think that the editors have nothing to do but stand around on the campus and beg for something to publish. We may have the time to do this, but one does not like to remain continually in the position of a servile beggar, unless some personal gratification is to be derived therefrom. It is the height of disloyalty for any class to undertake the publication of a magazine which is to be sent out as a representative of their college, and then to pass from September to June with a sublime disregard for its welfare and progress. With a few notable exceptions THE ARCHIVE seems to be a matter of no concern whatever to the present Senior class, while the other students treat it as it they never expected to have anything to do with its management. All this, we know, grows out of negligence and thoughtless unconcern, and that is just why we are now talking.

When an editor has at his disposal papers barely sufficient to fill a respectable number of pages, there is no room for choice and selection, and the magazine suffers thereby. We may say without boasting that the students of our college are abundantly able to remedy this evil, and it is nothing less than their duty to do it. It is the desire of the present management to do the best possible this year, but it is impossible to do a great deal unless we have more support than has heretofore been given. To those who have given cheerful and efficient support we give humble thanks and pray that they may continue in the good work.

We present in this issue cuts of Messrs. J. A. Long, of Roxboro; W. G. Bradshaw, of High Point, and Dr. E. T. White, of Oxford—the three newly elected members of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Bradshaw is Secretary and Treasurer

of the Globe Furnitnre Company of High Point, while Messrs. White and Long are also successful business men, being engaged at present in banking and other business enterprises. Trinity is exceedingly fortunate in that the Board of Trustees is being rapidly filled by such men. They stand for the best the State affords, and the college is fortunate that has as its directors such a class of practical citizens.

Come, Melpomene, maid divine, and lend me thy aid while I lean back in my easy chair, and, with a plentiful supply of the thought-producing weed by my side, attempt to fill these columns, gleaning from memory's casket one precious jewel to cast at the feet of an inquisitive world. Come near while I sing unto them the song of my fatal *affaire de cœur* and guide my pen while I, a freshman, yes, a veritable Freshman with an imperceptible sign of down on the upper lip, make my way through memory's hall to the home of a beautiful mountain lass—to her vine-covered home hid away in the mountains, and when thou hast got me there thou mayest depart and I will do the rest.

Solomon in all his glory, kind reader, was never arrayed as I on that memorable night, and all that grand monarch's numerous and superfluous helpmeets, in their regal splendor, never rivalled that country maid who, all the town girls said, was "perfectly exquisite" and "awfully cute," all of which, condensed into one suitable classical term, is to say that she is a "peach." The cotillion is formed and I, thanks to the kind sisters three, stand facing my radiant partner, broadly but modestly smiling, and ready to lead her down the spacious dimly lighted room. The signal is given and we promenade to the center of the ring, where I, very gracefully I thought, performed the difficult feat of cutting the pigeon wing right and left around her, all the time shaking a light fantastic toe in perfect harmony with the mellow strains of "John, John, I'll tell your daddy," which flowed smoothly from the violin

manipulated by the hands of the ebony-hued master in the corner. The flushed cheek, flashing eye, and heaving bosom mingle in one perfect unity before my enwrapt vision, and dazed, but still dancing, we swing into the line and are forced into the dark corner where owing entirely to the intricacies of the figure, we are attempting to cut a closer proximity and firmer grasp are absolutely demanded, and then—but why tell this to the uninitiated? I came out of that melee a little disfigured, but still in the ring, and still swinging a light foot to the aforesaid tune.

The crowd was gone, the family asleep and we stood alone on the porch beneath the vines. The wandering moon cast in her broken beams upon two as happy birds as ever fluttered by a summer's nest. We sat us down on the porch, when I, bold youth on innocent pleasure bent, took her by the hand and immediately an indescribable electric "tulu" charged and surcharged my frame, bringing a feeling most divine, and causing me, triumphant Freshman, to break out with passionate quotations. I told her how, on a night like this, Troilus mounted the Trogan walls and breathed out his soul towards the Grecian tents; how, on a night like this, Dido stood with a willow in her hands upon the wild sea bank, and was going on to tell her how old Media gathered the herbs, when, great gods! something seized me by the back and, with little effort on my part, I found myself facing the awakened sire, attired in very unpresentable robes. With a most ungentlemanly and indiscriminate projection of the right leg he sent me down the path with a profound realization of the feelings of the poet who, when called upon to address an audience, gave vent to this felicitous impromptu:

> "A moment ago I was sitting on my seat,
> But now I'm standing on my feet."

I stood for a good while, gentlemen, I did. My dignity was hurt, and the anger caused by such uncivil treatment raged in me so hotly for a few days that I was actually uncomfortable while sitting. Then it was that I sang with

the spirit and understanding the song whose burden is "What difference in the mornin'."

Three long years have passed, my friend, since that eventful night, and the once triumphant and wooing Freshman man strolls these grounds an austere Senior, having in his heart of hearts a hatred most profound for all womankind. He longs for that land of peace and serenity, where bachelors reign supreme, and where women are no more; where he may stand on moonlight porches and hug *himself* for joy, while none dare molest or make him afraid; where he will not be beset on every corner by blinking eyes and blushing cheeks, which say "come, my boy, and rest," when there is no rest; a land wherein he may lie in shady places, along the banks of cool streams, and build his air-castles and put therein joy, power and wealth, but whose doors are closed forever against meddlesome wives and visiting mothers-in-law; a land wherein there are no sleepless sires to freeze the genial current of the youthful soul—but wherein on starry nights sea-nymphs and water-maids pass fleetingly on before alluring him on over flower-strewn paths through this land of peace and joy.

Oft now in the silent hours of the night, he lies upon his sleepless pillow and builds out of the imagination's fragile stuff this Utopian land. Far away in its dimmest recesses he sees a vine-covered hut close by the mountain side. The crowd has gathered, the dance begun and he swings lightly into the whirl, where he feels vague sensations of pleasant entanglements. The scene changes. He is standing on the moonlit porch beneath the vines, wildly grasping at her shying form, when suddenly the bed seems to rise and he starts on a dead run to find himself in the middle of the floor, holding his shin and exclaiming, in the words of Mr. Duncan, "cot-tam" that chair. He gathers himself up, feeling that somehow his system has been mysteriously inoculated with an abominable superfluity of asinine virus, and lies down to build anew his fleeting fabric.

Such, my young friend, is the baneful influence of the world of femininity upon those of masculine persuasion.

> "Man never forms a noble plan
> But is ruined by woman's hand,"

and if you be dreamily contemplating conjugal bliss that is to be, remember that the only respectable man is your bachelor. The affiliated consort may rush home to meet his blushing bride, yea, perchance, he may rush home to let the little one climb his knees and pull his shaggy beard, but your bachelors go serenely on, looking for a happier land, and as they go they swell aloud the joyful anthem:

> "Woman, woman, the bane of life,
> Source of evil, cause of strife,
> Could we but half thy miseries tell,
> The married would wish them free a spell."

Literary Notes

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The six books which have sold best during the month in order of demand are:

1. { David Harum, Wescott.
   { Richard Carvel, Churchill.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower, Caskoden.
3. No. 5 John Street, Whiteing.
4. The Market Place, Frederic.
5. A Gentleman Player, Stephens.
6. Children of the Mist, Phillpots.

The English historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, evidently does not write for the rabble. Some time ago he published a biography of Oliver Cromwell in quarto size, and set the price at no less than $15.00 per volume. Those on Japanese paper are limited to thirty-five for America and are priced $50.00 per volume.

Mr. Gardiner has the reputation of being the greatest living English historian. He has published his sixteenth volume of English history, besides his *Student's History of England* and some other works.

A life of Cromwell has been written by Mr. John Morley, and will appear serially in the *Century* for next year, beginning this month. Likewise Gov. Roosevelt's monograph on Cromwell will come out in *Scribner's*, beginning in January.

Janice Meredith, which is by Mr. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, the author of *The Hon. Peter Stirling*, and is now appearing

serially in *The Bookman*, will appear in book form in two volumes this month. A unique feature of the cover design will be a colored lithograph of a miniature of Janice. The miniature portrait will be Mr. Ford's conception of the heroine, and it will also appear in color as a frontispiece.

In the rush of our times we have grown out of the old idea of voluminous reading. We have found that life is too short to be spent in drudging through the long works of even great writers. We are getting to be practical. The scope of any great literature is so broad that one may spend his life in the effort to master it, and at the end feel that his work is only half complete. It is the business of specialists to delve through it. The general reader, however, has so many subjects to cover that he has time only for the best of any one of them. He cannot drink in all the milk, so he likes for some skilled and competent dairyman to skim off the cream for him, so he can imbibe the richness without the less nutritive parts. He cannot find time to read the complete works of Carlyle—The French Revolution, for instance, Thackeray, and others. He needs collections of their shorter works, and extracts from their longer; for he cannot afford to do without some acquaintance with them. It may be heterodox to advocate a curtailment of reading; but there is so much good literature that a man must necessarily limit himself to too few authors if he undertakes to read *in toto* their voluminous works. We are of opinion that there are some who would receive greater benefit if they would read less widely, and think more upon what they do read.

To those laymen, who have but limited time for reading, it is pleasant to see a good collection of extracts. Mr. Bliss Perry, of *The Atlantic Monthly*, is editing, and furnishing each volume with an introduction giving a sketch of the author's life, a series of books called *Little Masterpieces*. These neat little books contain selections from Lamb, De-Quincey, Thackeray, Carlyle, and others.

"Mr. Robert Barr is telling the story of a jest played by him upon a London editor. It was when he was running the *Idler*, and happened to have one of Kipling's stories in his possession. Disbelieving in this particular editor's judgment, he submitted Mr. Kipling's story to him without a name. The editor promptly refused it as poor stuff. Mr. Barr has not ventured to call upon that editor since. He is now at work, by the way, upon another series of short stories." *The Bookman.*

Charles Geeke has edited a volume by Lord Rosebery, entitled *Appreciations and Addresses.* "This volume," says the *Review of Reviews*, "contains Lord Rosebery's characterizations of Burke, Robert Burns, Wallace, Robert Louis Stephenson, and Gladstone, with addresses on 'Bookishness and Statesmenship,' 'The Study of the Public Service,' 'Our Civil Servants,' 'The Work of Public Libraries,' 'The English-speaking Brotherhood,' 'Sport,' 'Golf,' and other timely topics. All the speeches are of comparatively recent date."

There happens to be two Mr. Winston Churchills who are writers; one an Englishman, and the other an American. They are both young men; the American, the author of the popular *Richard Carvel*, having been born in 1871; and the Englishman, the author of *The Story of the Malakand Field Force, 1879*, and *Savrola, a Military and Political Romance*, in 1874. It is announced that another book by him will soon appear, *The River War; an Accovnt of the Recovery of Soudan.* The American is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, and the Englishman of the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst. It has been estimated that the author of *Richard Carvel* earned within three months $25,000. as royalties on his book.

"Hitherto a novel called *If*, has held the record for a brief title, but this record has just been beaten by a Miss Marjorie Williamson, who has published a story in England with the first

person singular title *I*. We have already had *She*. The *Academy* asks, 'Who will snap up the remaining personal pronouns?' Mr. Albert Lee comes very near to it in the title of his announced new volume of marital sketches to be publisher shortly by the Messrs. Harper, the title being *He, She and They*. A humorous work in German was popular some years ago under the prominent title, *Er, Sie, und Es.*'' *The Bookman*.

There appeared recently, in the Glasgow *Evening News*, an interesting after-dinner speech of Carlyle's on Burns, which was unearthed and produced by Mr. John Muir. The dinner at which the speech was made was given in honor of Allan Cunningham at Dumfries, in 1831. *The Bookman* gives the following as the most interesting part of the speech:

''I may mention a circumstance which is, perhaps, known to a few in this room—namely, that within the last two months I have learned from Goethe, the greatest living German poet, that the works of our immortal bard are under translation in Berlin, so that foreign countries will speedily be as happy with them as ourselves. His life was undoubtedly a dark tragedy; penury and cold neglect curbed the flow of his noble soul. It is plain that we possess only a tithe of what was in him, for his genius was universal; he was the first man to strike the seven-stringed lyre to ecstacy, for he was equally the minstrel, the poet and the philosopher. Alas, that such a master soul should have been crushed! Alas, that we can only reflect, while we are thus celebrating Allen Cunningham's worth, that Burns was never so honored while in life!'

Mr. Carlyle then begged that the memory of Robert Burns should be drunk in solemn silence, as much might be thought that could not be uttered. The toast was drunk standing and in silence.''

''Mr. Eden Phillpotts is the author of ''Children of the Mist,'' one of the half-dozen most popular novels of the day.

When one considers that 'David Harum' and 'Richard Carvel,' 'The Day's Work,' and 'No. 5 John Street,' are in this half-dozen, he can judge of the success of Mr. Phillpotts' story. Mr. Phillpotts was born in India in 1862. He was destined for the church, but not feeling that he had a 'call' in that direction, he decided for business, and at the age of seventeen left Devon for London, where he entered an insurance office, studying for the stage in his moments of leisure. He soon found that he had no greater 'call' for the stage than he had for the church, so he took to literature, and after ten years in business he has given himself up entirely to the writing of books. If all he writes is accorded the reception given to 'Children of the Mist' he will do well to continue in literature." *The Critic.*

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

The October numbers of most of our Exchanges reflect credit upon their new Editors and prove them worthy to take up the work of their predecessors. We are sorry to notice that a large percentage of the magazines do not have Exchange Departments, and would like to urge those who do not, to establish them if possible. This department, if properly conducted, ought to be a stimulus to better work to all parties concerned.

The Vassar Miscellany makes its first appearance as a Fiction number. "For Memory's Sake" is well told and very readable. "Boy" is a good story. It has a touch of the Robin Hood-style of story about it, and good stories of "ye olden times" always find a warm place in the hearts of readers. It has in it also a pretty touch of nature, and on the whole is rather unique—at least it is not a sentimental love-story. "Mr. Percival Poynton and a Pig" carries its character in its name.

The Yale Courant appears in a bright autumn costume. The *Courant* has made a reputation for itself on the merits of its short stories. Its pages are mostly given over to short stories, in fact, a few poems being thrown in occasionally. Every one knows, or if he doesn't, a trial will soon convince him, that a short story is a product which is not easily turned out. In the present issue the stories are not as good as we have seen in the *Courant.* "A Matter of Omens" is probably the best.

E. T. WHITE.

The Davidson College Magazine presents us with an Historical issue. It is well for the magazines of the South especially to present studies on local topics, Historical and Literary, and we are glad to see Davidson taking this step, which is to be one of several in the same direction during the year.

The Guilford Collegian has a contribution for our Historians also, the "Life of Isham Cox," a Quaker minister of early days in Randolph county.

In the way of things Literary we notice that Poe is the subject of several articles in different exchanges this month. In the *Wofford College Journal* is an essay on "Edgar Allen Poe," a worthy production, and well written. In *The University of Virginia Magazine* is an editorial on Poe, called forth by the unveiling of the famous Zolnay bust of Poe in the library of the University on October 7th, the fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death. In the same issue is a sonnet to Poe, which we give in full:

TO POE.

Though shivering passion shook thy earthly frame,
  Waving in gusts thy weak will to and fro,
  And oftentimes temptation laid thee low,
Thus giving shadow to the sneerer's claim
That scorned among men should be thy name,
  Destined to dust and ashes soon to go,
  Scarce even such that one might pity show,
But scorn, reproach, sharp sneers, and bitter blame;
  Yet bright in thee doth glow the truth divine
That glory dwelleth chiefly in man's soul,
  Since thou didst nought impure to words consign,
But melody and truth in beauteous whole;
  Thy motto thus: "Though frailty be mine,
Art's perfect truth shall in my numbers roll."

The Georgetonian is perhaps not as literary as might be. A mere suggestion is that there should not be so many divisions in the matter so that more space could be given to

literary productions. In the present issue "Carraro" is not bad for a short story.

We clip the following from our exchanges:

UPLIFTED.

I stood upon a mountain top and looked
Upon a valley far and wide that stretched
Far, far below the gray and jagged rocks.
The gleaming river wound along thro' fields
Still green with hue of early summer days.
So far above I stood I scarcely caught
The whistle of an engine as it passed
Across the river on the bridge below.
And even as I stood alone and looked,
My very soul was lifted far above
The rush and weariness of earthly things
And grew as buoyant as the bird on wing.
I sailed upon a sunny bay and felt
The cooling spray dash up upon my cheeks.
The ocean breeze was blowing from the east,
And while it filled my sails and bore me on
Across the waves, it swept my care away
And for the joy of living made me sing.

I pause upon the campus as the day—
A perfect autumn day—draws to its close.
Across the river are the hills I love,
Gorgeous in red and gold and richest brown;
And there, behind the darkness of the pines,
The dear old College stands against the sky.
The crimson woodbine over all the walls,
Whispering to me thro' its thousand leaves,
Gives the same message to my listening soul
That I have heard before in summer days,
And even as I linger, blesses me
With poise of spirit and with strength of heart.

—*Isabel Bliss Townbridge, in Vassar Miscellany.*

RONDEL.

(En Esperent de Mieux Avoir.)

Still hoping for a happier time,
The present hour may work its will,
The present hope may fail, but still
Assured my heart and glad my rhyme;

For tho' in sorrow's somber mine
  A part I play, forgot the ill,
Still hoping for a happier time
When o'er to-day's dead hopes I climb
  To higher, that Time may fulfill,
  And last to know the victor's thrill.
Assured my heart and glad my rhyme,
Still hoping for a happier time.

—*Ex.*

We acknowledge the following Exchanges in addition to those already mentioned: *Hendrix College Mirror*, *The Erskinian*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Amherst Literary Monthly*, *The Hedding Graphic*, *The Gray Jacket*, and *The Yale Literary Magazine.*

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

In order that a Y. M. C. A. may accomplish that for which it was established, each member must be an active worker. Nothing retards its progress more than a few members undertaking to do all of the work. Co-operation is necessary in order that the desired end may be reached. The members of the Y. M. C. A., in the pews, are the arms of the leader, and when they are idle the leader is powerless. Let not my readers believe that our organization is filled with dead-heads. There are many who would be glad to labor in this part of their Master's vineyard, if they were only given an opportunity.

The Y. M. C. A. should use every possible means in its power to start out young men who have had no training in Christian work. The world is greatly in need of young men who are trained in Christian work. There are numbers of young people that cannot be reached except by their associates. Then are we going to let their associates, many of whom are among us, grow up untrained, and go back home with the same feeling toward their companions as before? Nay; let us, as a Y. M. C. A., awake to our privileges and duties, and put these young men to work. It may be that there is among us a Luther, who, if encouraged, will some day wake up the Church, for we verily believe that, in some places, it is asleep. Not only do we believe that it is asleep, but we think it has dreamed a dream, and no one of the wise men *will* interpret it. We want to raise up in our midst a Daniel who, because of his faithfulness to God and his fearlessness of man, will interpret the dream, giving to every word its exact meaning.

We all know where we began. How it thrills our hearts with joy to look back upon that little band of young men, in some friend's room, or in some young men's prayer-meeting, or in a Y. M. C. A., kneeling, as we, with a trembling voice, uttered a few words which we called a prayer! Who can number the souls that will be in heaven on the final day, who might have never gone there, had not that opportunity been given to us. God grant that our Y. M. C. A. may do all in its power to train her young men to become valiant soldiers of the cross.

* * *

Our meetings this year have been interesting and instructive. On Sunday afternoon, September 24, Mr. R. Webb favored us with a splendid talk. His subject was "Missions."

* * *

On October 1 the Association was gratified at having Dr. Kilgo to speak to it. His text was, "A false balance is abomination to the Lord." The boys are always glad to hear the Doctor. He makes the truth plain and sends it home to the heart of every hearer.

* * *

Mr. S. L. Mims spoke to us, on the afternoon of October 22, on "What a College Life Should Be." He brought to us thoughts that ought to occupy every student's mind a great portion of the time.

* * *

The Missionary class for this year has been organized, and is under the leadership of Mr. R. Webb. Japan is the field that they are now studying. Their text is the very interesting book "Japan and Its Regeneration," by Otis Cary. The aim of this class is to give the young men a fair knowledge of this broad field of labor, and to produce in them an interest in Missions. Many people are ignorant of the needs of foreign lands, and thus comes their opposition to Missions.

* * *

The programme of the devotional meetings for the fall term is out in leaflet form.

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Raleigh Christian Advocate quotes the following from the *Washington Gazette*:

"In reading the mammoth edition of that most excellent paper, the *News and Observer*, we have been forcibly struck with the number of students of Trinity College that have come to honor and distinction in the State. Hardly the write-up of a town appears in its columns but what the Trinity student appears and the doings of the boys that went from its historic walls are inscribed, and the part they are acting in the progress and development of the State. We are not surprised at this when we reflect in the long ago these boys have been trained by a man like Craven, and are now being fitted for life's battle by a Kilgo. No one can read the pages of this mammoth paper without being struck with the fact that the former students of Trinity College are playing no small part in the onward progress of North Carolina and in development of the native State. And if we are to judge from the present outlook of this most excellent school and the increased attendance, the important part of the college has played for the up-building of the Old North State is to continue, and it is to be a power for good in the future as it has been in the past."

The Historical Society held its first meeting for the term September 30. It was very interesting. Officers for the year were elected. They were Mr. W. K. Boyd, President; C. A. Woodard, Secretary and Treasurer; Ned Pegram, Librarian.

Dr. Bassett and Mr. Boyd are very much interested in the work of the Society and inspire those who attend to expect greater things from it than it has yet been able to do. At the meeting, a large number of valuable relics were presented, and new cases are being added to the museum which is getting to be a very interesting place. Dr. Bassett or Mr. Boyd will be glad to receive any relic or communication of historic interest.

The Current Topic Club met October 7, Professor Mims presiding. Program very interesting. Prof. Dowd commented on "The Man with the Hoe," by Edwin Markham, of California, the poem that aroused so much discussion the past summer. Dr. Bassett discussed the "Crisis in Southern Africa." Mr. Boyd spoke of the "Prisoners of Hope," an historical novel by Mrs. Johnson, of Alabama, one of the most popular novels of recent publication.

On Saturday evening, the 21, Prof. Pegram delivered the second one of the Faculty Lectures. The subject was "The Study of Nature and its Results." The first of these lectures was delivered by Prof. Meritt, September 30 on Critics and Criticism. These lectures are an important feature in the callege work, and they are both highly entertaining and instructive.

We learn that Mr. D. C. Roper, '88, is in Baltimore engaged in railroad surveying and other business, and has become very prominent in his profession. He has gathered to himself a nice amount of wealth. Mr. J. B. Needham, '98, is in California preaching. Thus Trinity lays her claims from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Dr. E. T. Bynum, '92, has taken unto himself a "Better Half." We presume the lady of his choice is a prize since Dr. Bynum has seen so many to select from.

Mr. George Pegram, '95, has gone to Columbia University to take a course in Science. *The Raleigh Christian Advocate*

says of him, "The many friends of Mr. G. B. Pegram, of Durham, will watch with interest, his course at Columbia, where he has gone to further equip himself for the duties of his chosen field of work."

Mr. M. T. Dickinson, '97, is at Ann Arbor University of Michigan studying law.

Mr. Charles R. Clegg, '96, is at Goldston, N. C., teaching.

Mr. D. H. Littlejohn, '98, is on the editorial staff of the *Charlotte News*. Mr. S. O. Thorne, of same class is at Concord, engaged in cotton mill business.

We learn that Mr. L. W. Crawford, Jr., '98, is at Greensboro with his father in the *Advocate* office.

Mr. R. B. Payne, '96, is teaching at Durham Graded School, and Mr. J. J. Cahoon, '94, is teaching at Old Trinity High School.

Mr. B. R. Craven, '98, is keeping books at China Grove, we are informed.

Out of Trinity's 509 Alumni, 442 are living.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, DECEMBER, 1899.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to J. M. FLOWERS, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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R. P. READE, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

NATHANIEL MACON IN NATIONAL LEGISLATION.

The day of myths and mythmakers does not end with the fantastic creations of primæval people. The critic of legendary lore, worn by the study of imperfect records and the analyzation of mental tendencies, may often find a more satisfactory solution to his problem in the humanity around him. Human nature, despite evolution in government and society, has many qualities that are permanent, and none is more prominent than the idealization of its heroes. Mr. McMaster has well said, "George Washington is an unknown man." A credulous public has been deceived for years by the curious inventions of Parson Weems and only within the past few years have Ameri-

cans begun to write and read of the humanity and real citizenship of the father of their country.

The same is in some degree true of Nathaniel Macon. Those who have attempted to write the history of North Carolina in his generation have so admired the eccentricities of his character that they have consumed time and print in worthless eulogies so far as statesmanship and services to his people are concerned. His public life includes some of the most important and crucial years of our national history; and the intention of this discussion is to state his relations to the more vital questions of his time.

Mr. Macon was elected a member of the Second Congress, which convened in 1791. He was then thirty-two years old and a staunch supporter of the Anti-Federalist party. He had served in the State Legislature, had voted against the adoption of the Constitution because it gave the new Government too many powers, and, true to his native sense of loyalty and Jeffersonian simplicity, had refused any remuneration for his services in the Revolution. The same self-sacrifice he expected of others, for in Congress he opposed the bill promising a grant of land to Count De Grasse, remuneration of General Greene for personal losses in the war and one making provision for LaFayette when he visited America in 1828, and when the pension system was established, he was one of its most stubborn opponents.

North Carolina was then more prominent in the Union than at any time since, save the months just preceeding secession. She was next to last state to ratify the Constitution and her population ranked her one of the largest in the new federation. It was therefore not only an honor to the individual but a recognition of the State's imperium, that Macon was appointed a member of a committee to report on the resolution making the basis of representation in Congress one for every thirty thousand.

Mr. Macon wished that the bill read *thirty-five* instead

of *thirty*, another thirty-four, others thirty-three thousand. It is not necessary to describe the prolonged debates on the various amendments. Long before the question was finally settled, Macon and his colleagues were relieved of their duties. The question of representation was too intricate for the plain and honest gentleman of North Carolina.

Mr. Macon was one of the most uncompromising Anti-Federalists. With Gallatin and the leaders of the party, he fought the United States Bank, the navy, the Jay Treaty and those measures of the administration which tended to increase the authority of the central government. In April, 1796, Wolcott wrote to Hamilton, that "unless a radical change of opinion can be effected in the Southern States, the existing establishments will not last eighteen months." [1]Congress defeated the motion to adjourn on the President's birthday which had been customary. In the second session of the Fourth Congress the reply to the Executive's message, reported by Ames, was warmly debated. It contained a passage complimentary to Washington and expressed regret at his approaching retirement. This was especially noxious to the Anti-Federalists. Giles "wished him to retire, . . . that the government could do only well without him, and that he would enjoy more happiness in his retirement than he possibly could in his present situation." Finally the reply, including the section mentioned, was adopted with twelve dissenting votes. Among these were Macon and another son of North Carolina, Andrew Jackson, who has been described as a "tall, lank, uncouth looking individual with long locks of hair hanging over his brows and face, while a queue hung down his back tied with an eelskin. The dress of this individual was singular, his manners and deportment that of a backwoodsman."

There is no phase of our early national life more attrac-

1. Stevens' Gallatin, P. 131.
Stevens' Gallatin, P. 133 n.

tive than the growth and decline of French influence and those measures of Congress, foreign and domestic, arising therefrom. It is improbable that Macon was influenced by French philosophy, for though never a church member his favorite literature was the Bible, and his austere and pure character is an argument stronger than words that he never imbibed the dregs of the skeptical Illuminati. Yet he was an admirer of Jefferson and when the Federalists proposed bills that would restrict citizenship he supported his party's policy of liberty in opinion and action for the individual. In 1798, he spoke against the resolutions prolonging the term of residence for naturalization on the grounds that "if persons have given notice of their intention to become citizens, they have complied in part with the laws; and he did not think it would be right to put it out of their power to comply with the other part." The next day the Alien Law was proposed and Macon promptly objected to the "extraordinary power" given the President. In July he voted against the abrogation of the French treaty, tho' the indignation over the X. Y. Z. affair was at its maximum and war seemed the only method of maintaining the national dignity. In the same month, in the debates on the Sedition Bill, Macon opposed the measure because, (1) that interference with the press and liberty of speech may be extended to religious establishments and this is forbidden by the Constitution, (2) that it was an infringement of State authority, since prosecutions of libels were understood by the State conventions to be the duty of the State and not the National Judiciary. He quotes Iredell and Wilson, of North Carolina, to support this. (3) The bill shows lack of confidence in the States, and mutual confidence is the basis of the Union. "This Government depends on the State Legislatures for existence. They have only to refuse to elect Senators to Congress, and all is gone."[1]

Annals of Cong. 5th Session. Vol. 1, P. 1779.

1. Ann. Cong. 5 Sess. Vol. II. P, 2151.

Though the act became a law, the arguments of Macon are interesting, for they ably express the views of his party on the constitution, and properly handled might still be valid objections to a censorship of the press, though a century has passed and our ideas of Union have greatly changed.

But Macon was not yet done with the Sedition Law. On January 23, 1800, he moved the repeal of the second section of the law, which fined or imprisoned those speaking or writing with intent to defame the government or excite "illegal combinations." It was expected that the Southern Federalists, among them John Marshall, would join the Republicans and they would carry the House for the motion. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, moved the following amendment: "And the offences therein specified shall remain punishable at common law: *Provided*, That upon any prosecution it shall be lawful for the defendant to give in his defence the truth of the matters charged as a libel." Macon's resolution was carried by a majority of two, four Southern Federalists supporting the measure. The amendment was also carried by a majority of four, the votes of the Federalists. After the voting, however, the Republicans realized that they had been trapped. The amendment made libel a felony, when formerly it was simply an offence to be punished by fine and imprisonment. Also it tended to give the Supreme Court, Federalist in its personnel, that jurisdiction over the common law which the strict constructionists so dreaded. After some discussion, a vote was taken on the resolution and amendment as a whole, the count standing 87 nays to 11 yeas. [1]The Sedition law was left to pass out of existence by its own provisions.

No year of Mr. Macon's public life was more important than the year 1800, for then appeared in Congress his political mentor and friend, the dashing, brilliant, but erratic

1. Randall's Jefferson, Vol. II, P. 532; Ann. Cong., 1799-1801, Pp. 404-423.

John Randolph. That these two men should have drifted together and maintained intimate relations in private as well as public life, is one of those strange anomalies which we pretend to explain by the law of attractions between opposites, for there is no common quality in the two men, except their eccentricities. Macon was a "typical representative of the honest but scarcely brilliant or interesting democracy of his native State;" simple-minded, ignorant of the ways of the world, and pure as a Roman Cincinnatus. "Jack Randle," as he was known, was a "Virginian Brutus, with eyes that pierced and voice that rang like the vibration of glass, and with the pride of twenty kings to back his more than Roman virtue." [2]There were few men who were not attracted by him, and those who were his staunchest friends were high-minded and pure Southerners. Macon was bewitched and soon worshipped him as an Apollo, seeing in his friend all that he himself was not, an astute politician and true man of the world. Madison and Gallatin were now in the Cabinet, and these two eccentrics became the House leaders of the ascendant Republican party. In 1801 Macon was elected Speaker, and the honor was his successively until 1806, when the rupture in his party gave the majority to the Northern wing. He won this distinction through force of character and was soon known as the "Father of the House." But let it be remembered that the Speakership at this time demanded a moderator rather than a party leader, the type introduced by Henry Clay.

Mr. Jefferson was not chosen President without the famous deadlock that compelled a radical change in our electoral methods. When the vote on the bill establishing our present system was taken, there was one ballot lacking to make the required two-thirds majority. Macon, the Speaker, claimed his right to cast a ballot as member of

1. Trent, "Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime," P. 112.
2. Adams' Randolph, P. 54.

the House, overruled the opinion that he was limited to tie cases, voted for the bill and so fixed the present law.

The most interesting phases of his Speakership are the slavery debates and the formation of party factions. In regard to the "dread institution" Macon was a representative North Carolinian. The State never knew the extensive slave system of Virginia on the north or of her sister States on the south. The slave-holders were usually small farmers who saw their servants daily and were bound to them by sympathy as well as by economic interests. It is said that Mr. Macon, until sixty years of age, was accustomed to work in the field with his negroes. His views on the slave trade and abolition are therefore valuable in forming an estimate of the institution in the State.

Mr. Macon's first utterance on slavery was in 1797, when a memorial was introduced in Congress from the yearly meeting of Quakers at Philadelphia, complaining "that certain persons of the African race, to the number of one hundred and thirty-four, set free by members of the religious society of Quakers, besides others whose cases were not so particularly known, had been reduced again into cruel bondage under the authority of an *ex post facto* law passed for that purpose by the State of North Carolina in 1777, authorizing the seizure and re-sale as slaves of certain emancipated negroes."[1] In the debates following Macon declared "there was not a man in North Carolina who did not wish there were no blacks in the country. Negro slavery was a misfortune; he considered it a curse; but there was no means of getting rid of it.'" He then accused the Quakers of making unconstitutional petitions to Congress, and also of endeavoring to incite slave insurrections in the Southern States. The latter charge was untrue and absurd, but it shows that the colonial anti-Quaker sentiment was not yet extinct. The petition was

1. Hildreth's History of U. S., second series, Vol. II, P. 178.
2. Ibid, Pp. 179-180.

referred to a committee, who decided that Congress could take no action, as the matter involved the judiciary, not the legislative, department.

The negro problem, however, was not allowed to rest. The next prolonged discussion was in 1804. The Haytian rebellion drove many negroes to America and the Southern people were alarmed, fearing slave insurrections. In January, 1803, Wilmington, N. C., memorialized Congress and asked for protection against these black immigrants. A law was passed which forfeited the ship and punished the captain that brought African negroes into any State that prohibited the slave trade. In spite of this law, the importation increased and was so popular that South Carolina repealed her prohibitory law. Thousands of negroes were sold into the new Louisiana territory. The Quakers of Pennsylvania remonstrated and Bard, of that State, moved that a tax of ten dollars be placed on each imported slave. Mr. Macon opposed this motion because, if the slave were taxed, the government would be compelled to protect the slave ships; and it would be an insult to the dignity of South Carolina as a State.

"Gentlemen think that South Carolina has done wrong in permitting the importation of slaves. That may be, and still this measure may be wrong. Will it not look like an attempt in the general government to correct a State for the undisputed exercise of its constitutional power? It appears to be something like putting a State to the ban of the empire."[1]

Here, as well remarked by Hildreth, was the germ of the argument of Calhoun, for States are not only possessed of constitutional powers, but are to be allowed to exercise them, even if it be to the detriment of the nation as a whole. The debate was so warm that the matter was dropped on promises and entreaties of South Carolina.

In the final debates on the suppression of the slave trade, to go into effect in 1808, the question of primary importance to be settled was the disposition of illegally

1. Ann. Cong., 1805-1806, P. 359; Hildreth, second series, Vol. II, P. 503.

imported Africans. "The argument of those who insisted that the negroes should be sold was tersely put by Macon," says DuBois,[1] 'in the sentence, "In adopting our measures on this subject, we must pass such a law as can be executed.'"

If they are made free, what will become of them, alone in a strange land, not even knowing our language? Are they to be maintained and civilized by the public? In some States, also, "there is a legal provision that an owner of a slave may give him his freedom, on going into court and giving security that the slave that is liberated shall not be a charge on the county. Those persons who deal in this nefarious traffic will never carry their cargoes into a port of the Union where there are no slaves. They will go to the States where slavery exists, and there smuggle them; and, if we pass this amendment, the situation of these States will be most deplorable.

. . . . . Perhaps I may be under the influence of local prejudice, but there is no State in the Union more opposed to the importation of slaves than the State which I have the honor to represent. It was proposed by her, ten years ago, so to amend the Constitution as to give Congress the power of prohibiting the importation of slaves. I believe the proposition passed by an unanimous vote. Certain I am, it had my hearty approbation. But it seems to me if you give these people their freedom, and turn them loose, they must perish."[2] Also, the negroes could not be returned to Africa, for it was impossible to know from what tribe they came. As to the objection that the government by selling them was engaging in the traffic, let it be remembered that when the United States has obtained judgment against a slave owner, his slaves are liable to be seized and sold and the proceeds go to the treasury.

This point, however, was also unsettled, and the disposal of the smuggled negro was left to the various States.[3]

In regard to the punishment of slave traders, the Southern members opposed the death penalty and favored forfeiture and fine. Mr. Macon did not express his views on this point, but his colleague, Mr. Holland, of North Carolina, said that, as the South did not regard slaveholding as a moral offence, death was too severe a penalty. He wished to place the traffic on political and not moral grounds, and Mr. Macon was of the same opinion.

1. "Suppression of Slave Trade," P. 98.
2. Ann. Cong. 1806-1807, P. 171.
3. Ibid, P. 179.

"I still consider this a commercial question. The laws of nations have nothing more to do with it than the laws of the Turks or the Hindoos . . . If this is not a commercial question, I would thank the gentleman to show what part of the Constitution gives us any right to legislate on the subject?"

Once again in these debates does Macon make a bold stroke. Mr. Bidwell made an amendment to the forfeiture clause: "*Provided*, That no person shall be sold as a slave by virtue of this act." The vote was a tie, 60 to 60. Macon vetoed it. Finally a Senate bill replaced that of the House, and the law instituting forfeiture and imprisonment was at last established. There were many evasions, which were always a crumpled rose leaf to the Southern members. In 1809, in the debates on embargo and foreign intercourse, it was suggested to open trade with Hayti. Randolph was terrified, thinking the policy, if adopted, would cause slave insurrections. Mr. Livermore, who had introduced the idea, replied that there was already an illegal trade between Hayti and North Carolina. Mr. Macon then arose; he was more excited than Randolph, and declared that war with both France and England was preferable to trade with the rebellious West Indian negroes.

In the meantime there was a break in the Republican ranks which culminated in Macon losing the Speakership and Randolph's temporary retirement from Congress. Randolph's prospects for a long and successful career had been flattering. The Speaker, his intimate friend, himself chairman of ways and means committee, and friend and relative of the President, no man has ever had a better opportunity for a long period of national service. But he was too overbearing and jealous of his colleagues. In the first place, Jefferson and Madison feared the Federalists, who yet held the judiciary, and at Jefferson's instigation and contrary to the advice of Macon, Randolph impeached Judge Chase. He failed, not one of the long list of charges receiving the required two-thirds majority. A failure is never a guarantee of success. Then the Yazoo frauds claimed the attention of the House. Madison and the

Northern members favored a compromise, but Randolph was inexorable. Then Randolph and Macon were extreme strict constructionists, and had even denied the right of Congress to bridge the Potomac because Virginia and Maryland had a right of navigation. The result was that by 1805 their fortunes were waning. October 23 Randolph wrote to Nicholson concerning Macon's chances for the Speakership in the new Congress:

"I am now seriously apprehensive for his election; and more on his account than from public considerations, although there is not a man in the House, himself and one other excepted, who is in any respect qualified for the office. I cannot deny that the insult offered to the man would move me more than the injury done the public by his rejection. Indeed, I am not sure that such a step, although productive of temporary inconvenience, would not be followed by permanent good effects. It would open the eyes of many well-meaning persons, who, in avoiding the scylla of innovation, have plunged into the charybdis of federalism . . . . . Do not fail to be in Washington time enough to counteract the plot against the Speaker, and pray apprize such of his friends as are within your reach of its existence."[1]

After a sharp contest Macon was re-elected, and Randolph was once more placed on the ways and means committee.

Jefferson's term was to expire soon and Madison, in the minds of his party, was to be his successor. Randolph could not tolerate Madison, and championed the only man who could rival him, Monroe. As Jefferson and Madison were intimate, he broke with the President, and refused to support the two-million appropriation for the purchase of Florida, although he had engineered the Louisiana purchase. He now fought the administration on every issue, and voted steadily with the Federalists. By 1807 the Northern wing were in the majority, and Varnum, of Massachusetts, was chosen Speaker. "The spell," says Mr. Adams, "was now at an end, and Macon, although retaining friendly relations with Randolph, hastened at

1. Adams' Randolph, P. 158.

this session to draw away from him in politics, and gave an almost unqualified support to the administration."

A relation of Macon's policies on the Sedition Laws and the slave trade are necessary only when his entire life is considered. That part of his career which has made him a national character, which has formed a prominent place in our history however briefly it is studied, was his service in the period of our foreign affairs just previous to the War of 1812. As stated, Macon was for several years but the shadow of Randolph and the influence of the erratic Virginian over him is in no way better illustrated than in the debates on foreign intercourse. In 1800, a bill came before the House to suspend trade with France. Randolph and Macon opposed it, and only through Gallatin's exertions was it passed. During the debates on non-importation of goods from England in 1806, Macon made one of his longest addresses to the House, and urged many objections to the imposed measure. Among other propositions, he gave as his opinion that the solution of our difficulties was to abandon the carrying trade and to concentrate on the coast trade. Here again his views were identical with Randolph's. But by 1808, he had broken with Randolph and voted for the act excluding French and English vessels from American ports, while Randolph opposed retaliation. Yet he opposed appropriations for increasing our naval force, although the country was drifting nearer war day by day, for he declared that large navies never were, and never could be, conducive to commerce. Another example of his provincial simplicity is, that when war was more imminent than ever, he wished to loan our navy to some foreign power that American sailors might be taught European naval tactics. As a means of defence, he preferred Jefferson's system of gunboats to large frigates.

But embargo was a failure. The law was unsatisfactory, yet repeal meant to yield to France and England. In the

spring of 1810, the "American Navigation Act" was substituted. This is often called "Macon Bill No. 1," because introduced by Macon, though the real author was Gallatin, then cabinet officer.

It excluded French and English vessels from our harbor but allowed American vessels to leave port, and confined all importations from France and England to ships direct from those countries. Schouler says, "Had such an experiment as this been undertaken in place of embargo two years earlier, most probably it would have forced England to terms, or else provoked her to such outrageous retaliation that the American people would have sprung to their feet and fought with zeal."

The Bill passed the House but was lost in the Senate. Its defeat was due to the fact that the Anti-Gallatin faction was in the majority. Macon and his committee, however, soon reported a new bill, known as Macon's No. 2. Non intercourse was to expire with the session. Resistance to the decrees of England and Napoleon was abandoned, and, as if to put American influence out for competition, if one of these powers would repeal its obnoxious laws, the United States would revive non-importation against the other. The effect was disasterous. Napoleon, through an agent, wrote to Armstrong, our minister, that he "loved the Americans" and would revoke his Milan and Berlin decrees if England would withdraw the Orders in Council. Madison then declared trade with England suspended, American vessels, trusting to the good faith of the Emperor. flocked to French ports but in December, 1810, by Napoleon's orders they were seized, and property to the value of ten million dollars was confiscated. Macon wrote to a friend that Taylor, of South Carolina, was the author of the bill, but Smith of Maryland said it was drawn up by

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History of United States. Vol. II, 299.

the secret contrivance of Madison.[1] One thing is certain: the law was a terrible blunder and has left an ineffacable blur on our diplomatic history.

Mr. Macon opposed the war party until the Leopard-Chesapeake affair, when he declared that America had done all she could to prevent hostilities and now the National honor demanded armed resistance. Yet he wished the war to be defensive, not offensive; and for this reason he did not believe in increasing the navy. No one, he said, expected the war to be a naval one and every cent expended in the repair of ships was useless. The army, he insisted, should be organized on the old Revolutionary plan instead of the new system proposed.

These are the principle questions in which he was involved as Representative in Congress. There were many minor issues that felt his influence which cannot be mentioned. There was one bill introduced by him which, though defeated, has yet greatly affected American ideas. It provided that any citizen of the United States accepting title or gift from foreign powers without the consent of Congress, should cease to be a citizen and be incapable of holding office. The amendment passed the House but was lost in the Senate. It was an able expression of that unpopularity which foreign family alliances have always received in this country. Mr. Macon also introduced an amendment which forbade any Congressman to hold civil office while National Representative. Tho' never incorporated in the Constitution as an amendment, this requirement was established by Congress as a regulation for its members.

In 1815 Mr. Macon passed into the Senate. Tho' his long service to the lower House made him one of the leading men of the day, his Senatorial career is of little interest. Perhaps this is because the destiny of the

1. Schouler, Vol. II. P. 196 n.

Nation was forever decided, in many respects, by the close of the War of 1812: Federalism was dead, the early Republican platforms had radically changed, the broad construction theory was dominant, and Macon could well say in 1824, that not a principle of his party was identical with those of the earliest days of National history.

As Senator, Mr. Macon voted against the first and second Missouri Compromises, opposed Internal Improvements, and, though he thought a National Bank would be expedient, he did not believe the Government had the authority to establish such an institution and therefore voted against its charter. It would be profitable and interesting to study his constitutional theories, but so few of his papers have been preserved and his speeches were so brief, that this is impossible. A letter of 1833 to S. P. Carson is a nucleus from which to draw general conclusions concerning his views on tariff and nullification.

"There can be no doubt that the United States are in a deplorable situation, . . . My opinion has never been a secret, and I have always stated it to those who wanted to know it. In the year 1824 the constitution was buried. The Senators who were then present will, it is believed, recollect the fact, and it was never afterward questioned by me while I continued in the Senate. . . . I never believed that a State could nullify and remain in the Union, *but always believed that a State could secede when she pleased,* provided she would pay her portion of the public debt.

"This right I have considered the best guard to the public liberty and the public justice that could be desired and it ought to have prevented what is now felt in the United States—oppression.

"A government of opinion, established by sovereign States, cannot be maintained by force. The use of force makes enemies and enemies cannot live in peace."

Mr. Macon was chairman of the Senate Committee on the Panama Congress. The committee's report was lengthy and against the United States, participation in the scheme. It was drawn up by Tazwell of Virginia and was defeated. Macon also cast a solitary vote against appropriations for Lafayette's reception on his visit to America—likewise he fought the appropriation asked by the Columbian College

of Washington. He was economical even to parsimony, and to the last was jealous for the rights of the individual States.

In 1824 he received the electoral vote of Virginia for Vice-President and from 1825 to 1827 was President, *pro tem.*, of the Senate. In 1828 he resigned and returned to private life, having reached the Psalmist's limit of years. The public knew him again in 1835, when he presided over the State Convention which reformed suffrage, and once more in 1837 he was elector on the Van Buren ticket.

No study of Macon's public life would be complete without mention of those friendships whose traditions cast upon them the halo of the Platonic. His admiration of Randolph is proverbial in our political folk-lore. Mr. Adams, in his *Randolph* in the "Statesmen Series," infers that this affiliation was one-sided, that Randolph used the enchanted Macon as a tool to project his ambitions. Facts do not corroborate this view. Macon had an influence over his mentor that no other Congressman had. On May 24, 1812, Randolph made an *anti bellum* speech when there was no motion before the House. He was called to order by a member, but was sustained by the Speaker. Finally, after repeated interruptions and as many times sustained, the breach of parliamentary law was too evident, and Randolph was requested by the Speaker to produce a motion in written form. Angry words resulted, and there might have been another duel added to the long list of those days, but Macon interferred, soothed the temper of the angered Randolph, and nothing serious resulted. For this and other reasons the Virginian might well say: "If wisdom consisted in properly exercising our judgment upon the value of things desirable, Mr. Macon was certainly the wisest man I ever saw. In 1808 they separated in politics. There was doubtless an estrangement in social relations. From 1813, when Randolph failed to return to Congress, we know the old warmth of feeling waned. In 1815 Macon

wrote to Nicholson that he had not heard from Randolph since the latter's retirement from public life, and that he could not account for the cold reception given Nicholson by Randolph recently in Baltimore.[1] Some time later amicable intercourse was re-established; for in 1826, Randolph, again in public life, wrote that his old friend Macon reminded him daily of "the old Major who verily believed that I was a none-such of living men." In his will Randolph bequeathed to Macon, "My oldest high silver candlestick, my silver punch ladle with whalebone handle, a pair of silver cases with handles and my crest engraved thereon, my hard metal dishes that have my crest J. R. in old English letters; also the plates of the same engraving, the choice of four of my best young mares and geldings, and the gold watch by Raskell . . . May blessings attend him, the best and purest and wisest man that I ever knew."

Macon was also an intimate friend of Benton. "Mr. Macon," he says in his "Thirty Year's View," "was the real Cincinnatus of America, the pride and ornament of my native State, my hereditary friend through four generations, my mentor in the first seven years of my senatorial and last seven of his senatorial life." "He spoke more good sense while getting in his chair and getting out of it than many delivered in long and elaborate speeches." Madison, Monroe and Jefferson were strong in Macon's affections. One of the last and perhaps most pathetic of Jefferson's letters was directed to Macon. There is nothing in American biography more touching than these paragraphs from the old chieftain, alone and retired at Monticello, to his younger partisan, still strong and able for the battle. "I read no newspaper now but Ritchies," he says, "and in that chiefly the advertisements, for they contain the only truths to be relied on in newspapers." Is this the retribution for the errors of the *National Gazette?* He

1. Adams' "Randolph," P. 202.

continues, "I feel much greater interest in knowing what has past two or three thousand years ago . . . I read nothing but the heroes of Troy, of the wars of Lacedæmon and others, of Pompey and Cæsar, of Augustus, too, the Bonaparte and parricide scoundrel of that day."

Unfortunately Macon destroyed his correspondence and for this reason many problems of his life must remain unsolved. In private life he was neat, punctilious, economical, plain and unostentatious. Yet to know the man, fully to appreciate his spirit and what he was to those who knew him intimately for years, is for us impossible. We can only read the idealizations of his many admirers, and conclude that this "Last of the Romans," as Jefferson named him, was among the "noblest of them all."

THE HERO OF A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

BY J. M. CULBRETH.

During the months of June and July the life-saving stations on our coast are abandoned by their crews, who go off to take a much needed rest. Ten months of hard service on the barren beaches, where winds and tide have every advantage to make life not only unpleasant, but even perilous, renders it absolutely necessary that the men should get away for a season from the scene of so much storm and stress. It would be unsafe, however, to leave the stations entirely alone. The several captains, therefore, engage reliable persons to watch at the stations while the crews are away. The duties of these watchmen are light, since it is very rare that a big storm visits the coast during the days of summer, and their chief inconvenience is their loneliness. This even cannot be reckoned a very considerable affliction, for frequently the watchmen have visitors who come and spend a week or ten days on the beaches to pursue such sports as can be won on the banks of the big pond.

Bald Head is a considerable island at the mouth of Cape Fear river. It is surrounded on all sides by salt water. For a small creek reaches from the river to one of the innumerable small bays scooped out on the beach by the action of the waves. On this island is Bald Head light house, which stands up just across the channel from Fort Caswell. Two miles from the light house, at one of the most dangerous points on the beach, a life-saving station is situated. Entering the mouth of the river on a steamer, with the aid of a good field glass, one can see the little red house squatting on the sand several miles up the beach to the right. The flag-pole is visible as it is outlined against the weary stretch of sand beyond.

This station is a popular resort for the boys who live at Southport and are fond of angling on a large scale during

the summer season. Southport is separated from Bald Head island by four miles of surging tide water. The most practicable and easiest way to reach the life-saving station is through the winding channel of the small creek that makes an island of the huge bank of sand, with its stunted growth of trees and bushes. The nearest distance of two miles from the light house to the station lengthen to three miles when one follows the crooked course of the creek. The banks of the creek are wide enough apart to admit the passage of a small sail boat. Even then, however, progress is necessarily slow.

On a stormy morning in July '93, a small crowd of boys had collected in a store at Southport, and were gloomily discussing the outlook for a trip over to the station on Bald Head. Arrangements for the trip had been made the day previous and now an unwelcome "blow" had come which threatened to break up the pleasure. Disappointments always tend to make one gloomy, but should they? The morning was gloomy. The heavens were gloomy. Everything looked gloomy. Naturally then the lively, hardy boys became gloomy as they contemplated a bitter end to their plan.

While they were talking the front door opened, and through it passed a form which every one immediately recognized. A youth, apparently the same age as the boys themselves, walked with a rolling gait toward them. His hands were thrust deep into the pockets of a pair of trousers which were several sizes too large for his limbs, and were suspended from his shoulders by two dirty cloth straps, crossed at the back; a brown, checked home-spun shirt covered his long, lean body; and on the back of his large head a brimless straw hat was stuck. The mouth was large and expressive; the eyes were blue, and rolled rather wistfully beneath a pair of brows which seemed to have a tendency to knit whenever anything unusual occurred. The frame was tall and closely built. The boys

clothes were drenched with water, and his long, light hair stuck awkwardly to the well-rounded forehead.

"Well, Stow, what do you think of the weather?" inquired one of the group in a tone that suggested what the answer ought to be.

"Mighty nasty now," replied Stow, "but 'taint no while to say wat it'll be before night, 'cause these summer blows is mighty fickle."

His answer seemed to inspire the whole group with a new hope, for several asked in a chorus: "Do you think it'll be safe to go to Bald Head this afternoon?"

Stow walked to the back door and looked out toward the southeast. Then he came back and sat down on a box, resting his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. "I think yer might go 'bout four 'clock," he said slowly, as if the chances of going really depended on his answer. "This blow aint apt to las' much longer'n mid day. There's already signs of a fair off. Then Stow suddenly raised up, and with an eager light burning in his eyes and a tone almost of entreaty in his voice he spoke. "Why can't I go with you fellows on your trip? I wouldn't be in the way and I believe I can help some. A boat's nothing for me to manage, 'n I can cook things 'n gether more turtle eggs than you can ever 'spose of." When Stow had finished this remark, which had been spoken rapidly, he appeared to be taken back at his own boldness and presumption and not at all prepared for the answer he got.

"All in favor of Stow's going with us, say ay," came from one of the boys. And a hearty chorus of ays was the response.

Something must be said in explanation about Stow. He was not a native of the town, as far as any one knew. In fact, he had made his appearance in the quiet streets of the place only a week prior to the opening of this story. His history, so far as the boys in town were acquainted

with it, was simply this. A week ago, a large tramp steamer had dropped anchor in the quiet harbor below the town, just at night-fall. In the morning it had proceeded on its way, and before noon it was pretty generally known in the town that the merchant had rid itself of a "stowaway" while in port. So the name Stow was given to the tall, young stranger who went about the town looking for odd jobs to do in order to win his bread. The citizens were not "given to hospitality" when it came to a case like this, so Stow really earned every morsel he ate. He was never unwilling to work, however, and he could tell such exciting tales of sea adventures that he soon ceased to be looked upon with contempt by the youth of the place. It was no harm to keep your eye on him, though, the wiser ones would say.

If Stow had not prophesied in a very positive and final manner, nevertheless his view about the storm was confirmed when the time came for the party of boys to start on their trip. The rain had ceased before three o'clock, and the sun now took fitful glimpses of the earth from between the broken clouds. The wind was still high, and the water in the river curved into higher and many more waves, which plunged against each other with something like fierceness. But what mattered this to boys who had always sported in the waves at will, and sailed small craft upon the ocean itself! All except Stow were provided with long rubber coats to protect them against the waves that would break over the bow of their small boat. As the sun dropped down behind the bluff on which the town was situated, the boys were being tossed and driven about upon the foaming water just half way between the town and Bald Head Island. The capricious behavior of the wind made rapid progress impossible. At last, after having changed their course a score or more of times, they ran into the mouth of the little winding creek, and began the tedious assent to the life-saving station.

So many difficulties were met with, and so many dangerous obstacles were encountered, that it was fully eleven o'clock when the boys reached the station. Stow set about to heat the coffee and toast the cheese for the evening meal, and the rest of the boys busied themselves with getting the bunks ready for their tired limbs. The watchman, a young fellow himself, had given the party a hearty welcome, and placed the station, with all its comforts, at their disposal.

"This storm's gettin' pretty boisterous," observed Dick Maffit, as he threw himself full length upon a pallet on the floor.

"Yes, there'll be hard weather on the sea before morning," returned Charlie Williams.

"Well, fellows," said the watchman, "if a noble ship runs aground before light, we must be noble enough to make a trip after her crew, an' no mistake. We're the crew to-night, 'least we're in the crew's place, an' we've got no right to sleep on their bunks if we're afraid to ride in their boats."

This was said in the spirit of a joke, and was so accepted by every boy in the party except Stow. While the watchman was speaking a strange light came into his countenance, as if a great idea had taken possession of him, and from that moment he was as restless as a caged animal. Long after the rest of the boys were asleep, Stow lay awake listening at the howling, rushing storm. He made frequent trips to the watch-tower to look out upon the thundering, heaving blackness that stretched to such an infinite distance before him. Each trip assured him that the "blow" was increasing in fury and strength every minute.

Indeed it was true. Since night fall a terrific hurricane had been rushing up the coast from the warm tropical waters. Instead of spending itself as its extent increased, it gathered fresh power and madness as it rushed northward. And by the time it reached the coast of North

Carolina it was one of the severest storms that had ever visited the coast during the summer months.

About three o'clock in the morning Stow climbed into the tower again. As he stared into the unknown darkness, suddenly a brilliant streak of light, far out on the water, shot upward toward the bending clouds. Then followed another and another and still another in quick succession. Stow needed no information as to what these flashes of light meant. Hastily descending the steps he entered the room where the boys were sleeping. He lit a small lamp, and by its dim light was able to make out the watchman where he lay on the floor. Approaching, he shook him until he waked up. Having told him what he had seen, Stow fairly shouted:

"Ship's ashore, fellers, git up an' man yer boat. Wake up! Yer must be noble, 'cause a noble ship's in trouble."

Much quicker than it can be told, the boys were thoroughly aroused, and some were eager enough to venture out upon the waves. Others objected. Stow and the watchman were in favor of going to the ship. "An' it must be done quick, too," urged Stow, "fer this thing's gitting nastier all the time."

There were boys there whose mothers were at home, utterly ignorant of the peril into which their sons were going. But to these stalwart young fellows who had seen frightful storms before, and knew the blessedness of saving a life from a wreck, nothing appealed so powerfully as the wish to help that vessel in distress. Stow, with the help of a few others, had managed to get one of the big, strong life-boats to the edge of the rising tide. All except two of the boys had fitted life preservers to their waists, and were now struggling to launch the boat. Time and again they almost succeeded, but were as often hurled back upon the beach. At length the boat floated, shot over a mountain wave, and darted into the trough of the sea. The boys seized the oars and pulled with all their might. Again

the boat was lifted to the top of an immense wave, then dropped into the depths. With clinched teeth and every muscle in their bodies in the highest strain, the daring young fellows bended to their work. The boys who had been left at the station were signalling to the disabled vessel, from which the rockets continued to go up. After a half hour of being tossed on the waves in the darkness, the boys were able to make out a huge black object some distance ahead. Onward they heaved through the billows, until at last they were in reach of the vessel. The remaining mortals on board were on the lookout for them, and quickly threw out a rope which Dick Maffit seized, and thereby held the boat close under the side of the big ship. As easily and quickly as possible the unfortunate persons were transferred to the boat.

"The boat can hold no more," shouted the watchman.

"For God's sake take this child," pleaded an old man, as he rushed to the side of the ship, which now threatened to be submerged every moment.

"Can't do it," the watchman shouted back.

"Can," shrieked Stow. "Hold ther boat fast, Charlie." In a moment he had clambered to the deck of the wallowing vessel, taken the child from the old man's arms, and literally forced him to get into the life boat. Then he leaned down over the boat as far as possible, and dropped the child into the old man's arms. This was hardly accomplished when the rope snapped, and the life boat was swept away into the watery blackness, leaving Stow on the doomed vessel.

The two boys at the station passed the time in deep anxiety for their comrades. Every minute, it seemed to them, the wind blew harder and the waters rolled higher. The darkness made it impossible for them to see the boat after it had first been launched. When the rockets ceased going up from the disabled vessel, they knew that either the boys had succeeded in removing the crew and passen-

gers, or that the vessel had gone down before help arrived. They continued to send up rockets from the station to guide the life-boat back to the beach, in case it was living at all in that fearful sea. Their terrible suspense was relieved at last, when they heard faint shouts almost immediately in front of the station. Rushing out on the beach, they barely escaped being struck by the life-boat as it was tossed upon the sand by an immense wave.

The station presented a very woeful appearance a few minutes later. Not a single person wore a hat, and not a one but was drenched to the skin. Yet there was deep gratitude in the hearts of those who had been rescued, and in the hearts of those who had attempted the rescue, as well. The old man who had been rescued with the little girl said: "Let us thank God for our deliverance." They all knelt, and a simple prayer went up to Him who rides upon the storm.

When it was realized that Stow had been left on the wreck, every one's heart sank within him. It was folly to hope to return to the vessel after him, for every one of the ship's crew was sure that the vessel had already fallen to pieces. Soon light began to show dimly through the clouds. With the approach of day the tempest seemed to abate. As soon as it was possible to discern objects the boys began to patrol the beach. Several dead bodies were found which were identified by the lost ship's crew. No trace was found of Stow. The sun at length struggled up from behind the billows and pierced the storm cloud, which now began to break up and scurry away in rapid flight, as if seeking to hide below the horizon from the frightful scene on the beach. A man in the tower of the station sang out: "A body afloat." Immediately all hands huddled together on the beach to await the arrival of the ghastly object.

"He gave his life for me," said the old man in a reverent tone, as the little party stood over the lifeless form of poor Stow.

"He was the first to see your signal of distress. In fact, he sat up to watch for you," Dick Maffit informed him.

The old man turned back to gaze again into that upturned face. His powerful frame shuddered, and his swarthy skin changed to an ashen hue. "Mighty like Rob," he muttered, as if speaking to himself. Kneeling down on the sand, he pushed the water-soaked locks back from the forehead. A long red scar was visible. The crowd was very eager now. "Can it be? Can it be?" he kept repeating to himself in a sort of dazed fashion. Then his large, rough hands, shaking as with the palsy, painfully unloosed the neck of the boy's shirt, and exposed the lifeless bosom. Almost over the cold heart a gold locket was suspended by a small cord around the neck. At sight of this the aged mariner sank down upon the wet beach, unable to remain in a kneeling posture. With great difficulty he managed to open the gold case. A woman's sad face met his eager gaze. "It's his mother, and my wife," he said huskily. "Don't let the little girl know. The lad loved adventure, and couldn't be restrained at home. His mother's prayers and I have followed him four long years. Its a pity she can't see him again. But he died nobly, more so than his father's lived. He was always brave and strong." The stricken father pressed a kiss upon the clammy brow, undid the string, arose and walked slowly with head bowed toward the station.

An anxious crowd had gathered on the bluff at Southport to wait for some news from the boys. Late in the forenoon a small boat was discovered skipping along over the dancing waves toward the town. Eager mothers and anxious fathers pressed to the water's edge to hear from their children.

"One accident, fatal," the watchman was saying, "Stow was drowned."

"Only Stow? I'm so glad!" exclaimed several men and women at once.

Then they heard how Stow had died a hero, and of the discovery of his father. In the afternoon a small tug brought the rescued sailors and the body of Stow from Bald Head island. The pastor of the Methodist flock read the burial service over the corpse of the vagabond sailor boy, in the presence of a large congregation; and many sad hearts followed Stow to his last resting-place in the village cemetery near the river.

JOE, THE PILOT LAD.

BY MARSHALL C. GUTHRIE.

"How happy they
Who from the toil and tumult of their lives
Steal to look down where naught but ocean strives."

In this frame of mind, I sat well forward on the promenade deck on the passenger steamer Wilmington, anxiously scanning ahead for my first sight of the Atlantic. We have rounded the last bend of historic old Cape Fear and now in the distance, out beyond Bald Head Island, the white-capped breakers of the ocean present a new scene to my eye and the music of its roar sounds upon my listening ears. I gazed upon the scene long and meditatively then turned my eyes upon the little town of Southport, perched upon the west bank of the river. I have already fallen in love with the place, even before the boat has reached her pier. The old-fashioned houses with dormer windows and the trim cottages of more modern build, together nestling under the shade of the live oaks, form a pretty picture to the eye and a still prettier picture for the mind to dwell upon. The steamer reached her pier about midday and I proceeded immediately to the hotel, a large, roomy, old-fashioned building, setting well back in the yard. The ride down the river had whetted my appetite and I awaited rather impatiently the summons to dinner. Sitting upon the broad piazza, my nose sniffing hungrily at the tantalizing odors that proceeded from the back part of the house, dinner was at last announced by the ringing of a bell and, following after the ebony-hued bell ringer, I entered the dining hall and sat down to what is known as a "seaside dinner." A part of the course, as well as I remember, was about as follows: *Chelone imbricata*, *Lamellibranchiata*, *Pisces*, of the order *Teleostei*, *Labrus Americanus*, *Brachyura* and *Macrura Podophthalmata*, or in more popular language,—and as I imagine, names that give a better taste

to the dishes mentioned: turtle soup, little-neck clams, Pig-fish, baked tautog, crabs, shrimp, etc. I enjoyed that meal and the memory of it lingers with me still. After a good rest and a nap in the hammock upon the porch—it was not a crowded hotel—I started about 5 o'clock in the afternoon for a look over the little "city of oaks," as I have since heard it called. The wind was south-west and the sea-breezes, laden with the flavor of the salt ocean brine, played hide and seek among the stately old trees, dropping down, every now and then in fitful gusts to whirl into the air the dead leaves banked upon the ground. Presently I found my way to the beach where the rippling waves of the incoming tide seemed to catch the spirit of playfulness from the wind as quicker and quicker, they chased each other in upon the pebbly shore. I walked along the strand looking at the large ships at anchor out in the stream and the white-sailed smaller craft, skimming along like swallows across the bosom of the harbor. One, even, I watched till from a white speck on the water she came into full view, came on and was beached a little distance down the shore. My attention, however, did not go out to the boats again, for a little distance from the water's edge, upon a log lying half-buried in the soft beach sand, sat an old "tar" busily engaged in mending a fish net. The net was spread so as to come partly up over his knees and his short, chubby fingers were handling the knitting needle with a deftness that was surprising.

As I approached him, I noticed how grizzled and tanned this old son of Neptune was. Clad in rough sea-fareing apparel, his deep blue eyes gleaming with a kindly look from beneath a battered cap, the thread-worn edge of which was partly hidden by thick upcurling locks of silver, he was, as his looks portrayed him, a typical "old salt," a pilot, who, from his youth up, had "followed the sea." And, as if to complete the picture, he held between his lips, which opened occasionally to emit a puff of white

smoke, a short stemmed clay pipe, the inseparable companion of the sea-farer. Thinking that I would find something of interest in this hale old sea-dog, I responded to his salutation, and sitting down beside him on his barnacle-covered seat, engaged him in conversation. "How smooth and peceable it is upon the ocean to-day. It looks as if these waters were never lashed by the tempest," I remarked. "Aye sor," he grunted, "but we hav'em, an' after jus' sich fine weather as this more'n often." "Why," said he, growing more communicative, "the worst storm we ever had on this coast followed after jus' sich weather. It was the time the Sprunt went down in 11½ fathoms and we had sich close shave in the Timmons," he continued. "How was it?" I ventured, anxious for the story. The old fellow bent his head in deep meditation for awhile, puffing slowly upon his pipe.

While the old pilot recalls his experience a word or two in explanation upon the life of these men will help you to better understand his story.

The pilots are licensed men who board inward-bound vessels at sea and pilot them over the bar and into the harbor. Now, piloting is comparatively safe. The pilot is on duty one week and off two and boards his vessel from a steam tug. In the days of this story there was no pilots' combination. Pilotage was open to general competition and many of these men, depending upon this for a living, took their lives in their hands and cruised in small boats, regardless of the weather, for a radius of 75 or 100 miles at sea, on the look out for vessels needing a pilot. So much in explanation, now for the story.

Taking an extra lingering puff or two upon his pipe, my companion began to tell his story, his deep sonorous voice accompanied by the music of oars in rowlocks as the small boats passed along the shore. "Wall sor," he began, "that storm of April 1877 was a ripper, shore 'nough and she lasted three days. Our boat, the Timmons, and another

small pilot boat, the Spont, was cruisin' off the coast when the gale struck and, as we couldn't make harbor we had to put to sea to try and ride it out. The Sprunt was lost with all on board." Here the old fellow's voice lowered as he spoke of his lost companions. "We had a crew of four men countin' the lad Joe, but, bless you sor, Joe was good as any o'us, if he wasn't nothin' but a boy. Wall, we made our ship ready for rough weather and with jus' enough canvass to keep her steady, we rolled and pitched all day and all night. I can't recollect jus' what did happen the next day. Day broke with no sun, the sky and water was all the same grayish color, but most of the time, sor, you couldn't see the sky for the water, the ocean had done gone crazy. One minute a mount'in wave would heave us up in the air and then drop from under us. The next, we would be down in the trough with the waves walled up on both sides o'us, pretty nigh high as the mast. Every time we went down in the trough we never expected to ride atop the next wave, but we did. The storm kept gettin' worse. The noise of the wind and water in the riggin rose to a regular shriek and, it was a actual fact sor, the roar of the ocean was like every noise that could be made, soundin' at one time. The waters would rush toward us lookin' like they was going to fall over on us in one second and the next would ketch our tremblin' groanin' vessel and throw her over to the next billow. Wall, sor, we had been in rough weather before but none o'us had seen anything like this. I don't know how to tell you jus' how it was. Our little craft thrashed through it till evenin' when the jib-halyard parted. I remember it jus' like it yistiddy. Julius Weeks was at the wheel and had been there for thirteen hours, lashed in the cockpit. Well, sor, when that heavy jib slid down and hung over the end of the bowsprit the seas jus' seemed to jump up to it and to pull the bow of our vessel lower down into the water. The Timmons tried to free herself, but now every breaker

swept her from stern to stem. I wasn't much of a prayin' man but I said one then. I looked my men in the faces and we knew that we was lost unless one o' us could free the bowsprit from that hanging jib. It was worth a man's life, sor, to go out on that bowsprit, for if he got out on it the heavy seas would be almost sure to beat him off. I hated to send a man to try it, sor, but it was the only thing, and I called the men to draw lots for the desprit job, when the lad Joe, who was at the wheel, sang out to me: 'Hold on, Cap! I am a young man, let me try it. You men have families at home to look out for. Let me try it, and if I am swept overboard it 'ill be alright?' Wall, we let him go. Pullin' off his oil-skins and rubber-boots, he took his sheath knife in his teeth and started forward. He crawled along the deck holdin' on with both hands—and the Timmons rollin' nearly on her beam's ends at every jump. He reached the foremast, held on to it till a breaker dashed over his head and as our boat jumped free of it, Joe started again, crawlin' for the bowsprit. I couldn't make him out good, but heard one o' the men say he reached it and then went out o' sight in the next breaker. He was up in the air one minute with both arms 'round the bowsprit and the next minute he would disappear in the sea that seemed to reach up for him. This kept up, sar, 'till Joe was out on the end—and the next time our boat cleared the sea, with the boy pointin' skyward he took the knife from his teeth, slashed the jib-halyard into, and went out o' sight agin in the water. But he had to crawl to deck backwards and none o' us looked to see him alive again. It was the same thing, up in the air one time and down deep into the seas the next, but no man could stand that thrashin' long. I hadn't seen him from the time he reached the foremast. May be it was the salt in my eyes that I couldn't see good, may be it was my thinkin' o' sendin' that boy out there offerin' his life for us,'' and here the old fellow's voice became husky.

"Any how the next thing I recollect Joe crawled back amongst us—and laid down, bruised and worn out." He paused a moment then went on. "The Timmons rode freer with the jib-halyard cut. We had another night before us but we fet better, we felt more like men and Joe, sor, was the cause o' it. We managed to weather it durin' the night and the next mornin' the storm was goin' down. The sea was still high and every now and then breakers would break over us but later in the day we was able to carry a little sail. The next mornin' we made harbor on the South Carolina coast, worn out, with our boat almost a wreck, but glad to be on the shore again."

The old pilot ceased speaking. In his rough way he told his narrative, simly and plainly, but his voice, his manner, his earnestness told it eloquently and graphically enough for me to know what lives of hardihood, of sacrifice and of extreme peril these "toilers of the sea" lead. I saw the little pilot-boat Timmons, enveloped in a cloud of spray, and tossed like a toy from wave to wave, yet struggling bravely with those mountains of water. I saw the crew clad in oil-skins and "sou-westers," silent at their posts and the lad Joe, slowly, laboriously, making his dangerous way out on the bowsprit, now high in the air, again disappearing in the angry billows that swept down upon the little vessel. I saw him rise again, swept with spray, seize the sheath-knife in his hands and free the boat from the dangerous weight that threatened her destruction, then more slowly, more laboriously make his still more dangerous way back on deck again and lay himself down, exhausted, among his companions.

His deed was not heralded to the world in the music of the trumpet's wild charge. He was not like Hobson, lauded, praised, kissed by admiring multitudes. The world never knew him. Thus heroes live and die.

I glanced down at my companion. The sun's last rays lingered for a moment upon his silvery locks and tanned

and grizzled face. Unconscious of my presence, his figure sitting erect, his muscles tense, his eyes strained out over the sea, he was again battling with the storm king; being tossed about by the angry waters. His pipe was beside him on the log, forgotten. The knitting needle had dopped from his hand and was lying half-buried in the sand. I, too, was lost in thought for a while then silently I arose and left him. Walking along the water's edge I looked out over the harbor. Darkness was stealing over the water and chasing away the shadows. The anchor lights of the out-bound vessels were gleaming in the distance and now, from the nearest ship, lying quietly at the anchor, the voice of the watch was borne to my ears: "Eight bells," it sang out, "the forward light is burning bright and all's well." I turned and looked back again. The old pilot had arisen, gathered his net in his arms and was slowly disappearing in the darkness.

NOTE.—The main part of the story is based upon facts. The storm of 1877 was one of the most severe that has ever visited the Carolina coasts. The hero, Mr. Joseph Arnold, still lives at Southport and pursues his vocation as one of the Cape Fear pilots.

HOW JONAS HOUSTON SWAPPED HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW FOR A WIFE.

BY P. V. HOYLE.

Jonas Houston and Sandy Jones were rivals. They were also negroes. The latter circumstance is one for which they are in no wise responsible, and which should excite no surprise, as their ancestors had formerly lived in a state of continual *deshaibille* in Africa. But the former circumstance is accounted for by the fact that they were both enamored of the same dusky damsel. They were both strong, buck negroes, both worked on the same farm, and had been good friends until they fell out over their love affair. For a long time it was doubtful which of the two Mandy Brown, for by this name was the girl known before whose charms these young bucks had succumbed, favored. Sometimes public opinion had it that Sandy had intrenched himself in his chosen one's affections so firmly as to defy dislodgement; at other times people said they believed that if Sandy didn't look out, Jonas would marry "that gal" yet. They were the best "hands" on the plantation, and she was the most "likely" girl, so the contest for her hand aroused interest among the tenants, whose sympathy with the two lovers was divided. A part of them favored Sandy, while a smaller number desired that Jonas should win the bride. Those who were disinterested seemed inclined to think that Sandy would be the lucky man, for he was of a light gingercake color, while his rival's face vied in dead blackness the most sombre hues of the raven. Black but faintly expresses it. He was the blackest of the black. Once he went into the office of the Ashepole *Gazette*, and was smeared by the printer's devil with the roller, and the boy facetiously declared that there was a light spot on his face where the roller touched. So it seemed not at all unlikely that Mandy, whose mother was a mulatto, would choose that one of her suitors whose skin

more nearly matched her own. But what was almost the undoing of Jonas proved his salvation. While loafing around the stores at Ashepole one day, he was seen by an agent for an establishment that manufactured dyes. The man gave him a quarter and kodaked him on the spot. The result of this was that shortly afterward an excellent, but grinning likeness of Jonas appeared in the papers in the advertisement of the Dye company, above the legend, "Fast Black—for Wool." The agent sent Jonas a number of cards upon which a similar device was printed. Before their fell power did the coy Mandy yield; and as many a woman has already done, and as many more will do, she discarded one lover for another for no other reason than that the latter had achieved a greater or less measure of fame.

But Sandy had no idea of giving up the race so easily. The next move he made was to join the church. By doing this he enlisted on his side Mandy's father, who was a deacon, and who, believing thoroughly on the scriptural injunction regarding deacons' "ruling well their children," obeyed it to the letter. Sandy knew this; and he also knew that the parental influence over Mandy was almost unlimited. He believed that, if it ever came to the point where the girl was compelled to choose between two suitors, one of whom was a "believer" and the other not, the Deacon would exert his influence to the advantage of that one who had been adopted into the household of faith. Nor had he miscalculated in this estimate of the Deacon's character. By a series of communings with him upon subjects suitable to a "babe in the word," he so ingratiated himself in the Deacon's good graces that when he broached the subject of alliance with his daughter to him, the excellent old man embraced him in sheer excess of delight, and vowed it should be unto him in all things as he desired. They held a prolonged conference over the matter, and that night after supper, the old man informed Mandy that

Mr. Sandy Jones had that day solicited her hand in marriage; that he, her father and natural guardian, had approved of the suit, and that he desired her to discountenance the attentions of one Jonas Houston, who had been dancing attendance upon her of late. Mandy, who had simpered and shifted from one foot to another during the first part of her father's talk, was somewhat disconcerted at the latter part, but modestly averred that if the "fool nigger" could stand it, she could.

It is by no means likely that Jonas had ever heard of the distich, "Happy the wooing that's not long a'doing," but at any rate he recognized the principle involved as an excellent one. And no sooner did he hear from the lips of Mandy herself the status of affairs touching his rival's ascendency in her father's graces, than he became so urgent in his insistence upon no longer deferring their marriage, that Mandy consented; and on the day after the Deacon so pompously banished Jonas, he and Mandy were, by virtue of certain authority delegated to Justices of the Peace, declared man and wife. Jonas' mother, who was highly gratified that her son should carry off from "that wall-eyed Sandy Jones" the most desirable girl in the neighborhood for a wife, spared no pains to make the "enfair" a notable one. As the negroes expressed it, she "put the little pot in the big one," to do justice to the occasion. At any rate, that night her cabin was the scene of gastronomic abundance, and her table was piled high with substantial refreshments for the inner man.

The next day a vacant cabin was fitted up, and the couple began their simple housekeeping. They did not invite her parents to the "enfair;" and Sandy, though invited, did not come. Nor did they make any effort to begin familiarities with the Deacon, though they awaited anxiously his steps in the matter. It was soon rumored that he had announced his intention of prosecuting Jonas for making false representations as to Mandy's age, she

being only sixteen years old at the time of the marriage; but as no move was made in carrying out the threat, they rightly concluded that he had given up the idea. But it would be an injustice not to state that he did so, only when he had, by examination, discovered that no false representation had been made, the Clerk, who knew both the parties having made out the license without asking any questions. As several weeks passed without any step being taken towards a reconciliation, they supposed the estrangement would be permanent, so when one evening while they were eating supper, the deacon stepped in, they were surprised as well as pleased, and proceeded to make him welcome.

There was a smile upon the Deacon's face and his manners were "childlike and bland," while his tones were amiable and as soothing as the purring of a cat.

"Why you chillun seems to be onhospitable to de old folks. Mandy, why ain't you been over to see yore mammy? She sholy duz feel huht at de way youse er treatin' of her."

Mandy looked up shame-facedly. "I 'clar ter gracious," said she, "I's been 'tendin' ter come mos' ev'ry day this week, en jes' kep' puttin' it off o'count er one thing ernother tell it looks lak I don't git nowhars. But I'm ercomin' though, jes' soon es I gits things straighten'd up a little." She stopped and then went on. "Ye reckin' she ain't got no hard feelin's at me?"

The Deacon's smile became unctuous. "Bless de chile's heart," said he, "in coirse she ain't. She wuz sorter put out at fust, but de yuther day she says to me, 'Mose, chillen will be chillen, en I spects we bout ez well make de most of it.' En dis mawnin' she axes me ez how if I gits er chanst, ter tell you she's makin' er little blackberry wine in case er sickness, en ef you would hep her, she'd divide with you."

"Tell her I'll sholy come," replied the delighted Mandy, and the Deacon, excusing his hurry on the plea of having to round up some strayed hogs, went out.

Mandy was in transports of delight at the reconciliation, but Jonas thought the old man might have made the recognition of him in the capacity of son-in-law a little more pronounced. And sad to say, the Deacon's action on this occasion had in it an element of guile to a degree that is totally incompatible with the character of his office as laid down by St. Paul in his fatherly letter to Timothy. For when Mandy, light-hearted and joyous that there was no longer a breach between her relatives and herself, reached the cabin hearth of her sire, this last named individual informed her that as she was only sixteen, parental authority ante-dated those matrimonial obligations she had recently taken upon herself in defianee of her father's known and expressed wishes. He then waved his hand majestically toward a washboard and expressed an earnest desire on his part that she immediately employ herself with that useful domestic utensil to the betterment of a large pile of clothes that lay in a corner.

Mandy knew better than to refuse, so she applied herself vigorously to the task indicated, but determined to avail herself of the first opportunity of returning to that station from which she had been beguiled by the wily tactics of her father. But it seemed as if this opportunity would never come. At no one time were both of her parents absent from the cabin at the same time, while at night the one window was bolted down, the door locked and the key deposited tantalizingly under her father's head. Unseemly levity and boasting of one's personal astuteness ill becomes a usually placid and decorus deacon, but nevertheless, the old Adam was so strong in Deacon Brown as to cause him to send word to Jonas through the person of Sandy Jones that the feat of getting one's picture into the paper did not qualify one for keeping a stolen

wife. Sandy delivered the message, and added thereto a few flourishes and embellishments of his own fancy. Whereupon the wronged husband waxed wroth, and smote Sandy upon the nose and made it bleed, and inflicted other damage upon his person; requesting him to advise the Deacon not to send any more messages to him by a babboon, and that should their paths ever again cross each other, the dignity of a churchly office would afford no protection against deep and dire vengeance, adding, as a matter of belief on his part, that the paths aforesaid would intersect at no distant day.

While this exchange of amenities stimulated the somewhat sluggish intellect of Jonas, it afforded but little real satisfaction. He did not know what his own status would be in court; and not being sure but that he was liable to punishment for abduction, he preferred not to look to the strong arm of the law for succor. After thinking over the situation, he decided to go to his mother for counsel, and to avail himself of her more matured judgment. It was midnight when they sought slumber, but the tenor of their plans may best be gathered from what followed.

On the morrow Jonas sent an envoy to the stronghold of the enemy with the tidings that in the cabin that was the scene of his ill-starred matrimonial venture were certain articles of female apparel and appurtenances thereto belonging, the same being the property of Mandy, all of which might be obtained if some one were sent for them, and that as he was going to town, he would leave the door open. The messenger returned bringing word that his mother-in-law would, on that same day, fetch the articles enumerated, to her own home. It is related that Jonas, upon hearing this intelligence, went through a series of contortions and grimaces all expressive of the highest delight; and that he deported himself in a manner exactly the opposite of that in which a man would ordinarily act, from whose arms a bride of two weeks had just been

snatched by a designing and crafty father-in-law. Nor were his subsequent actions less mysterious. Instead of going to town, as he had said he would do, he waited for some time at his mother's house. Then, keeping carefully out of sight of any one passing along the road, he went in the direction of his house. Upon coming in sight of the front door, he stopped and listened carefully; but though he heard nothing, he climbed over the fence, stretching at full length in the sadge grass, crawled up near the front door, but still hidden from an ordinary observer. Here he waited for an hour or more patiently. At the end of that time the portly form of his mother-in-law came in sight. The house was fully half a mile from the big road, and was equally distant from any other habitation. The path was rough, and the exertion caused his mother-in-law to pant as she lumbered along; but on she came, and in she went, at the open door of the house. Jonas tip-toed quietly up to the house, slammed the door and turned the key in the lock. Then he commenced a war dance and, while performing the most fantastic gyrations, emitted a series of whoops that would have been creditable to a victorious Comanche. The captive made for the door and threw her ponderous weight against it, but it did not yield. She tried the window, but Jonas had made everything secure, and she was, beyond all cavil, a captive. Then she found her tongue, and lauched upon Jonas every epithet she could think of, and her vituperative vocabulary was extended and choice. But the tirade of abuse had no other effect upon Jonas than to cause him to respond with whoops of laughter, and to remind her of the fact that she had been party to the perfidy that had deprived him of the loving attentions of a wife. The wordy contest had attracted the attention of a number of "hands" who had been at work in a field near by. They had approached and were enjoying the situation only less keenly than Jonas. Pressing one of these into service as a messenger,

Jonas sent a glowing account of the retaliatory capture to the Deacon, and announced his intention of keeping his mother-in-law as a hostage until an exchange of wives could be effected. "And tell him," Jonas said, raising his voice for the captive to hear, "Dat she's ole en' got de roomytiz, en she's ez ugly ez er skeer crow, en is erbout ez flabby ez er bed tick, en I ain't got no use fur her, but I'll keep de ole hag locked up yere tel da Jedgmint day ef he doan sen Mandy back."

To this the captive responded with a string of choice and vigorous billingsgate, and her malisons were so extremely spirited that her auditors yelled in an agony of appreciative delight. Jonas confined his efforts at reply to a few general observations regarding the certainty with which those who dig a pit for others fall into it themselves. This intellectual duel was in full course when a messenger arrived from the Deacon, demanding the immediate release of his wife. Jonas hooted at the proposition and, when a little later the Deacon arrived upon the scene and reiterated the demand in person, he laughed contemptuously and defied the venerable gentleman to do his worst. It was now long past dinner-time, and the pangs of hunger were gnawing ravenously upon the imprisoned matron, who was also very much fatigued by the objurgatory exercises of the morning; so she interposed, and informed the Deacon what he might expect at her hands unless he made arrangements for her immediate release. Jonas averred that the only measure calculated to bring about this desired result was the restoration to him of his wife. He also added that if this were not done without unnecessary delay he would proceed to such measures as would, for all time, make the Deacon an example to obdurate parents. So being assailed from two different quarters, menaced with dire punishment by the partner of his sorrows if he did not procure her freedom, and threatened with personal chastisement by an outraged son-in-law, if he did

not comply with certain demands, upon which compliance his wife's release was assured, the Deacon gave in; and in an incredibly short space of time thereafter Mandy was set at liberty and her mother was given her freedom. The Deacon is a patient man and long-suffering, and so when that night, his spouse turned loose upon his luckless and devoted head the vials of her wrath, even as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

And this is how Jonas Houston came to swap his mother-in-law for a wife.

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

One finds in college magazines abundant food for reflection upon human nature, especially that species of it which finds its way into colleges. When a man stalks boldly up to you and in all sincerity tells you as his confidential friend that he verily believes, everything considered, he is the best man in college, you immediately steal away to your room and mark him down in your little book as a weakling worthy of your deepest pity. Yet this man is more tolerable than he who very modestly announces to the public that he now has the honor to be the editor of the best magazine ever published by a southern college. Such editorial statements which have unfortunately become to be the inseparable accompaniment of some college monthlies furnish *prima facie* evidence of the magazine's inferiority.

On our exchange table lies a magazine of goodly size full of sensible readable matter. Its departments are interesting and instructive, and its editorials are practical and to the point. By the side of it is another magazine of some thirty pages, including three or four very ordinary stories. Its exchange editor seems to think it is his bounden duty to cut and slash without discrimination, and all the other departments are sadly deficient. Yet the editor of this magazine wastes two pages in a futile attempt to prove to an infidelic public that his is the best monthly going the rounds. What a promising difference in the character of the men behind

these two college periodicals. Silence in the presence of worthy efforts argues not only modesty, but mental equilibrium as well, and all this vain, empty boasting over very ordinary attainments which has become so much in evidence argues a sad lack of modesty and mental balance, to say nothing of discriminating judgment as to the fitness of things. It has been truly said that one's best corrective is the faculty of seeing his own follies, and it is just as true that one of the primal requisites for increasing success not only in college magazines, but in all lines of work is a sound and sane appreciation of your errors and limitations. Very often an editor finds himself in a sad plight for something to publish. For reasons known best by students nothing good has been volunteered. We tax the indulgence of our limited public sufficiently when we put off on them a moderately dull magazine, but the editor of such a magazine belittles himself and becomes tiresome when he labors in vain to make his readers believe that they really have been reading something of excellent worth. It would be much more manly to decrease the deficiencies by honest labor or else make silent acknowledgement of their existence. As to the deficiencies themselves we all have them, not always because the students cannot write, but because for various reasons they will not, and it does us no good to try to conceal them when they are so conspicuously in evidence.

Judging from the variety in the character of the editorials in various college exchanges of the day, it seems rather undecided as to what should really be the nature of the editorial. Some editorials in these magazines touch matters of political and national interest, while, on the other hand, many are purely local in their character, some are not only local in importance, but, worse than that, they are not even discussed editorially. Of course it ought to be a matter of prime importance that the good and the ill which we see

around us have our immediate attention, in the editorial columns of our magazines we ought to encourage the favorable side of the life of our college community, and especially is it our business to call attention to every phase of the evils to the progress of that community, suggesting remedies where we feel that our judgment is safe. Now this can be done in such a manner as to reach the sympathy of those not particularly affected by the life of our college community, we may discuss what we reasonably suppose might have been peculiar to other institutions than our own. But as for merely calling attention or boasting of every little matter which is calculated to garnish our reputation in the face of some of our rivals, that ought to be beneath the dignity of the college editorial. It is far less often that we notice discussions of matters of national or political importance. The editor ought to be alive to such interests and it happens not very frequently that he may be permitted to touch such matters, but this is not often. The happy mean which constitutes the realm of the college editorial ought to embrace the vital phases of college life, the interests of education and a personal and literary culture.—J. R. C.

The great hope of modern education is that the college man will overcome that narrowness which he has been accused of in the past. For four years the student has to fight against this narrowing process. Every college community ought to be provided with all the influences which will counteract this fatal process. The student comes to college, gets attached to the text-books and the daily routine of work, he sometimes becomes more absorbed as he comes to the elective course and what is still worse he gets more isolated from his fellow-students, so that at the end of his college career his malady has attained developments which are alarming. This type of students when they are not occupied with the duties of their daily existence often spend moments of melancholy brooding, just half conscious of their ills. Some of the causes of this

trouble are these: a lack of exercise and wide reading outside of the course, evils which are not so prominent in our college now, but still more important than these is the lack of intercourse of our students one with another and the society of the members of the faculty for the students outside of the lecture-room. We have already called attention in a former editorial to the fact that the life of the student-body is so removed from that of the people of town. But in some of our colleges the relation of the student to the faculty and the intercourse of the students, one for another, needs to be improved upon to insure a healthy student life. Unless these evils be looked into our colleges will continue to have the fellow who swallows and struggles with the beefsteak and the biscuit and hurries away to his text-books for lack of other amusement. Everything that he writes or does savors of sameness of this every day struggle, he has lost interest in some of those things which are essential for every one to know, and the world calls him narrow.—J. R. C.

The editor of this department has never been guilty of any serious intentions of perpetrating upon his readers anything of merit or sound sense, but rather has his object been in the contrary line. Such a storm of abuse and vituperation has arisen that he now verily believes he is eminently fitted to write stuff that requires neither merit nor sense to fulfil its object. All this censure, coming as it does from certain sources of final wisdom—from just that class of wise men who make conspicuous fools of themselves in trying to demonstrate to you that they are the wisest thing on the go, constitutes a sort of ultimatum, the disregard of which is fraught with no less direful calamities than the immediate banishment from the presence and instruction of the aforesaid wise men. It was a strange freak of Providence that crowded all wisdom of heaven and earth into the small craniums of the favored few, the wiseacres, before whom we of small calibre must bow and scrape for the faintest smile of approval. How much happier the world would have been if we all could have had a small share. Of course you have seen these favored gentlemen. We unfortunately have a superfluous supply of them around us, but no doubt there are others. He stands around with a far away glance in his eye. Back in innermost recesses of his cranium the wheels of his mighty brain are turning with a whirl and vim. The great stores of wisdom are being turned over and sifted. As he passes by with stately stride or stops by the wayside to drop a crumb of wisdom or of advice to the unfortunate you hear the wheels a-running in

his head—the veritable hum of a god's mill—and from out that sanctum there flows a vocal stream of sparkling wisdom, such as the sages sought and found it not. He condescendingly tells you how things ought to be done now, and how *he* is going to do them. He tells you what *he* has done, and wondrous things they are; what things *he* can do, and you wouldn't believe how great they are; what *he* is going to do, and then the morning stars will sing a new song for joy. But if you offer an idea or suggest a difference in taste or ambition, he turns away with a supercilious smile on his handsome face and of course you have made him tired. It has been a source of much anxiety to us to contemplate what would become of this part of the Lord's workshop if the world, with its strenuous demands, should call him to a larger field. But after all we would not be surprised in after years to see him, like his predecessors, sitting on the shady corner whittling a pine-wood stick and telling how *he* did things in the good old times when he was a boy.

Another classs of citizens have been turning their guns our way and the firing all along the line has been recklessly at random. This is that increasing class of men who have gorged themselves with a superabundance of indigestible piety. The tenor of their grievances is that there are evident signs of moral depravity in some parts of THE ARCHIVE. Of course it is bad economy to waste space in arguing with these gentlemen. When we want their good graces we will turn our monthly into a purely religious periodical from which we can dispense such spiritual pabulum as their disordered constitutions can stand. We might say to certain gentlemen in passing from this head, that is not much of their business at present just what appears in the columns. Nor do we expect the success of our monthly to be affected materially by their opinion of its contents. Of course, in their own estimation their judgment touching things literary ought to be regarded as a universal standard, but in as much as their mental achievments

have been marked by no startling or meteoric brilliancy some may differ from them in some slight manner. A chronic grumbler is hard to please and were he not so stuck on the magnitude and importance of his own personality he might see that he is not a universal favorite among normally constituted people.

Literary Notes

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. Benjamin Swift, the author of "Nancy Noon," "The Tormentor," and "The Destroyer," has published another book, "Siren City." His former books were of sufficient worth to show that the author had the right elements in him. They served as finger posts to what would follow. They were evidence that he had power and imagination of an unusual order. Those who had read these books looked forward with impatience to his later books, and it is without disappointment that they read his last book, "Siren City." In the work of every writer there is an observable process of development, and it is in "Siren City" that we see Mr. Swift's best novel. It shows strength and is in a free and simple style.

The following is an extract from what *The London Outlook* says of it: "The intelligent reader will have discovered that we are inclined to take Mr. Swift seriously. As the one Scottish writer who sees beyond Scotland, Mr. Swift is entitled to respect; as the creator of certain characters almost epic in stature—epic but for their deformities—Mr. Swift is entitled to high rank among living poets. His medium is prose, of that we are aware; but in his preceding books, our writer, so it seemed to us, moved in a world more symbolic and fanciful, more quick with picture and sudden meanings than that of the prosadists. His cities were spun in mid air, not founded in the soil. In "Siren City" he descends. Here we have men, more men than symbols, and women recognizable in the flesh as well as spirit. We have no space to

dwell on other features of this story, on the fine prose into which it ascends, the breadth and knowledge that set it apart from the novel of the day. "Siren City" is a book worth knowing."

"M. Zola's new novel, "Fecondite," by the way, has just been published in this country by the Macmillan Company, under the title "Fruitfulness." This book, to which are added interest most attach through the peculiar position of the author at the time of its production, is on the colossal scale of his recent novels. Around the central figure Zola has grouped a little community of subordinate characters."—*The Bookman.*

"The news comes from London that the Old Curiosity Shop, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, is soon to be torn down. Bit by bit Dicken's London is passing away. With the construction of the Holborn Viaduct vanished the last traces of the scenes of the most graphic chapters of 'Oliver Twist.' Jacob's Island, the scene of the death of Bill Sykes, long ago ceased to be an island, although the mill pond mentioned in the book still juts in from the Thames. There was always some doubt as to whether the structure at 14 Portsmouth street was actually the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' "—*The Bookman.*

The following is what *The Outlook* says of a volume containing twenty-five of the best short poems of the nineteenth century compiled by William S. Lord: "This volume contains twenty-five poems selected by the ballots of 'two hundred representative literary people,' the preface tells us, who were asked to furnish lists of 'twenty-five of the best short poems written in the nineteenth century.' The lists were then compared, and the twenty-five poems which received the highest number of votes appear in this slender anthology. Even a casual glance at the selection shows that not a single inferior poem has been included, but there will be wide diversity of opinion as to whether these twenty-five poems are the best which could be selected."

"Mrs. Fields' brief biography of Hawthorne is in its way a model of what a brief biographic study should be. It conveys all the principal facts of Hawthorne's life, and yet it introduces so much autobiographical matter, so many interesting and significant letters, that the short study has all the interest which is usually second only in a much more elaborate biography. Mrs. Fields stood very near to Hawthorne and had exceptional opportunities of understanding his temperament and his habits of work. She uses all her knowledge in this little book without obtruding it."—*The Outlook.*

A Kipling Primer, written by Frederic Lawrence Knowles, has been printed by Brown & Co., Boston. *The Review of Reviews* says of it: "In the prefatory note to this little volume, Mr. Knowles remarks that the world has never before witnessed the spectacle of a collected edition of an author's works issued within a dozen years of the date of his earliest title-page. It might also be said that seldom, or never, has an author required a 'primer' of his writings at the age of thirty-four. The work includes a biographical sketch of Mr. Kipling, critical chapters on, and an index to his writings, with a full bibliography."

"The year has witnessed several notable accretions to the world's stock of authors' memoirs," says *The Review of Reviews.* "The reading public will always show a decided preference for this form of literature. The letters that some distinguished writers have left us are better than anything else they ever wrote. If the letters were written with no thought of publication—so much the better. Literary quality aside, the correspondence of authors often has a peculiar and lasting personal interest. The author's correspondents, as a rule, are among the most interesting personalities of the day, even if not always the people most in public view." The review of some of the recently published letters includes the letters of Sidney Lanier, and these are compared with those of Robert Louis Stevenson. It says, "the two volumes

of Stevenson's letters constitute an autobiography of unusual interest. They tell the story of a long and hard-fought contest with physical ailments, but the writer's point of view is never that of the complaining invalid. His letters rather reveal a life of almost constant joy in achievement—of continual 'reaching forth unto things that are before.' This same note," continues *The Review*, "is many times struck in the letters of Sidney Lanier, the poet-musician, whose life, like Stevenson's, was cut off in its prime. Stevenson lived to be forty-four; Lanier died in his fortieth year. The present volume of selections from Mr. Lanier's correspondence (Scribner's) acquaints us especially with the poet's impression of music. Letters of Mr. Lanier to his wife, to Mr. Gibson Peacock, to Mr. Paul Hamilton Hayne, and to Mr. Bayard Taylor (with a few letters from Mr. Taylor) are included in this volume."

"Among the few volumes of essays which the publishers have seen fit to put forth this season, none will be more eagerly welcomed than Dr. Henry Van Dyke's 'Fisherman's Luck' (Scribner's). The author of 'Little Rivers' may safely be trusted to write a book that will appeal to the angling instincts of mankind, but every lover of nature and the open air, whether he be an angler or not, will be confirmed in his ways by a perusal of Dr. Van Dyke's breezy pages. Even the book-worm may not go away hungry, for one of the best chapters of the volume—'Fishing in Books'—review the literature of angling from Izaak Walton down."—*The Review of Reviews.*

"The death of Mr. Grant Allen in October, at the age of forty-one, closed one of the most interesting and varied careers in modern literature. His work was unique in its range. To few men has it been given to do so many things so well. Poet, novelist, editor, reviewer and scientist, his last work showed no sign of diminution of power. It is not generally known that a very great deal of Mr. Allen's best work was written over the signature, 'Olive Pratt Rayner.'"
—*The Bookman.*

Editors Table

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

The November number of the *Harvard Monthly* has some solid reading matter in it. Especially does "The Moral Aspect of College Sports" deserve to be widely read among college men. We think the writer of this piece has a sane view of College Athletics and heartily endorse the spirit that pervades this production. "Chiky" is well written. The author has an interesting style and—horse-sense. The *Monthly* has no Exchange Department.

"*The Ozark*" for November has just reached our table and we have words of commendation only for this magazine. We do not mean to say that it is perfect, but recommend the complete list of Departments, with the exception of the Y. M. C. A., and its general standard of excellence. The dearth of poetry which has been so noticeable in a large number of the magazines has spared *The Ozark* and in the November copy are several very creditable poems. "A Double Play" is told with the vigor and snap of a foot-ball game and keeps one interested as much in the game itself as in the incident for which the description is written.

The William and Mary College Monthly is filled with solid reading matter; contains no poetry or fiction. "The Being Cloaked" brings out the old confession that the men who have made the greatest impression on the world along literary lines have by no means been all-rounded, ideal men, but have all, with a few exceptions, had very serious faults. This is of course too true. But we are glad the author does

not stop with this pessimistic conclusion but goes on to urge us to get the best from their lives and to accept and appropriate the good in their books, regardless of weaknesses and failure of the authors themselves. This is a sane conclusion.

"A Lover Came out of the South" in the *Yale Courant* for November 4th has attracted various criticisms from the Exchange Editors. While several things in it are unnatural and require a deal of imagination at the hands of the reader to seem possible, yet the story is interesting, and almost any kind of absurdity is forgiven if only the attention is kept fixed throughout the narrative. *The Courant* for November 18th is below its usual standard. Several poems alone maintain its dignity. "The Bachelor's Kingdon" would make good advertising space.

The Roanoke Collegian is not up to the standard. We should expect a better magazine from an institution of its standing and hope for improvement before the year closes.

We congratulate the *University of Virginia Magazine* on the extremely neat appearance of its new cover this month, and especially would we give words of praise for the matter within the cover also. The November issue is one of the best exchanges we find on our table. While "A Cross Roads Romance" has nothing very original or striking in its plot, yet the writer deserves credit for the dialect and for the unique study of the "Cross Roads" group. "The Enlightenment of Phillips" is a readable piece of fiction. Two good articles on literary subjects are found in this issue also.

The Vanderbilt Observer for October and also for November has good material in it. *The Observer* could enlarge its sphere very profitably by adding more departments, it seems to us, especially do we notice the absence of the Exchange Department.

The Tennessee University comes out in a bright cover. The reading matter of this magazine can be improved upon.

The first copy of *The Georgian* has recently reached our table. We were surprised to see a magazine of such small proportions coming from the Institution it represents. This is the first copy, however, and we hope to see improvement.

We have a large number of other magazines on our table, too numerous for extended criticism. We hope to mention all eventually, if gradually.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Since our last report from the Y. M. C. A., a month ago, we feel that our organization has taken on new life. In the minds of these who are intimately acquainted with the movements of the Association there is no question but that a livelier working spirit prevails than has been common among us of late. This can not be explained by any one event. Rather a succession of healthful and awakening experiences is responsible for the improved conditions. A month is a short time in which to get on foot any serious and lasting reform—too short for any such movement to show itself in actual results. Effects will appear, and we are confident that they are not far off.

The first, and, it is the general opinion, the chiefest thing that gave our Association a fresh impetus was the Week of Prayer, which was observed at Trinity, November 5th to 11th. This Week of Prayer was observed by Young Men's Christian Associations the *world over.* This fact ought to lend great significance to the movement. Think about it each evening for six successive days, young men meeting together to pray for themselves and their fellows! The meetings in the Chapel, from 7:00 to 7:30 every evening were but thinly attended. At first this alarmed some of us, but it is not improbable that this fact, more than any other caused us to feel the gravity of the situation. Better a small band of earnest enquirers after the truth than a multitude without a purpose. Better a Gideon's band, in a crisis, than an army of Philistines. The services

were as informal as it was possible to make them. A leader was appointed one evening to conduct the meeting the next. The men became serious. They prayed much and counselled together earnestly. All agreed that personal work in the college had been allowed to suffer. Consequently, at the end of the week a committee of three was appointed to have special oversight of this division of work which is so absolutely essential to all successful Christian activity.

Now there is personal work and personal work. The reason we are unsuccessful, and therefore unenthusiastic, in this kind of work is because we go about it in such a bungling way as to make it very unpleasant both to the objects of our endeavours and to ourselves as well. With even a little thoughtfulness and tact on the part of a Christian he may approach almost any kind of a sinner and influence him for good. Another reason for our weakness at this point may be found in the dearth of our social life as college men. It has been pointed out in another department of THE ARHIVE that the students of the Park isolate themselves too much from the company of the good people of Durham. This relation is called "abnormal." That such an "abnormal" relation exists among the students themselves has been noted by not a few thoughtful men. We scarcely mingle with each other enough to create a hearty fellow-feeling among us. Many of us are virtually strangers to one another. The point is made because we believe that the "abnormal" relation cripples Christian work in the college.

Some effort has been made to bring this matter before the minds of Trinity men, especially those who are in any way connected with the Association work. On Sunday, October 29, Mr. D. W. Newsom read an excellent paper before the Y. M. C. A. entitled "Our Social Life." Mr. Newsom clearly stated the problem of our social life, as college men, and then went on to make some practical suggestions as to how the problem might be solved most satisfactorily. Mr. Newsom is in a position to give sound advice on this subject,

having been at Trinity several years, and all the while closely identified with the work of the Y. M. C. A.

* * *

Immediately following Mr. Newsom's helpful paper came Prof. Mims, on November 5, with a soul-stirring talk on Missions. Prof. Mims' ideas were original, heavy with truth, and were given additional force by the impassioned manner in which they were expressed. Our Association is still undertaking the support of a native missionary in China, and Prof. Mims' message ought to make us more earnest in our efforts to meet promptly the needs of our brother across the ocean.

* * *

Mr. Knebel, the new Secretary of the Associations of North and South Carolina, paid his first visit, in his official capacity, to Trinity on Sunday, November 12. He addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the need of systemasic Bible study. The new Secretary made a very favorable impression among the men at Trinity. After the devotional service, he met the different committees, giving a few minutes to each, and made some very helpful suggestions to them about their work. Mr. Knebel impressed us as an intelligent, earnest, practical Christian gentlemen. His visit helped us. We shall be glad to see him again.

* * *

"The College Man's Place in the World" was the subject of Prof. Durham's talk before the Y. M. C. A., Sunday November 19. Prof. Durham made a most powerful appeal to the men of Trinity College to seek their places in the world in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

President Stewart called a business meeting of the Association immediately after the service. The reports from the several committees, though not entirely satisfactory, were yet encouraging. It was decided to form a new Bible class. God speed us in the work !

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The next best thing after making a mistake is to correct it. In last issue we stated that Dr. E. T. Bynum was married, but it was his brother, Mr. Alvis Bynum, Jr. "Mrs." was also printed instead of Miss Johnston.

On the evening of November 18, Prof. Sledd, of Wake Forest, delivered the third of the "Faculty Lectures" in the college chapel. The lecture was an able criticism on "Poets and Poetry," and in the language of a professor, showed a "Rare judgment and appreciation, and a wide range of knowledge." Another professor was struck with the tone of the speaker's humor, which was in no sense below his other qualities, and his originality. Others of the faculty speak of how entertaining and refreshing the professor is in private talk. It's hard to see how Prof. Sledd could keep off the faculty's toes (?) and mash the students' so hard, in his criticism. But he gave us all a better idea of what poetry should be. Our remembrance of the professor and the lecture will be the most pleasant, and we will all be glad to see him at Trinity again. We shall also look with interest to the coming of his future verse.

Astronomy will have but little sway here in the future, for the boys of a certain class, after watching, singing, dancing and whistling for three nights in succession, came to the unanimous decision, on the third night, that Astronomy was a dream and those who believed in it dreamers. It was sad to see these fellows coming down from the tower where they

had gone to be as far on the way as possible, and others, who had less hope, perhaps, of rising, from the cemetery where they had hoped at least to be on holy ground, all coming together to draw up their famous conclusion by the moonlight, looking disappointed and hungry. But the meeting adjourned, and all marched to Dr. Kilgo's favorite persimmon tree, and it was all over. It's to be hoped the stars will not fall again soon.

At the last Annual Conference, a committee of ten, appointed by the Bishop to draw up a standard by which universities and colleges might be measured, found that there were eight first-class colleges in Southern Methodism, Trinity taking the lead in endowment, income, scientific equipment, and size of faculty, and only two others leading in enrollment.

At the regular meeting of the Historical Society Mr. W. K. Boyd read a paper on the "Career of Nathaniel Macon in Congress," and Mr. L. L. Hendren one on "De Graffenreid and the Swiss and Palatine Settlement of New Bern, N. C. This meeting was very interesting, as was also that of the Science Club, November 11. Prof. Pegram lectured before the Club on the latest development of Science on the line of Electricity.

The Current Topic Club met November 4, and Dr. Few gave a criticism on "Magazines and Newspapers," and some suggestions as to the value of reading these. Prof. Flowers read a paper on Cecil Rhodes, and Prof. Gill spoke on "Living Latin Authors and Teachers." With such a range of subjects each month one can learn a good deal of what is going on in the world.

It has been decided to extend Main street westward to West Durham. The college authorities have agreed that it may cross the front edge of the campus, and it has been staked off, crossing just inside college gate, thence toward north end of Erwin Cotton Mill, West Durham. It will no doubt help the looks of the grounds if present plans are executed.

The buildings of the High School are beginning to make some of those of the college look somewhat weather-beaten. The new buildings will soon be complete, and there will not be a prettier place at Trinity. Some good work is being done there, too, and they have a likely looking student body. Trinity High School is the place to prepare for Trinity College.

Some of the readers of THE ARCHIVE may not know where Mr. D. W. Newsom, '99, is. To such, he is at the college assisting Dr. Kilgo. There is no change in him except that which old age always brings. The same is applicable to Mr. J. P. Breedlove, who is College Librarian.

Mr. Dixon, a student of the college, who got hurt in a game of foot-ball some time ago, is improving. This accident does not speak well for "Rugby Foot Ball." Legs, arms and necks are too useful to be broken for sport.

Mr. C. L. Hornady has recovered from the illness that prevented his return to college this fall, and he, in company with Mr. E. C. McCall, is running a printing office at Hertford, N. C.

Mr. G. H. Humber, '98, is at Chapel Hill finishing his law course. In the near future he will, no doubt, enter his chosen field of work. Mr. E. C. Ivey, of same class, is with the Westinghouse Electrical Manufacturing Co., East Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. F. T. Willis, '99, is teaching at Ansonville, N. C. Miss Isabel Elias, of same class, is at her home in Franklin, N. C., and Mr. R. B. Ethridge, of this class, is at Manteo, N. C., his home.

We notice Messrs. Barnhardt and Stanford have put on their "I-am-a-preacher-coats."

There have been added to the college library 1,034 volumes since last commencement, and still new books come.

If any one has been overlooked in this department it was for lack of information. Any one will confer a great favor by supplying anything interesting concerning the former students, and especially if any of them get married. We want to know that.

We failed to mention the Historical Society which met November 25. Mr. Jonathan Peel read a paper on "The Election of 1876," and Mr. J. A. Best one on "Hugh S. Le Gare." Not many relics this time.

The "Cup" leaves our tender care, but we shed no tears for it goes into good hands. And as the girl said of her departing beau, it will come back again. We feel proud in our defeat, for we are satisfied with whatever J. M. Flowers, S. A. Stewart, and S. S. Dent may have won or lost for us. They have our utmost confidence still. The Fates have just turned Baptist since last year. "Sigh not, sad hearts, but wait!" We were willing to give or take, but our sister only to take. So let her go till a more convenient season, then we'll call for her.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God to remove from this life our esteemed friend, Marvin Bledsoe, and whereas the deceased was a faithful and worthy member of the Columbian Literary Society, during his stay in Trinity College; be it

Resolved, That the Columbian Society extend to the family of the deceased its deep feeling of sympathy in this trying hour, praying God that divine grace may comfort their hearts, and that the severed ties may be re-united in a better life to come; be it

Resolved further; That in token of our high esteem of his loyalty to the Society, his quiet, manly character, and his Christian life, a copy be sent the bereaved family, and and a copy furnished the TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

S. A. STEWART,
L. C. NICHOLSON,
B. G. ALLEN.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JANUARY, 1900.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to J. M. FLOWERS, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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R. P. READE, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

EARLY ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BY W A LAMBETH.

The *Edinburgh Review*, established in 1802, was the first of the great English magazines. Periodicals of some kind had existed in England since Steele started his *Tatler* in 1709, but they had held a very insignificant place in literature. The writers for these periodicals can best be summed up in what Hazlitt says of Montaigne: "He did not, in the abstract charactered of an author, undertake to say all that could be said upon a subject, but what in his capacity as an inquirer after truth he happened to know about it."

For the origin of the magazine, as it is now known, it is only necessary to go back to the beginning of the present

century. There was then in Edinburgh a group of able young men—mostly lawyers—who, having only half enough to do, formed a little club in which all questions of literature and politics were discussed. It was not possible that such a proud and aristocratic body of young advocates should remain long without some kind of literary utterance. One night it was proposed by Sydney Smith, the preacher of the group, that they should start a review in which they might give expression to their own ideas. The other members, Brougham, Horner, Murray and Jeffrey, eagerly accepted this new proposal and appointed Smith to bring out the first number of what proved to be the famous *Edinburgh Review.*

This new venture made its first appearance in October 1802. It was received with great enthusiasm by the people of Edinburgh. It was now certain that periodical literature had passed from under the hands of the booksellers, who had been dominating absolutely the literary hacks and penny-a-liners of the time. Consequently great discussions took place at every dinner-table in regard to the authorship of the various articles, which was kept an absolute secret. The brilliant beginning of this publication, as shown by its immense popularity, convinced the young Scots that such a literary review was needed by an intelligent public.

After editing the first number of the *Review* Sydney Smith resigned his post to Jeffrey and returned to England. Under Jeffrey's masterful guidance the *Review* soon developed into an organ expressing the best thought of the age. He was universally looked upon as the soul of the *Edinburgh Review.* Among his friends he became known as the "Arch-critic;" but among the victims of his terrible criticisms his title was Judge Jeffrey, on account of his likeness to the well-known judge. He established a High Court of Judicature before which every English author of any merit was compelled to stand. Among some of his

notable contributions were his reviews of Wordsworth, Byron, Scott and Keats.

Jeffrey and his associates boldly put forward the principles of the Whig party, which soon recognized the *Review* as its own political organ. The Whigs had wanted a literary man, especially in Edinburgh, because the fame of Scott, a Tory, was increasing daily. They now found him in Jeffrey, and to their intense satisfaction he was also editor of a literary journal. Although a Tory produced "Marmion" a Whig wrote the best article upon it, was their proud boast. Scott might, so ran Liberal speech, be the best liberal writer of fiction, Jeffrey was clearly the most shrewd and accomplished of literary critics.

In course of time most of Jeffrey's colleagues in this enterprise left Edinburgh. They sent back many articles for publication from time to time, the most famous of which was Sydney Smith's series of Peter Plymleys' Letters on the Catholics.

Magazines were now under the absolute tyranny of the editors. Jeffrey had ruled Edinburgh for fifteen years before a rival came into the field. He had ridden roughshod over the feelings of the Tory faction and established himself supreme in the periodical world. The Tories had long desired a review in which they might meet his terrible attacks. Up to this time they had found no man in their ranks willing to undertake the difficult task of meeting Jeffrey and his brilliant magazine. There was, however, a bookseller in Edinburgh, named William Blackwood, who had long watched this undercurrent—this desire for a review—among the Tories. By 1817 he had published the first number of his magazine which he hoped would supply this want. Unfortunately, however, he had selected as editors two men who, after six months of repeated failures, proved to be incapable of coping with mighty Jeffrey. The standard of excellence had already been set by the *Edinburgh* and his review had failed to reach it.

Blackwood, probably following the example of the *Edinburgh*, now gathered around him a group of young Tory advocates. These young men carefully prepared the seventh issue, which may be considered the real beginning of *Blackwood's Magazine.* This number was filled with contents that were destined to place it in as high position as its most formidable contemporary. This venture was even more daring than the *Edinburgh* because it was to be a monthly instead of a quarterly. Blackwood, having the enthusiastic co-operation of Lockhart, John Wilson and Hogg, pushed his magazine rapidly to the front. The first number opened with a more savage onslaught on the Lake School than even Jeffrey had ever made; especially severe was the attack on Coleridge. Combined with this it also assailed a new order of poets in London, which it boldly branded the "Cockney School." Not satisfied with this, there also appeared in the first number an article more terrible than both of the others combined. It was an attack upon the *Edinburgh* under the title of "Translations from an Ancient Chaldee Manuscript." It dealt with sharp personalities under a very faint gauge. Possibly no magazine article ever so excited and, at the same time, pleased the age as this one. Although all the allusions were purely local, still this article stirred the air far beyond Edinburgh. The "Translations" were professed to be from a lost manuscript, giving the conflict between former editors and the present. This brilliant article was written in the most perfect copy of biblical language. It arrayed on one side Jeffrey and all his Whiggish host, and on the other a new brotherhood of critics, suddenly revealed in the interest of the publisher.

This brilliant knot of young Tories also established a kind of club at Ambrose's tavern. The doings and sayings, whether real or imaginary, were published in a series of "Noctes Ambrosianae." The choicest of these were almost entirely the work of John Wilson, familiarly

known as Christopher North. Wilson was a very abundant writer and furnished on an average two articles every month. No magazine was probably ever more indebted to one man for its articles.

De Quincey, in 1826, became a regular contributor to this magazine. The most prominent among his contributions were "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," "The English Mail-coach" and "Vision of Sudden Death."

In January 1820, Baldwin, Craddock & Co. published the first number of a new monthly journal, reviving in it the name of an earlier but extinct periodical, the *London Magazine.* They chose for editor John Scott, a writer of remarkable candor, elegance and discrimination. After the death of Scott in his unfortunate duel in July 1812, the magazine passed into the hands of Taylor and Hessey, who were thenceforward themselves the editors. The aim of this new venture, as set forth in the opening prospectus, was to be of a different type from its popular contemporaries. Unlike the *Edinburgh* it was to admit poetry and imaginative literature. In addition to this there was to be an appendix containing statistics of trade and general home and foreign intelligence as would make it useful to many people who would not be otherwise interested.

At no period does the *London* seem to have been a marked financial success. It may have been that capital was wanted or that the management was unsatisfactory. Certainly no magazine up to this point ever commanded such a remarkable set of contributors. Among them were Keats, Cary, Carlyle, De Quincey, Lamb, Landor, Hood, and Hazlitt. They were invited by the publishers to a regular monthly dinner. Social gatherings were, as has been seen, a very important factor in the development of the early English magazines. It was at these monthly dinners that Lamb "stuttered and sparkled at his highest."

Although the *London* had but a short existence, it is interesting to look over the old volumes and observe the

papers in them that have become classic. There appeared in 1821, a paper entitled "Confession of an English Opium Eater." This paper was widely read and aroused much curiosity. From everywhere came the cry for more of the same extraordinary kind of matter. Consequently there soon appeared an article from the Opium Eater, his name still suppressed, courteously rebuking those who doubted the authenticity of the "Confessions" and promising a continuation in time. In the meantime the readers of the *London* were delighted with a new form of literature that had just begun to appear, the "Essays of Elia."

Taylor and Hessey are interesting men not only as editors of the *London* but because they brought out so many articles in book form that have since become famous. They were the first publishers of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." Cary's Translations of Dante was also published by them. Their fame rests mostly, however, on their publications of articles that had appeared in the *London.* In 1823, they had the pleasure of first publishing two little books, the "Essays of Elia" and "Confessions of an Opium Eater."

The brilliant beginnings of both the *Edinburgh* and *Blackwood's*, the forerunners of the modern magazines, have been fully sustained. They still command a large circle of readers. The *London Magazine*, after such a promising beginning, ceased to be published after 1826. No successor has as yet arisen.

CHRISTMAS AT THE PARK.

BY C. M. K.

It was Saturday night before Christmas and the rain and wind were beating against our window with increasing force. The College Inn was as cold and dreary as a solitary mountain cave. Occasionally the hall doors flew back with a bang and a gust of cold damp wind came sweeping down the halls making the doors and transoms rattle with a discomforting noise. Our little oil-stove and lamp were puffing in vain contact with the cold and darkness which seemed to be gathering force with every moment. A half-dozen boys were scattered throughout the large building, and from time to time their home-sick and forlorn hallowing resounded through the empty halls like the wail of a lost soul, and died away, leaving a grave-yard stillness to reign in its wake. A Sophomore of presumed vocal accomplishments lent additional terror to the occasion by rendering, just before going to bed, parts of "Home, sweet home," in tones that would have done credit alike to a Comanche Indian of the primitive type or to a prima donna of a traveling opera. A lonesome business indeed, this spending Christmas at the Park, when one feels as if had been consigned to the graves of his friends and exposed to the merciless treatment of the elements.

Just as an extra puff of cold wind came over the transom causing the lamp to flicker and go out, Jack threw down his book, hitched his chair close to the stove, and said, "D—n that analytics, anyhow." I threw down my book, hitched my chair, took a chew of tobacco, and remarked: "D—n that Philosophy also" and all was quiet again.

An oak tree which stands close by our window was scraping against the blinds with a mournful noise, and the little oil-stove, still puffing away with all its might, cast indistinct shadows on the wall making the room sug-

gestive of ghosts and hobgoblins of various descriptions. Jack and I sat silently staring at the walls as glum a couple as ever graced any college dormitory and a sorry plight we were in. But we had willingly accepted this doleful state of affairs for the avowed purpose of making up some back work that was weighing heavily on the minds of the Faculty, and without undue regard for cheerless environments we roused ourselves, relight the lamp and set about our tasks again. But somehow Kant's "things-in-themselves" were hid behind a veil and Wordsworth's Highland Lass to whom, for want of something better, I turned for consolation kept assuming the proportions of a certain maid who ne'er sang on Britain's hills, while from the frequent frowns that disfigured Jack's handsome face I judged that Miss Anne was still turning a heedless ear on all his assiduous proposals. Despairing of efforts at concentration upon any one thing and giving away to an acute attack of chronic laziness with which I am sometimes afflicted, I went behind the curtains and lay down on the bed leaving Jack still paying persistent court to his fickle maid. Pulling an overcoat over my shoulders, I lay on the bed listening to the rain pelting aginst the roof and forcing my brain to form all sorts of pictures of gay festivities, of parties, societies, teas, dinners, dances, operas, all of which were doubtless going on somewhere in the world, but woefully distant from and different to my immediate surroundings. I had not been long in this dreary stupor into which cold and imagination, strangely leagued, had put me, when I heard a carriage roll up in front of the Inn, stop a moment and then pass on. The rumbling of the wheels as they passed huriedly over the paved driveway became indistinct and just as the clock in the Main Building was leisurely striking the hour of ten, I heard some one come tripping up to our door, pause for a short time and then knock very softly.

"Come," invited Jack without turning around or looking up from his book. The door was pushed slightly open but no one spoke or entered. The proverbial invitation was repeated without emphasis, but as no one entered still, he got up and opened the door. From my position on the bed, by pulling back the curtains, I had a full view of the door—a fact for which I was very thankful, for there stood a tall young woman dressed in furs and gloves and looking very much at ease.

Jack was not a confirmed believer in ghosts, but he evidently thought he saw one that time, for when I turned from the young woman to look at him he was leaning against the door for support, staring wildly in her face, unable to speak or move and some time passed before he could find his voice sufficiently to cry out:

"My God, Maud, how came you here?" which sounded to me like a very inhospitable question to so fair a visitor. Paying no attention to this direct question, she entered, extended her hand and said: "Jack, I'm glad to see you." This was delivered in such a pleasing way as to make any rational man return the compliment with usury but Jack was still leaning against the door staring at her as if beside himself, and not until she had made the offer a second time did he accept her hand and then he pressed it but coldly. He seemed utterly oblivious to the cold damp air that came rushing in causing the young woman to shiver and the lamp to flicker. This cold reception made no impression on the young lady, for turning away from his cold scrutiny she advanced to the center of the room, extended her hands to the stove, and began to glance around the room as if making a close inspection of its contents, leaving Jack to collect his wits and close the door at his pleasure—a feat which I am glad to say, he finally succeeded in accomplishing, though I thought he never would. Not waiting for an invitation, which I verily believe he would never have given, and which, at the risk of spoiling all,

I was about to volunteer, she took a rocker very much as if at home and began to thump leisurly upon the table with a pencil. As she sat there thumping with her pencil and glancing her eyes about you would have thought that, baring the scanty furniture, she was in her parlor receiving a very timid young man instead of being alone in a college dormitory late at night with two young men—though to be sure, but one had as yet appeared on the scene.

"Arn't you glad to see me Jack," she asked and the question showed that his unseemly behaviour was not unnoticed.

"Of course I am, Maud," Jack faltered, "but," and he hesitated as if afraid to say it, "but I don't understand what brought you here so unexpectedly and at this time of night." She ventured him no immediate answer to this and while Jack was blindly casting about for another point of attack I pulled the curtain back a little more and took a better view of his visitor. You may be surprised when I say she was not beautiful, but she was not, that is, she was not beautiful after the doll-baby fashion but she had a handsome intellectual face which the cold wind had given a deep flush. A large feathered hat was pulled low over her eyes and the collar of her furred cloak was turned up around her neck giving her head a rather massive appearance but not too large for her superb and graceful figure.

Jack was pacing the room with slow measured step, his broad shoulders drooped and his head bent over his breast as if in deep meditation. The silence became painful with nothing to break its spell save her thumping on the table and the ticking of the clock which hung over her head. Maud, for that is what Jack call his visitor, got up and came towards the curtains behind which I was concealed and then, as if changing her intentions from a sense of modesty, returned to her seat and asked:

"Is there any one in the room?"

"No," replied Jack hesitatingly and glancing towards the curtains. "My room mate has gone home for the holidays," and as if afraid that I would contradict him, which I had no notion of doing just then, he came behind the curtains on some slight excuse and whispered in my ear: "I'm in for it, old boy, but you keep quiet." Then he lit a cigarette and went back to the table:

"Excuse me, Maud, for so cold a reception," he said and his voice was collected, "your unexpected visit scattered my wits to the fourwinds. You were the last one I was expecting to see, and now may I ask the object of this call, for I am alone and you must not stay here long."

"You know what I came for as well as I," was the cool reply, "and if you are a gentleman, there is no reason why I should be in a hurry to leave. Have three years in North Carolina made you unworthy my trust?"

"No, they have not, but North Carolina girls do not call on young men in this manner." This cruel thrust brought a blush of anger to her cheek. She sprang from the rocker and as she faced Jack I could see her bosom heaving with emotion.

"Nor do they in Tennessee," she replied, "and if you you were a man of honor I would not have been forced to accept this perhaps immodest position." What she meant by this I did not know, but it was now Jack's time to blush and he turned away from her angry stare without answering.

Jack and I were as confidential as room-mates usually are, and he had more than once spoken of his sweetheart in Tennessee to whom he had been engaged, but who, for reasons unknown to me, he said, had proved unfaithful.

Evidently here she was, and I was in a fair way to know what had been the cause of their estrangement, for I could see trouble a-brewing. Maud went to the window and looked out. The rain and wind were beating against the panes with increased fury, and when she turned away with

a shiver she looked as if the stove had entered her soul. She came back to where Jack was standing and laying her hand quietly on his shoulder she spoke to him in a voice of pleading despair:

"I did not come here to get angry with you, Jack I came because I was compelled to see you. I wrote to you to come home Christmas but got no answer," and that was the truth for Jack had shown me the letter, "For three years," she continued, "I have waited for you to come to see me but you would not. Why have you treated me this way? Do you not love me still?" and question followed question too thick for answer. I had full view of Jack's face and I could see that resolution was striving with emotion. His face was strangely flushed and a strange lustre was in his eye. With the natural intuition of a woman Maud divined the meaning of this pause and as if fearing to hear the reply she continued:

"Excuse my immodesty, Jack, but you promised to marry me and I surrendered all to you, I must tell you that it must be before New Years or *never*." She placed a peculiar emphasis on that last word which roused Jack from his stupor. Taking her hand from his shoulder and holding it in his he spoke to her in a voice full of emotion."

"Don't ask me if I love you, Maud, for I have been trying to forget it. When I promised to marry you I intended to keep my promise, but you know why I cannot now. If I marry you I am a disgraced man."

"Disgraced," cried Maud springing away from him. "Have you too gone against me? Before God, I declare to you I am innocent. I have been slandered and without cause. You see before you the same girl you used to make so much of in my home in Tennessee before the misfortune came. Jack don't say you believe it, Oh, I wish I hadn't come."

When Maud first came into our room that night so unexpectedly, I was struck with her self-control which, I thought, bordered on to boldness, but evidently this was a garb assumed for the occasion, for her feeling now broke loose and overran all barriers set up to hide the real woman. She threw herself in the chair and buried her head in her arms on the table. Her deep broken sobs came thick and fast. Jack knelt beside her and took her hand in his but she did not look up as he spoke:

"You asked me, Maud, why I did not come to see you. It was for fear of that which I am now about to do. I knew that my passion would break control at first sight of you, I love you still, but you have erred and I cannot and will not marry a woman who is without honor." She jerked away her hand as if loathing his touch. With the quickness and agility of a tiger, she stood erect, and running her hand beneath her cloak she levelled a small silver pistol full in his face. Without the quiver of a muscle, and with desperate determination written in her face she commanded him to rise and he rose without reluctance. The little weapon glistened in the light and Jack stood coolly looking down its muzzle. Looking him squarely in the face and in a voice that was no longer broken but strong and clear, she continued:

"Sir, I repeat that I am an innocent woman, and can prove it to you. Promise me that you will fulfil your promise if I furnish proof of my innocence or we will end it all together. Shame on the man who will leave a helpless woman to bear the calumny of a vile slander. It is not mine but your dishonor that has broken your promise." There are some, though a few, things that are more conducive to immediate action than a woman's love and Jack's answer was prompt and ready:

"I promise gladly," he said, "but for God's sake lower that pistol and show your proofs." Taking him at his word, she laid the pistol on the table and running her

hand beneath her cloak again she pulled out what appeared to be a watch and a crumpled letter. She extended these to Jack and said, "The one for whom I suffer and who wronged you through the jealous love sends you these. Read the letter and see if I am not telling the truth. 'Though the slanderer is now dead, unless you corroborate that letter and fulfil your promise before New Years, you are a ruined man and I am a disgraced woman in the eyes of the world." She handed him the letter and turned again to the window. As Jack hurriedly read the letter his face became wonderfully changed. The deep composed frown dissolved itself into a happy smile which lit up his face and gave it a new light. His breast heaved—his shoulders straightened up and his whole frame was in a quiver with excitement. I began to think he was "in for it" sure enough. But when I saw him drop the letter and go running across the room to where Maud was, gather her in his arms and cover her with kisses thick and fast I knew he was not in for anything that was going to hurt him. This less tragic part of the proceedings was going on without interruption, but being entirely ignorant of the peculiar language which those who are engaged in such happy pastime use to convey intelligible impressions to one another, there was nothing for me to do but continue the role of an uninterested but ignorant looker-on. I was eagerly listening for something that would throw some light on their relation and troubles which as yet were a mystery to me, but I only heard Jack say: "Forgive me, Maud, forgive, I have wronged you. I didn't think *he* could be guilty of it," and then he was "in for it" again worse than ever. She finally succeeded in breaking from his grasp and coming over to the table she picked up the watch and looked at it. Turning to Jack she said: "It is not long until my train leaves, I must be at home to-morrow. Will you go with me?"

"Of course I will," was Jack's reply, "where's my overcoat?" and he came behind the curtains in search of that garment. He picked it up off the bed and was about to go out without noticing me, but I reached out and touched him. As if recollecting for the first time my presence he came over and whispered: "I've got to go home, won't meet her, no. Well don't say anything about this. Wait 'till you hear from me," and then he wrung my hand and went out. Maud took his arm, the door closed and I heard their walking down the hall.

A few days later a paper from ——— Tennessee was placed in my room, and under the head of "Marriage Bells," I read the following announcement:

"Married on December 26, 1899, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Jack Stetson to Miss Maud Trenton. The contracting parties are members of wealthy and influential families. Their courtship was a romatic one. Through the treachery of a mutual friend they had been estranged and were at last brought together by a daring stroke on the part of the bride. May they live long and happy."

There followed an account of the trouble which is too long to relate.

So Jack has got a handsome wife, Maud has got a good husband and I have got to study for examinations. Jack said not tell this, but marriage like murder will out, and besides I'm getting tired of answering questions about him.

If any handsome, romantic, wealthy woman wants to draw a little pistol on me, let her come on, I'm rooming in the Inn, and ready to get "in for it" any time.

A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

BY F. S. CARDEN.

Twilight was slowly gathering around the little mountain cabin. The rocks and the rugged vine-covered cliffs which stretched high above it were blending into darkness. The valley below was slowly disappearing under the white mists which arose from the river. The long wavy line of blue mountains on the other side was growing less and less distinct. All was quiet except a cow-bell and the little rill which tumbled down the mountain side, here guided into a moss-covered log which served as a trough. The cabin was a simple type of mountain architecture. It was built of logs with clay daubed between and a large chimney built of stone stood at one end. A door and two small windows opened into the interior. The trees had been cleared away from the immediate vicinity and an old bony cow contentedly chewed her cud before the door of a small log barn.

On the small porch before the cottage sat a man, about fifty-five years of age, with a rugged sunburned face and unkempt hair and beard. His clothes consisted of a rough woolen shirt, a pair of bluejean pants and two brogans much the worse for wear. He was smoking a long-stemmed pipe and contemplating the magnificent scene below with the stolid, dull gaze of a typical mountaineer. On the other side of the door sat his wife, a woman apparently fifty years old. Her angular form was clothed in a loose-fitting dress of homespun. She was chewing a twig which she occasionally dipped into a small tin box in her lap. Between these two, in the door, stood a young man six feet in height, with broad shoulders and a muscular frame. A large gray felt hat sat on the back of his head and two steel-gray eyes peered out from under a broad brow. He was dressed similar to his father, with the exception of knee boots and a belt from which protruded the handle of

a hunting knife. He had evidently just returned from a journey, for his rifle leaned against the door facing and his face was flushed by climbing the mountain.

"What air the news down ter the store, Bill?" asked his father. "Ain't ye hearn nuthin' ez ter the revenue devils?"

"Yas, an' we'uns hed better lay low, fur Si Martin seed the whole durned pack t'other day," replied Bill.

"Lor' a'mighty!" said his mother, "ye better clar out, Bill, fur ef they'uns ketch ye it'll knock ye and Sal out uf gittin' married."

"Jim Jones 'lowed ez thar ain't no use gittin' skeert, ez they cain't find the still," said Bill.

"Waal, I s'pose he's right, but they mought find hit," said the old man as he arose and entered the house. His wife followed his example and the two men seated themselves before the big log fire, while she moved about preparing supper.

"Ain't thar no more news?" inquired the elder. "What air goin' on aroun' the store?"

"Waal, Jer'miah Black an' Rube Simpkins hed a little scrap down thar t'other night. Rube's dog grabbed Jer'miah's by the throat an' was jes' chawin' 'im up, when Jer'miah 'lowed he'd pull him off. Rube 'lowed he wouldn't, an' they fit right thar. Rube he bit Jer'miah's ear mought near off, an' Jer'miah, he clawed Rube's eye so ez they 'low he'd lose his sight."

"Gosh durned!" exclaimed the old man, "I'll be boun' fur Rube; he's all'ays scrappin'."

"Mus'rat Jones an' Pete Hardy got drunk t'other night an' ez they wus galavantin' roun' the kentry they run up 'gin the pa'son on his way ter meetin' an' pulled their shootin' irons on him and made him take on a quart of corn. He kem on ter the meetin' house and preached an' everybody 'lowed ez sech fine sermon hed never been hearn hyar before. That's all the news 'cept Jabe White hev

got a kid an' named it arter his mother-in-law. Oh! yes, I furgot ter tell ye that Si Martin's coon dog hev got pups an' he 'lowed he'd gin me one."

"We hev got 'nough dogs 'roun' hyar 'thout gittin' any more. That new pup of yourn tuk a notion ter tree the pet coon this mornin' an' ef I hedn't hearn the noise one or t'other would hev been kilt," said his mother, moving up to the fireplace and turning a pot which hung over the fire.

"Shucks, that dog kin whollip three sech coons. Ma, you jes' gin me a bite an' I'll go ter see Sal fur a little while. I hev hearn that Steve Green has been hangin' 'roun' thar right much. Somebody 'lowed he was tryin' ter cut me out," said Bill, rising and turning his back to the fire and moving restlessly as if the thought of such thing was unbearable.

"It air too far an' dark ter go to-night," said his mother, glancing anxiously at her boy; "an' mor'n likely she'll be in bed when ye git thar."

"She air lookin' fur me. I'll be back before the moon gits over the mountain," replied Bill.

They then sat down at the small clean table before the sparkling fire and ate their simple supper. After which Bill took his hat, stuck an old horse-pistol in his belt, and calling his favorite dog, set out down the mountain to see his "gal."

While he is on his way we will take the opportunity of speaking of the class of people to which Bill Graham belonged. There were only three in the Graham family and they were typical mountaineers. They lived twenty miles from any town and imbibed ideas of freedom from the pure mountain air and the face of nature, as yet undefiled by the advancement of civilization. They were what is commonly termed moonshiners and they believed that their mode of making a living was perfectly honest. They were honorable in their dealings and treated all strangers with

hospitality. They were no farther advanced in civilization than their fathers, who had settled in those mountains before the Revolutionary war. All were born, lived, died, cooked and ate in the same room. The men were strong, muscular and dull witted. The women were almost equal physically to the men, and were for the most part plain, though occasionally beautiful women are found in these rude log cabins.

Bill was not much above the average mountaineer, but he had a kind and tender heart, which had easily been pierced by Cupid's arrow. He had fallen in love with Sallie Baker, or Sal, as she was more commonly known, the old widower shoemaker's daughter. She was of medium height, slight build, and dark wavy hair fell down her back. Her eyes were brown and were shaded by long dark lashes. Her mouth was sweet and when she smiled, as she often did, two pearly rows of teeth became visible. In fact, she was one of the few pretty girls found in the mountains. Some people said that she was too good for Bill Graham. But Bill and his father were doing a good business in the whiskey line. They thus far had been successful in keeping the location of their still hidden from the revenue officers, and this, together with the fact that Bill was strong and not bad looking, made him a good catch for any mountain girl.

A fellow named Steve Green had also been courting Sallie Baker, which fact had caused Bill Graham no little uneasiness. This fellow Green was not thought much of in the surrounding country. He was believed to be sneaking and dishonest. Notwithstanding he was courting Sallie Baker, some said on account of the money it was rumored the old man had saved. He was of medium height and had black hair and eyes. His nature was cruel and harsh and his temper was quick. He was not a native of this region, but had dropped in only a few years before and occupied a deserted cabin on the side of the mountain.

No one knew how he made his living. He always seemed to have enough money to spend and yet did not work much.

After a three mile tramp down the mountain Bill stopped before a little log cabin which stood in a little clearing on the side of the mountain road. The moon had not yet lifted itself above the top of the mountain, but the stars were shining brightly. Light crept from under the door and within a sweet voice was singing an old-fashioned tune. Bill listened a moment then tapped lightly on the door.

"Who's thar?" asked a man's voice.

"Me, Bill," replied the visitor.

"It air your feller, Sal, pull back the bar," said the voice. After a moment the door opened and Bill entered. A big log fire was burning brightly in the large fireplace, throwing its flickering light all over the room and chasing the shadows from corner to corner, as if trying to drive them into the darkness without. Two white-covered beds stood in the rear of the room and a little table was placed in the center. A big home-made cupboard leaned against the wall and strings of shining red pepper hung from the blackened log rafters. An old gray-headed man with a long white beard falling over his breast, sat in the chimney corner holding in one rough knotty hand a clay pipe, and in the other a stick with which he gave the logs in the fireplace one or two vigorous punches, causing the flames to spring up brightly and a shower of sparks to go flying to the top of the chimney.

"Sot down, Bill, glad ter see ye; me an' Sal been kinder lonesome ter night," said the old man.

Bill took his seat opposite the old man, and the girl, blushing slightly, sat down in front of the fire and resumed her work at an old-fashioned spinning wheel. Bill glanced at the beautiful picture she made in the bright light of the fire, and opened up a conversation with the old man. They talked of everything except what was most in Bill's

mind. Sallie applied herself assiduously to her wheel, never saying a word. Time flew and the old man's head began to nod under the influence of the warm fire. He grunted an occasional response, but finally ceased altogether. His pipe fell from his hand to the floor, his head rested on his breast and he was fast asleep. Bill looked from him to the girl, then back again, grinned and swallowed a frog in his throat. Finally he gave his chair a hitch from the chimney corner towards Sallie. He glanced furtively at her, but she was absorbed in her spinning. He gave his chair another hitch and looked shamefacedly around. She uttered not a word, but continued her work. After numerous moves, each of which grew shorter the nearer he got to the object desired, he stopped within three feet of her and seemed unable to go any farther. He sat immovable for sometime gazing into the fire. At last he grinned as if a happy thought had struck him. He turned his head and hitched his chair another foot on its journey. As he did so he suddenly said "Boo." Sallie giggled. This seemed to encourage him, for after grinning a few minutes he exclaimed:

"Ain't I devilish?"

"Shucks, ye didn't skeer me," laughed Sallie, blushing. The ice had been broken and Bill's arm soon found its way around her waist, and gazing into the fire they built air-castles for the future. Their silent courtship had been of long standing, so they decided that he should go to town next day and get the marriage license, and that they should set up housekeeping in her father's cabin, for the old man was getting too feeble to be left alone.

While these two happy young people were planning for their future, an evil face peered through a chink between the logs. As envy and passion arose on this face it became more and more ugly. The owner of it listened awhile then exclaimed angrily to himself: "I'll do it." With this resolution formed he left the two young lovers and started

down the mountain road with long strides. The moon was just peeping over the top of the mountain and the tall leafless trees threw their gaunt shadows across the road. He continued his course for two or three miles and finally drew up before the door of the tavern. He opened the door and walked into what was called the bar.

"Hev something to drink, Steve?"

"Yes," responded Steve Green. He quaffed off a glass of strong whiskey and moved up to the fire where several men were loafing. Among them was the revenue officer, who was in that neighborhood looking for one or two stills which he had reason to believe were there. Steve waited until they had all withdrawn except the officer and bar-tender. The first time the bar-tender turned his back Steve motioned to the revenue officer to follow him. They both stepped outside. The revenue officer, looking around suspiciously, said: "What do you want?"

"What will ye gimme if I peach on the Grahams?" asked Steve Green, nervously kicking a hole in the ground with his heavy boot.

"Oh! I don't know," said the revenue officer, eyeing him sharply; "you know something, do you?"

"Waal, yes, I kin git some information consarning whar their still is, but I don't want my name in it," responded Steve, glancing shrewdly at the officer.

"Well, I'll give you twenty and not tell who told me."

Steve Green hesitated a moment and then accepted. He gave directions as how to find the still and told the revenue officer that he had better arrest the Grahams that night, because Bill was going to town next morning. He then took the money and slipped off to his cabin. The revenue officer entered the inn and aroused his two deputies and started up the mountain.

Next morning found Bill and his father handcuffed and on their way to the nearest railroad station. Bill had returned the night before and just finished relating his

good news to his parents, when he and his father were surprised and torn away from the weeping mother. They were taken to the capital of the state, four hundred miles away, to be tried for breaking the United States laws.

Months rolled by and a vague rumor floated into the neighborhood to the effect that the father and son had been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. This report was finally confirmed. The lonely woman on the mountain side aged perceptably and in another little cabin farther down the mountain side an old man often wondered why his daughter had grown so sad. She often visited Bill's mother and they counted the years and months which must pass before the return of two loved ones. Then a rumor came that old man Graham had died in the penitentiary, then the rumor whispered that it was Bill, then both. Finally Steve Green gathered from some reliable source that they had both died during an epidemic which had broken out among the prisoners. Everybody believed it though nothing could be confirmed. Newspapers never found their way into that region. After this news two hearts grew sadder and more tears were shed.

Steve Green began dropping in to see the shoemaker's daughter regularly. It was rumored that they were to be married, and indeed there was a very strong probability of such. Notwithstanding the fact that it was entirely against his daughter's inclination, the old shoemaker insisted that she should accept Green's offer, so that when her father was dead she would have a husband to protect her.

It was four years since Bill had gone away. Although it was winter time Bill's mother had come down to talk awhile with Sallie. A snow storm had unexpectedly arisen and she was unable to return. The wind howled wildly without and the snow covered the whole wide mountain slope. The night closed darkly and the storm increased. The big fire roared and sparkled as if trying to make more

noise than the wind. The old shoemaker sat in his corner asleep, and opposite him sat Mrs. Graham—busily knitting. Sallie occupied her usual place before the fire. No one said a word. One was thinking of her husband and boy, the other of the answer she had promised to give Steve Green on the morrow.

On the lonely mountain road a half mile away there was quite another scene. A weary traveler, with his hat pulled down over his face, struggled through the snow and against the wind. He was insufficiently clad for the weather and was nearly frozen. Occasionally he stopped and muttered between his teeth: "Steve Green cain't hev her." He had inquired that day as he had started up the mountains, of two or three men at a small store: "Do ye know Sal Baker? She ain't married yit, air she?" They did not recognize in that sad pale man, Bill Graham.

"She lives up the mountain thar with her father," replied one.

"I hev hearn that she will marry Steve Green next week," said another, kindly offering Bill a chew of tobacco. Bill had heard all he wanted to know and started on his way again.

"Straanger, ye better put up hyar fur the night. It's goin' ter snow and blow like thunder 'fore long."

"No, thankee," responded Bill as he continued his journey. And now within a half of mile of his destination he began to fear that his years of patience and toil would avail nothing. The wind had become so fierce and the snow had drifted so high that he had almost given up the hope of ever seeing his sweetheart's face again. Still he toiled manfully on. Finally he saw a faint light.

"I'm 'bout thar," said he, and straightening up with renewed effort he reached the door. The wind shrieked more wildly than ever and a shower of sparks raced madly up the chimney, only to be put out by densely falling snow. Suddenly a knock was heard. The old shoemaker

straightened up and rubbed his eyes and the women looked anxiously around.

"Wall, I'll be durned," said the old man, "who kin be stirrin' sech night ez this," and he arose and tottered across the floor. As he opened the door a tall, pale man, with closely cropped hair, staggered in.

"Walk in an' git warm, straanger. What air ye doin' out sech night ez this." During this time Bill had recognized his mother and sweetheart. "Sal! Ma! Don't ye know me," he exclaimed.

"Lor' a'mighty, it air Bill." cried his mother, and they rushed toward him only in time to catch him as he staggered and fell.

During the following weeks, while Bill and his sweetheart were nursing his frost-bitten fingers and toes, he told her of the terrible epidemic which had swept away so many prisoners, his father included, and how, on account of good behavior, the authorities had let him off a year before his sentence had expired. Steve Green suddenly disappeared. No one knew exactly why.

"MASS JIMMIE."

BY C. A. W.

Driving to my old plantation home one cold December morning I chanced to overtake an old negro man who, bowing extravagantly and taking off his hat, said, "Mornin' Bossman, ud be 'bleeged if you'd let de ole man ride 'cross de branch; dey say its up 'cross de road. I'm gittin' sorter ole an' aint much on coonin' de fence."

I cut the buggy and told him to get in, which he did, and upon my offering him a part of the robe, he pulled one corner of it across his knees and left his feet entirely exposed. I asked him what his name was, and where he was going. He answered, "Cephus my name. De ole man William McAlister wuz my ole master 'fo' he sole me to Mass Jimmie. Mass Jimmie he wuz Mass Jimmie Hudson, an' he wuz a mighty fine gent'man 'fo' Mistis tuk an' died; but den it seem lack he kinder denten keer fer nuthin'. But yeu axed me wher I wuz a-gwine. I aint a-gwine to no pertic'lar place. I jes' thunk I'd take a trip up in Wilson county fer to see if I cunten fin' a crap fer to rent. I ben a-livin' wid Mr. Perkins gwine on fourteen year; but I cain't raise no hogs down dare in Green county wher dey got no fence, an' dey aint no wher fer de hogs ter run 'ceptin' a man got a paster; an' sutny no nigger aint got no paster."

There being room on my father's farm for another tenant I asked the old negro the usual questions as to the size of his family, the number who were able to work, what provisions he would require to be furnished during the year, his recommendation etc. The result was I agreed to rent him a two-horse farm if he should like the land. When we arrived at the farm and he saw it, we completed the agreement.

After I had finished my other business I took a seat on the sunny-side of the gin-house and asked uncle Cephus

to tell me about his Master Jimmie whom he had touched upon that morning. He began:

"My daddy wuz sich a bad runaway nigger dat Mass William say he gwine sell 'im an' all his chillun, bekase he denten want none o' his stock, he gin 'im so much treble. Mass Jimmie he come 'long de road one day a-ridin' in his rockaway, an' Mass William he say: 'Hudson want to buy a nigger? I got a nigger man an' two chillun I want to sell bekase I need some money. Dey 's good niggers.' 'Twont no time 'fo' dey trade, doe Mass Jimmie he denten wont but one nigger an' one chile, an' bein' lack it wuz dat I wuz de bigges', I had to go. I ricolict it jes' lack if 'twuz yistidy. "Mass Jimmie say he gwine sen' a'ter us de nex' day. Den he driv' off. I hearn ever bit o' dat talk, an' run to wher my mammy wuz a washin', an' tole her dat Mass William done sole me an' pappy. It seem lack she denten keer much 'bout pappy, but it look lack she'd go stracted 'bout me bekase I wuz her bigges' boy. Dey wont no way fer to git Mass William to keep us, fer he done an' sole us."

I interrupted here and asked him to tell about his "Mass Jimmie," but he answered, "Ne' min', I'll git to dat bimeby," and proceeded:

"De nex' day two mens come a'ter us. Pappy, he denten keer much, but I cried jes as loud as I could, an' ketched holt o' mammy's coat an' fell down on de groun', but den day tuk us off to Mass Jimmie's house an' left mammy dare a-cryin'.

" 'Fo' long a'ter we got to Mass Jimmie's pappy he tuk an' stole de dogs an' went off 'possum huntin' wid anuther nigger. 'Tother nigger tuk an' cut a blaggum down on pappy. He come an' tole Mass Jimmie, but 'fo' dey could git dare pappy he died. Den it look lack I want to see mammy mighty bad. But I had to stay dare an' git 'long de best I could. Mass Jimmie he wuz mighty good an' 'fo'

long I got use to it, an' wuz better sati'fied wid Mass Jimmie, 'an I wuz wid mammy at Mass William's.

"I growed up an' wuz a putty peart buck when Mass Jimmie tuk it in 'is haid fer to git married. Mass Jimmy wuz near 'bout a boy when he bought me an' pappy. De ole man had jes' died, an' dat wuz de fust year dat Mass Jimmie run de plantation. Ever'body say he wuz a fine gent'man.

"When he went over fer to ax ole man God'in fer to let him an' Mistis Mary git married de ole man wuz mad wid de white bossman wher he had dare, an' he tole Mass Jimmie dat he shunten have Mistis. Mass Jimmie he wuz mighty mad. Things look curis roun' dare fer a spell. Dey say fer nobody not to pester Mass Jimmie, bekase he denten look right.

"Sho'tly a nigger come an' fetched a letter to Mass Jimmie, an' den Mass Jimmie he tole mefer to saddle up ole Meg. Den he rid off wid ole Meg jes' a-kitin'. Ole Meg she wuz jes' as fat an' slick an' got sense jes' lack folks. No nigger wunten git on 'er back, for she wuz highminded an' never tote no nigger.

"Dat wuz in de mornin'. Dat evenin' 'bout sundown when I wuz a gwine down fer to turn in de cows, I seed two folks a-comin' up de road. 'Twuz Mass Jimmie on ole Meg an' Mistis Mary, she wuz on t'other hoss. Mass Jimmie he say, 'Open de gate Cephus,' an' I open de gate fer um to come in. Den Mass Jimmie he 'low,' 'Cephus, dis your Mistis.' Den I knowed dat Mass Jimmie done tuk an' marry Mistis Mary.

"When she start fer to come in de gate her frock ketched in de peg. De hoss he jump off, an' Mistis she fell on de groun' wid her foot hung in the stir'p. De hoss he jump a time or two 'fo' Mass Jimmie could ketch him. By dat time de strop wher hilt de stir'p to de saddle broke in two an' Mistis lay dare on de groun' lack she dead. Mass Jimmie he tuk 'er up in his arms an' tuk 'er in de great

house. But 'fo' he done it he tole me to git on de little black mare an' go a'ter Dr. Johnsen. When I come back dey say Mistis wuz a-livin' an' dat wuz all. Dr. Johnsen tuk mighty good keer on 'er, 'ceptin' fer dat she mought 'a' died. He 'low dat dey wuz sumpin hurt 'bout her backbone.

"But a'ter a while Mistis tuk to mendin' an' den kep a-mendin' twel she an' Mass Jimmie ud go out ridin' in de rockaway—a bran' new un dat Mass Jimmie bought fer Mistis. Dey 'd go near 'bout ever' day. Dey look so putty comin' ridin' 'long dat it make a feller feel happy fer to see um passin' by. Mistis look jes' as lackly an' peart lack she never aint been flung off de hoss; but den dey say she had hurtin's in de back yit in rainy weather.

"Ever' thing went 'long fustrate, an' Mass Jimmie wuz good humored to ever' body, an' ever' body on de plantation thunk de wuld o' Mistis.

"Nex' fall Mass Jimmie sont me over de creek fer to fatten de hogs over dare; an' when I come back 'bout Chris'mas dey say Mistis wuz ter'ble bad off; but dey say de little chile wuz peart. De docter he stay dare all de time; and Mass Jimmie sont a'ter anuther docter to Wi'myton. But it 'peer lack nuthin' denten do Mistis no good, fer she kep' a-gitin wusser an' wusser.

"Mass Jimmie I seed him standin' out 'hind de buggy house wid his hank'cher 'fo' his face a-cryin' jes' lack a chile. Den I felt lack I wuz a-chokin', fer I knowed dat Mistis gwine leave us.

"Dat evenin' de docter sont me out fer to hunt Mass Jimmie an' tell 'im to come to de great house. I foun' Mass Jimmie a-walkin' up an' down in de guardin a-lookin' on de groun'. When I tole 'im dat de docter say come dare he jes' moan and say 'O Lawd, O Lawd,' an' went in de house as quick as he could. Presny he come to de doe an' say sof'lack 'Cephus, fetch in some wood.' I tote in a turn o' wood an' put some on de far,

an' den I stood up dare by de farplace. De docter he pore out a dost o' medicine an' start fer to gi't to Mistis; but when he step tow'ds de bed, she say, 'Jimmie,' an' she sorter smile; den she look lack de ang'l o' heb'm wid de glory o' de Lawd a-shinin' in her face. Mass Jimmie bent down an' kiss Mistis, an' den anuther time. Mistis she say, 'my ole sweethart, be a good boy; an' love our little baby. Den Mass Jimmie he say, 'Why preshus, you's better to-day;' but she say, 'No, I mus' go: stay here wid me now; I'm a-tired;' den she shet 'er eyes an' go to sleep. Presny de docter come up to de bed an' put his han' on Mistis' haid an' say, 'Hudson, it 's all over.'

"Den Mass Jimmie he kiss Mistis agin jes' lack he ben a-doin ever' since she ben dare; an' den he never say a wud, an' never cry lack he done 'hind de buggy house; but he jes' got up an' went in t'other room wher de nuss wuz wid de chile.

"Dat wuz in de evenin' 'bout time de chickens go to roost. Dat night a whole passel o' folks come dare. Nex' mornin' a uman come to de doe an' say, 'Cephus, you wont to see your Mistis?' an' I say, 'yessum.' She say, 'Come in den an' look at'er.' I went in de room an' look in de coffin, an' dare lay Mistis wid de little chile in dare wid 'er jes' lack he wuz a sleepin'. I denten know dat de chile wuz dead; but dey say dat he tuk an' died dat night. Den I 'low dat he wont to go wid his mammy. I felt lack I want to go wid Mistis too. I come out an' ever'thing look curis to me. I felt lack I jes' woke up an' denten know wher I wuz. Mistis, little fice come up an' look at me lack he know what hap'in; an' when de mules bray fer dinner it soun' lack dey wuz away off yander.

"Dey sont me fer ter tell Mistis' pappy; an' when I start back de creek wuz way up an' I cunten git 'cross in two or three days; den Mistis wuz buried.

"Mass Jimmie's sister wher live in South Ca'liny she stay dare wid 'im twel nex' Apil; den she try to get 'im to

go home wid 'er fer to stay a while, bekase he 'peer so hurt-lack; but he 'low 'No,' he gwine stay home.

"Den Mass Jimmie wuz dare by hisself. He c'mmence lookin' lack a ole man, an' never have nuthin to say to nobody. He never ha'f tended to his plantation a'ter dat. It seem lack bad luck sot in. Wheeler's cav'lry come 'long an' tuk all de hosses an' ever' thing else dey could git, an' lef' Mass Jimmie dare wid nuthin but de niggers an' de lan', an' nothin to feed de niggers off'n. So Mass Jimmie he tuk ole Meg an' rid a'ter de cav'lry to see de colonel fer to git some o' his meat an' hosses back wher de so'gers tuk agin de law. De colonel make de so'gers fetch some o' de meat an' fo' hosses back; but dey wont de hosses dey tuk. Den it never make no diffunce no how; bekase Mass Jimmie 'fo' long a'ter dat say he feel sorter poly, an' he blieve he go lay down.

"Nex' mornin' Mass Jimmie sont me fer to git Dr. Johnsen. De docter come an' look at Mass Jimmie, an' say he got de yaller jandus, an' dat he be alright 'fo' long. But it 'peer lack de docter make a mistake, bekase Mass Jimmie never mend none, but c'mmence a-gittin' mighty bad off.

"One night when I wuz a-comin fum de hog lot aint Marth'an say, 'Cephus, Cephus, run to Mass Jimmie.' When I run in dare, I seed Mass Jimmie wuz a layin' wid his haid flung back; den I seed how 'twuz.

"It look sorter hard fər Mass Jimmie fer to die dare by hisself wid out none o' his folks wid 'im. Den de docter he never come dare dat day nuther.

"De folks in the naberhood come an' had de buryin'; doe dey wont many. Dey laid him long wid Mistis an' de chile. Den I 'low Mass Jimmie better off, bekase he 'peer lack he wont sati'fid here a'ter Mistis lef' him no how."

"A'ter dat Mass Jimmie's sister, wher live in South Ca'liny, sont de ole man God'in a letter fer to ten' to de

plantation an' pay de debts. Den de surrender come along an' de niggers had a wusser time; bekase 'fo' de war de nigger allus had a plenty t'eat. I lef' de plantation bekase a'ter Mass Jimmie tuk and died I wont to go somers else. I staid 'bout at diffunt places twel I went to Mr. Perkins'. But I caint raise do hogs down dare, so I'll come np here an' stay wid you."

THE WADDELLS AND THE BOGESSES.

BY J. R. COWAN.

It was mid-afternoon of a hot August day. The shadows of the willows and the elms were lengthening across McCroskey's mill pond. The insect known as the "jar fly" was giving expressing to the intense heat by unfolding itself into that agonizing grating. The water-beetles danced across the thin scum of water just above the dam. Three boys of fifteen were rapidly undressing on the shady side of the water. The first undressed took a header into the deep and lazy stillness near the dam.

"Is she cold, Jack," asked one of those who were ready to follow his example.

"No-o, she's jes' boilin' hot," said Jack, spurting and kicking and causing the water to slop over the dam. Now of course Jack would have averred that the water was warm, and that in the most extravagant similes, even though he might have been sending chunks of ice rebounding at his heels with every stroke. His companions needed no further persuasion, however, and for a period of one hour and a half the three enjoyed themselves as only boys can. When they were out on the bank for perhaps the tenth time, one expressed his determination of staying out.

"Ye ain't goin' to stay out sure enough, are ye, Creepy," said the boy known as Link.

"Yes, I've been in long enough," said Creepy.

These words were no sooner out of mouth than Jack pasted him with a ball of soft blue mud. This was the signal for a regular mud battle, and Creepy never stopped until he saw both of his companions, as well as himself, smeared with great streaks of mud from head to foot.

"Reckon we'll all have to go in again," said Creepy, as he walked away and pitched a couple of green walnuts into the pond, where they sank to fifteen feet sounding, and then disappeared after them.

"Boys, wouldn't ye like to see that dam all bust loose at onc't, 'specially if the water was high," remarked one of the three as they were finally putting on their clothes.

"I can hook some dynamite out of the mill, 'spose we blow her up some night," said Jack, already indicated as the leader of the little gang.

This little dynamite plot was not introduced in the story with the expectation of being executed. It simply goes to show that the trio did plan mischief, and in many cases they did execute. As for Jack Waddell, he was a very prince at mischief-making. Just the sort of a person for a leader, he had coarse red hair, there was no other red hair like it, he was freckled faced and besides somewhat bow-legged. His various personal characteristics caused him to be regarded with as much curiosity as a real live monkey. Jack lived in a pretty bad neighborhood of Kentucky ten years ago. The good people were being made uneasy; stealing and barn-burning were not uncommon. People were beginning to look with more or less discredit upon one another. There was a pretty tough, lawless element among the lower classes of that section. One of the meanest men in that section was one Buck Torbett, who worked around the government still-house. Jack Waddell hated this man and longed to see him convicted of some of his misdemeanors. He had, when quite a child, in a very peculiar manner, had his prejudices aroused against this man. Torbett had a heavy mustache which curved stiffly to his underlip. One time when Torbett came to help his father on the farm, Jack, with his cherubic little disposition, felt profound disgust at the sight of this heavy mustache, which came from the dinner table soaked with buttermilk. Strange how the little things may sometimes excite lasting prejudices in the mind of a child.

Jack parted from his companions that afternoon and went homeward his nearest way. He passed a negro cabin

where he could not refrain from a few minutes' usual conversation with the old darkey, "Aunt Tabby." Aunt Tabby was one of Jack's favorites; he never tired of her stories of the old times. "Dem times done pass now, an' I has to see a heap o' trouble dese days," she would say, and then continue: "Dey ain't no more Ole Mistis and dey ain't no Wesley now. Ole Mistis tole me, long ago, dat I ain't goin' ter git nary nother Wesley if dat one die. An' I beliebe it now. Beliebe ever'thing Ole Mistis ever say. When Wesley died, jus' for want o' sense, I had to marry that plag' gon' ole Wash Brown, an' he don't treat me much better'n his dog. He's jus' waitin' now for me ter die so's he can marry that stinkin' heifer, Malinda Johnson."

"Say, Jack," said Aunt Tabby that afternoon, "you knows that black silk dress what belonged to Ole Mistis and what I allus has bin 'spectin' to be buried in. You knows how I done tole you again and again how Ole Mistis gin it to me. She say, 'Take this, Tabby, to remember me by; you can do what you like with it.' Then I say, 'Yes, Mistis, I sho' keep dat dress an' I'll allus remember you by it, an' 'sides that I 'spects to be buried in it when I dies.' You know how I say time an' agin dat I hope my speerit hant the pusson who steals or tries to steal dat dress. Yes, Jack, you done hearn tell all dat. Jack, you's a good boy, but doan you b'liebe dat oudacious debbil, Wash, tried to steal dat dress tother day. Well, he did. I happen be sweepin' tother mornin' fore he lef, and when I see his sack with suthin in it, I pick it up and luk in it and dere's my black silk dress, the very one what Ole Mistis gin me and dat I hopes to be buried in. I jump on Wash about it right den and dere. Wash swear he know nuffin' 'bout it. I knowed he's a black liar tho', an' I jus' 'spected he's fixin' to tote it off in his sack an' gin it to dat Malinda Johnson."

Jack Waddell listened to Aunt Tabby's tale of woe with evident sympathy. Jack might have added still more to the episode of the dress. He had been at Aunt Tabby's cabin a few days before. On that occasion he reminded the old darkey that her chickens were in the garden play. ing havoc with her tomatoes and, while she started out in the sun shading her eyes in the direction of the garden, Jack quickly transferred the dress from Aunt Tabby's trunk to Wash's sack. Old Wash carried this sack nearly every time he left home, and if he had good luck he would return with something in it at night. This custom of carrying a hemp or tow sack is pretty generally observed among negroes in the country. Jack had played the prank simply to increase the ill-will that existed between the black pair. Wash was a mean negro in the neighborhood, but still he had all the superstition of his race. When he got to drinking heavily he had all the terror of ghosts. Sometimes, when he returned home after dark, Jack and his friends had rare fun pelting him with stones or standing in the by-ways in the full array of ghosts.

Aunt Tabby continued that afternoon to stigmatize her unworthy husband. "No," said she, as she crossed her hands with a sigh, "I can't tell what Wash comin' to, since he commence 'sociatin' with that poor white trash of a Torbett. Dis world goes on from wus to wus, long as sich men as Torbett and Wash stay together."

Jack had a special grudge against Torbett and Wash. He might well have a grudge against a white man and a negro who spent so much of their time together. Jack had tried to assist his father and others to establish the guilt of these parties of stealing, but had failed so far. Everybody in the neighborhood suspected them, but they had never been quite lucky enough to detect them openly.

Jack was the youngest of the house of Waddell. He had brothers and sisters, but he was somehow different from any other Waddell. They couldn't exactly keep

pace with this Jack. He came and went at will; he got hold of his own pocket money, as many farmer boys do, and had his own fun. He read those novels and tales of the leather clad order which are so congenial to boys of his age. Boys will be boys, and Jack was a boy with all the boyish mischief, though he had also some of the ambitions and aspirations of youth. There was one trait which Jack had in common with all the other Waddells, and that was he hated the Bogesses. Why he hated the Bogesses he never had quite understood; it just seemed natural that a Waddell should hate a Bogess. He did not know the history of Waddell vs. Bogess, but, as we say, the antipathy just came natural. The first day Jack ever went to school, he met Bogess' boy and they fought like two sore-headed bears, just because Jack was Waddell's boy and the other boy was a Bogess. The Waddells and the Bogesses lived on adjoining farms. There was a whole house full of Waddells and a whole house full of Bogesses, but still for years it was the same old story, a Waddell never spoke to a Bogess nor a Bogess to a Waddell.

Anyhow, Jack had been having some very strange fancies of late, and as he strayed home at twilight, he mumbled to himself in a very unusual manner: "Wonder why it is I can't keep from thinkin' about that Mamie Bogess here lately. Every time I get a glimpse of her it sets me to thinkin' how deuced pretty she is. Reckon I hate her, though, jes same's the other Bogesses. I don't know what this old quarrel was. Anyhow, I jes wish't I could do somethin' for her, so's I might speak to her and she might speak to me." And Jack swallowed a lump in his throat with as much effort as he would a piece of beefsteak, and hurried home.

The next day Jack happened to see the cornstalks shaking and falling out in the big cornfield toward Bogesses. It was always his job to look after trespassing hogs and cattle at this season. Arrived at the cornfield, Jack soon

found some hogs destroying the green corn at a furious rate, and the hogs belonged to Bogess. With all the hatred of a Waddell for a Bogess, Jack dogged and pelted the intruders with stones for a whole hour until he succeeded in getting all out except Bogess' rougish old sow. She had led the whole drove in and Jack's patience was exhausted with her. So he hurried to the house and came back with a double-barrel shotgun, and when he found Bogess' sow, he cocked both barrels and turned the loads loose into her brain. She turned over on her side, her feet quivered a moment, but she never squealed.

"Say, Creepy," said Jack that afternoon, "come over to-night and bring Link with you. I've got a job for you."

Creepy and Link appeared that night as requested, and Jack led them out into the cornfield until they came to Bogess' sow lying stiff and cold in the moonlight.

"There she is, boys," said Jack, "I said I was goin' to get her out of here dead or alive, and now I want you all to help me do somethin' with that piece of pork."

"Gee, ain't she a golly whopper?" said Creepy. "What you goin' to do with her?"

"Carry her over to Bogess' cornfield and bury her where the grass'll grow over her by gatherin' time," said Jack.

Creepy whistled.

"Les bury her right here," said Link.

"No," persisted Jack, "this is too close to the road, and besides I want to see her put out of this field. She belongs to Bogess anyhow, and there's where she mus' go back, and we mus' carry her, not drag her, 'cause we don't want her to leave any track."

With much reluctance the boys obeyed, and, by the time they had done a great amount of puffing and blowing, they arrived at the double row of rail fence, two high fences built very closely together. This itself was enough to show that Bogess and Waddell were at outs. Suffice to say that the boys got the sow over the fence, and well out

into the cornfield she was laid quietly to rest in her own burying ground.

About a week after this, Jack found Creepy and Link and talked with them excitedly for quite a while.

"Boys," said the red-haired and freckle-faced leader, "have you still got confidence in me; will you stick to what you swore by that lock of my hair that I cut from my own head for you? If you will I have somethin' important to tell you."

"Yes, we will. Out with it," responded a chorus of two.

"Well, you know how I've been longin' to catch Torbett in some of his meanness. The long and short of it is I think we've got him and Wash now. I saw Wash start for Torbett's and I knew something was up. I said I was goin' to get on to the racket and followed Wash. I saw Torbett and Wash set down on the back porch and so I crept round the house so's I could hear what was said. Torbett's bull-dog began to growl, but I tossed him a piece of bread out of my pocket and then me and the dog were pards all right enough. Torbett gave Wash several swallows of whiskey and then told him what he wanted done. They intended to do it all last night, but they decided to wait 'till to-night. The plot is this, they break into the government warehouse over there at the still, haul the barrels of whiskey away in a wagon and hide them in the old abandoned mining shaft down the ridge. Then they will set fire to the warehouse and leave it to appear that the whole business burnt up. Now what we want to do is to capture the rascals all by ourselves, meet them all at the still-house to-night, tell them we know all about it, then tie them and haul them off in their infernal wagon and deliver them to the officers of the law. So with a revolver apiece we'll go there and wait for the night."

Creepy opened his eyes wide, and whistled.

"It seems to me," said Link, "That we ought to report to the officers and let them do it all."

"Just consider what a brilliant adventure we miss by doing so," objected Jack.

So in the end, the boys decided they would follow their leader if they had to follow through fire.

That night the boys waited at the still-house three hours with loaded revolvers in their pockets, but still the white man and the negro did not appear. They were getting impatient.

"Look here we aint got no rope to tie 'em with," said Creepy.

"That's a fact," said Jack. "Well 'spose we get out to big road and walk down to the ford of Big Sewee. If we don't meet our game by then, I'll go up to McCroskey's mill and get some rope while you all watch."

Arrived at the ford of Big Sewee, Jack left the boys and ran up to the mill after the rope. The mill building was locked, but still Jack would have the rope. He went to the side of the mill that faced the water, swung upon the sill that overhung the water, crawled along on top until he came within reach of the main shaft and then went overhand to the big belt-hole where he had no trouble in squeezing through. Finding the rope by striking several matches, he opened a window and threw it to the ground. As he looked from the window he saw a great light up the creek away to the left. It looked like the dying fire of some building and Jack thought he ought to locate it at Wash. Brown's cabin. He was about to repeat the perilous feat of climbing when he remembered that he might get out of the mill by a door which opened from the inside. Jack hurried back and told his companions of the big light.

"Old Wash. has got drunk and burnt his house up, that's about the size of it," said Creepy.

They waited another hour but still neither the white man nor the negro appeared. Then Link declared he was going home and go to bed, and the other boys agreed that

that was the most sensible thing to do. On the very next day Torbett was arrested, charged with some very grave misdemeanors, and in the end he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. So the neighborhood was rid of a very dangerous individual.

But how fared it with the negro Wash Brown? He had been drinking heavily that day. He came home that night with a dangerous look in his eye, as though he were about to commit some awful crime. Aunt Tabby saw it.

"The Devil done put some awful meanness in your head Wash. Brown. How do I know but what you're fixin' to murder somebody. You shan't leave dis house to-night," shrieked Aunt Tabby.

Old Wash's eyes rolled in his head in delirium and the fiend in him seemed to gather strength. He raised a chair high over his head and dealt his wife a deathening blow. She fell in a heap across the floor. Then the murderer grew delirious. A fit of madness seized him and he was taken by the first thought of firing the cabin and running away. Having started the fire, he left the house by the open door, but fell in a drunken fit a dozen steps rway. He rolled and kicked as he watched the flames gather about the little building. There was the body of his wife, a ghastly spectacle lying near the open door. As he looked he was seized with all the mad superstition of his nature. The curse which his wife had invoked upon him if he should neglect to bury her decently, in the manner she had so often directed began to weigh heavily upon his mind. He could stand it no longer and, when the flames were quickly gathered about the roof, he stagered through the door and across the floor until he found the trunk and removed the black silk dress. Then he fell down on his knees and began to fumble with Aunt Tabby's body just as the roof began to fall in. This was the spectacle that was presented to Torbett's eyes just as he arrived at the negro cabin.

The days went by and we return to our freckled-faced prodigy. Something began to work upon Jack's mind which works upon the average youthful mind at some stage of its existence, and Jack was concerned about the Bogesses. About a month after the events of the night just described Jack was in the village. He saw Mamie Bogess start home alone in her buggy. Jack stood in front of Pritchard's store and watched her until she was out of sight. Finally he yawned and sighed to himself: "Blamed if I don't get my horse and ride after her and tell her somethin' I've been wantin' to tell her so long."

Jack unhitched his horse and started. He saw a dark threatening cloud and knew there was a storm ahead. There was a high wind and as Jack rode on the storm became furious. As the road wound through the forest the limbs of the great trees on either side lashed and groaned. Jack saw Mamie Bogess' buggy ahead in a cloud of dust. Then he heard the crash of a falling tree. Mamie had seen a good sized oak tree about to be uprooted and tried to whip old Dobbin up, knowing that it would fall across the road. But she was not quite quick enough, the tree fell with a crash and one of the large outstretching limbs pinned her across the buggy seat and old Dobbin stopped short. Mamie was only stunned a little when Jack came up, but it was impossible for her to free herself. Jack dismounted and used all his energy in the effort to remove the limb, but he couldn't make it budge.

"You will have to be quiet until I can get an ax," said Jack, and he rode ahead to the nearest house.

The storm was by this time about passed over. Jack found the ax and hurried back. He made a few strokes at the limb and at the last master stroke the limb parted, but the ax went wild and cut an ugly gash in Jack's foot nearly to the bone. The limb fell away and Mamie was free. Just imagine how nobly Mamie acted the part of a surgeon, tore up the buggy robe and assisted Jack to bind

his bleeding foot. By the time all this was done Jack began to think of something else. After all, perhaps, it was providential that he had cut his foot and the tree had fastened the girl. He ran his fingers through his red hair and, as he sat there nursing his wounded foot across his knee, he made his little speech.

"Mamie Bogess, I'e been a waitin' for a good chance to tell you somethin' for a good while. To be short and plain I've been lovin' you ever since I saw you one Sunday over at Shiloh church. I've been lovin' you just as hard as one person can love another, and I want to ask you right on this spot if you will marry me. I never will be satisfied until you consent to do so."

"The very idea," said Mamie in astonishment. "I love and marry a Waddell?"

"Yes, why not," said the red haired youth, "If I can love and consent to marry a Bogess, why not you love and become the wife of a Waddell?"

"Come, let me help you to get in my buggy, we'll lead your horse, and I'll take you home," said Mamie.

Jan 9th

THE CHRISTMAS BELL.

BY RUFUS TIRO.

Across the moon-lit meadow,
  I heard the music swell—
The glad and joyous music
  Of the merry Christmas bell;
And my heart turned back to childhood
  As I caught the glad sweet strain,
And I felt the old-time joy
  Of the Christmas-tide again.

Oh! it called up long-lost childhood
  Like a half-forgotten dream,
When Santa drove his reindeer
  Over hill and frozen stream;
And I heard again the music
  Of my darling mother's voice,
As she told me why at Christmas
  The nations all rejoice;
As she spoke to me of shepherds,
  Of angelic choirs above,
And told the "old, old story
  Of Jesus and His love."

Then the vision of a playmate,
  A merry, bright-eyed girl,
Hair that clustered 'round her forehead
  In many a golden curl.
How I loved the little maiden,
  How I thrilled with wild delight,
When she placed her little hand in mine
  And, her blue eyes flashing bright,
Answered, "Yes, I long have loved you,
  And I'll always love you, Ray.
You're the only one that's loved me
  Since my mamma went away."

But the mother of my childhood
  Tells no more the story old,
She has gone to live with angels
  Beyond the gates of gold;
And the darling little maiden,
  The bright-eyed laughing Nell,
Safe within the arms of Jesus
  Hears again the Christmas bell.

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

It has been widely noted and commented upon that the representations from the Southern States were almost completely ignored in the appointment of the chairmen of the various committees by the Speaker of the House of Representatives at the beginning of the recent session. So far as we recall not a man south of the Mason and Dixon line was given a position of any considerable influence—a singular fact which throws the unflinching lie in the face of all our vain boasting about a united people. It is a fact which all young men of Southern extraction will do well to learn, that the South lost her influence in national politics by the Civil War and that it will never be given back gratitously by the North —all sentimentalities engendered by a foreign war to the contrary. The influence we had before that unfortunate event, and it was considerable, arose from the fact that our institutions were such as to demand it, but those very institutions were lost and with them the secret of our influence. Humiliating as it may be, it is nevertheless true that the South cuts no figure in national councils and she never will until she is able to demand it for herself. These reflections are all old, of course, but they are suggested with greater force by some recent statistical figures collected by a Massachusetts Manufacturing Association. This association ascertained and published that for the year just ended North Carolina, with other Southern States in close procession, has outstripped all other States in the increase of manufacturing industries.

This, together with other facts of similar nature, makes it almost certain that the South is rapidly becoming the manufacturing center, and with the advent of this state of affairs, welcome or unwelcome as it may be, will come a change in the institution and character of our people—a change which to us is more than welcome. It means the advent of capital which brings with it power; the rise of factory towns which will become cities; an increase of population and larger facilities of the consumption of home products. Economic and commercial laws are stronger than theories, local pride or prejudices, and they are sure to bring about this change, in which lies the hope of the Southern States to regain their lost influence in national affairs. For it is truer now than ever that political power is following close in the wake of wealth and population, and that portion of the country which is without these in comparison with others is without political power. When our portion of the country turns to manufacturing on a larger scale, making other sections dependent to a large extent upon us for both manufactured goods and raw products, with an increased population which will inevitably follow, then can our representatives demand and receive recognition at the hands of both national political parties. There have been and still are many Senators and Representatives who owe their influence not to any inate ability in and of themselves but to the factories and wealth behind them.

We are beginning to realize this new turn, and it is a source of great gratification to see so many young men, with diplomas in their hands, turning away from the overcrowded professions to study in cotton mills and other manufacturing establishments, preparing themselves to take part in the material upbuilding of their State. Would that more would follow in their steps! For many years to come what we need is less politics, fewer professional politicians, fewer calamity-howlers and more devotion of means and ability to that development wich brings with it not only material prosperity but political power and prestige.

War has been defined as "truth clothed in hell-fire" or more concisely as "hell," both of which definitions are impressive and suggestive if not elegant, and if they be true one would thine that his Satanic Majesty has a tolerably good foot-hold in various places at present. There are good grounds for various opinions and conclusions as to the justice and expediency of the war which England is now waging against the Boers, but one thing concerning us is true. If the United States expects to deal in the colonial business they must learn to be more consistant in their affiliations with and sympathies for other nations. Our sympathies are without doubt in favor of the Boers, in spite of the fact that England did us an invaluable service in our last war which made us throw up our hats and shout ourselves hoarse for the Union Jack. Spasmodic and emotional changes may be alright for home affairs that our business, but they will, sooner or later involve us in trouble if we try to extend them to our imperial policy. One good turn deserves another with nations as well as with individuals.

We have noticed a tendency on the part of the exchange editors of some of our contemporaries to use harsh and unjust language in commenting upon their exchanges. We believe that an exchange department is of inestimable value to every live magazine, but the editor prostitutes its purpose when he uses insulting or offensive language. A friendly though severe criticism is well and ought to be well received, but one clothed with personal spleen neither elevates the critic nor benrfits the one criticized.

We make our profoundest bow to all our contemporaries with the beginning of the new year, rejoicing in their success and sympathizing heartily with them in their troubles. Some have succeeded well, some have improved, all seemed to have put forth honest effort. Here's to you, wishing that the new year may have greater success and less troubles in store for us all.

Since time began (and before, too, if there were any men living) it has been the practice of man to love—except a few old maids and bachelors who have been disappointed in youth. And college Freshmen are not the only persons in college who are afflicted with this disease of the heart. Sometimes even a Senior is stricken down with this dread malady, and the chief character of this story is a member of the class of 1900. He was seriously wounded by Cupid's dart and it remains to be seen if he ever recovers. He met the object of his affections last vacation and she became to him the only flower in the vast paradise of Nature. He became perfectly infatuated, and never once did he fail to make known his mind. He wooed her at the waking of the morning. He wooed her at noon-tide, down by the river side, or by the spring in the dell. He wooed her at twilight, when the moon silvered the boughs of the sweet magnolia, and the stars looked down and the nightingale sang. So thoroughly was he possessed, that all the universe seemed imbued with the spirit of love. He heard her voice in the sound of the laughing waters, the fluttering of her heart in the summer evening's last sigh that shuts the rose. The gentle zephyrs of evening, as they swayed the yielding pine, made music, and every note was but a whisper of her name. The harmony of the universe, the music of the spheres, rolling in their vast orbits, ever spake to him in her praise. Sometimes, yea, day after day, he sat on the river bank writing poetry, as most amateur lovers do (so they say). He tossed on his bed at night, and

dreamed, and dreamed, and dreamed, until in the ecstacy of his dream, he grabbed a pillow. Thus he lived and loved and wrote poetry until it came time to go back to college, and with the words,

> "'Tis hard to break the tender cords
> When love has bound the heart;
> 'Tis hard, 'tis hard to speak the words
> We must, my darling, part,"

and various other quotations from Moore and Browning upon his lips, he left her, with no prospects of seeing her again until Christmas. How drearily, and slowly, and wearily, the time dragged on. He had the blues, the dumps, and everything else that comes to a love—home-sick college man. He read her name between the lines in his Philosophy. Every other page of Gray's Poems contained her photograph, and thoughts of her were mingled in the conclusion of every problem. But the poor man was not destined to be forever separated from his love, for Christmas came, as usual, and on the afternoon of Christmas day he was happily wending his way toward the abode of his ever adorable. Designedly or undesignedly, the girl's younger brother had tied the dog loose, and when he (the aforesaid Senior) approached the house, the rough and tan terrier made a charge like the Rough Riders at Santiago and the venerable Senior retreated like the Philippinos before Funston's charge. He succeeded in getting away with the loss, only, of the bosom of his breeches, which so disfigured him, however, that he decided to go back for repairs and prepare for the night attack.

Accordingly he went back that night and, luckily for him, the boy, with the dog, had gone for a coon hunt, so he entered the harbor unmolested—until he got to the door and wrapped lightly for admittance. His dear little sweetheart was expecting him, to be sure, and she met him—alone. He was overjoyed, and as she looked into his eyes there came to her pretty face a joyous smile, and the drooping lips that overhung the riant mouth covered with pleasure. She did not

welcome him with words. Putting her dimpled arms around his neck, she kissed him in the warm, Western Carolina fashion, that was so dear to his heart, and then a little head nestled confidingly on his shoulder, and the gentle pressure of a soft, warm hand told him that she had retained her love for him in his absence.

With such a kindly greeting he could not but feel welcome, and with great enthusiasm and delight he told her everything that had happened and some things he had dreamed, and more that he had thought. But, pleasant occasions, as well as unpleasant occasions, have an end, and it was now time for him to leave. For some reason, we know not what, his sweetheart had come to doubt and have apprehensions as to his regard for her, and as he stood in the door, hat in hand, ready to go, she said to him: "Donald, do you love me as you used to?" "Love you, dear?" said he. "Your heart, that ever vigilant and unerring monitor of the soul, must tell you in far plainer words than any utterance of mine that, without the inspiration of your love, my life would be as dreary and aimless as the editorials in the Raleigh newspapers, and the days drift wearily by without one gleam of light to brighten the dreary horizon of my existence. With your bright face as a beacon light, my course shall be as unswerving as the eternal and majestic sun (he is in the Astronomy class), whose fervid rays are even now kissing the limpid waters of the Pacific." With that said he attempted to draw her to his bosom and plant the kiss of affection on her lips, but alas!

"Man's a creature full of woes,
Cuts a caper, down he goes,"

for her father, who had been standing "behind the scenes," made a rather abrupt but tragic appearance upon the stage, and knocked our venerable Senior so far into the rose bushes, and thence into the wood on the other side of the plantation, that next commencement, when his name is called, the monitor of the class will have to answer, "Died on the Field of Honor."—J. HI.

Literary Notes

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"The 'Fowler' is now in its sixteenth thousand in this country, and has sold about as well in England, notwithstanding the popularity of other books."

Mr. J. M. Barrie has completed a story upon which he has been at work four years. The title is "Tommy and Grizel." It will appear serially in *Scribner's*, beginning this month. It has been said that it is not only Mr. Barrie's masterpiece, but the "greatest work of fiction of recent years." We look forward with interest to its beginning.

"In a letter written by Mr. Egerton Castle to a friend in New York, he says that under the literary phantasy of their garb, all the characters in 'Young April,' from the king to the philosopher, are persons who were still living in the middle of this century, men and women whose doings and adventures had in days gone by been recounted to the author by one who had known them all, some of them intimately—namely, by the author's own father. The names of the actors are, however, disguised, the dates suitably altered, and the exact situation of 'the Germanic Confederation Kinglets'—as the irate Guardsman has it—is left vague with a purpose."—*Book Reviews.*

"Mr. Booth Tarkington . . . is a Princeton man, class of '93. While an undergraduate he did considerable literary work. He was editor of the *Bric a Brac*, the annual brought out by the Junior class, and re-established the Princeton *Tiger*,

after the publication of the college humorous paper had been suspended for some years. He began work on "The Gentleman from Indiana" a year after his graduation from Princeton."—*The Bookman.*

"The trouble in the Transvaal has attracted several journalists to that quarter of the globe, notably Mr. Geo. W. Stephens, whose 'With Kitchener to Khartum' arouses the liveliest interest in the literary result of his observations, which will eventually be published during the coming year in *Harper's Magazine.* The publishers of the magazine have also in preparation Mr. Mosley Roberts' modern romance of diplomacy, intrigue, and love, 'The Colossus,' which is causing a sensation in London just now because of the rumored likeness of the central character to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who, by the way, is the subject of a timely character sketch by Mr. W. T. Stead in the November *Review of Reviews.*"—*The Bookman.*

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie has an article in the Annual Book Number of the *Outlook*, December 2, 1899, upon Weimer and Goethe, which is up to his usual high standard. He goes into the spirit of the great German poet and shows that he was not preceded by a Chaucer, Shakspere, Spenser and Milton in German literature, but had the task of breaking away from the foreign influences so prevalent, and creating a new and true German spirit in language and art; that he inaugurated the treatment of real German life in real German language. He shows that in this respect Goethe was a reformer. His life was full of remarkable experience and his works are an elaborated record of them—one great confession. The article is of value to all who are seeking information about Goethe.

Mr. Mabie is one of the best of American literary men to keep an eye on. He always writes learnedly and interestingly. His life of Shakspere to appear this year in the *Outlook*, may be looked forward to with great pleasure. It is interesting to note, by the way, the interest taken in Poe

just now, caused by the unveiling of the Zolnay Bust at the University of Virginia recently. Dr. Charles W. Kent, President of the Poe Memorial Association, says of Mr. Mabie's address upon that occasion: "It was an analysis characterized by critical acumen of a high order, and the literary grasp of his theme as firm as it was delicate. The subtle appreciation of Poe's intrinsic merits, as well as of his relation to literature in America, was expressed in a style that sacrificed nothing of accuracy in its graceful and chaste beauty. It was a splendid address, worthy of the gifted editor, worthy of an occasion significant in the history of the University of Virginia, and worthy of the genius it recalled to memory."

We are glad to see that Southern literature is at last being taken into consideration in the North. The *Outlook* of December 2, 1899, contains an interesting article upon the neglect of it, and says that it should be more widely read in that section. The intellect and energies of the great Southern men were formerly directed towards affairs of state and politics, and the conditions were such as not to be conducive to the cultivation of literary pursuits; hence there was little literature produced in the Southern States. But great changes have taken place and the South is in many respects very different from what it was even thirty years ago. Whereas nearly all the best talent was then directed toward statesmanship, many of our most talented men and women are now giving their time to the writing of books. And it is a notable fact that while the North, generally speaking, has more scholars, and the writers are more analytic and critical, the South has more of natural life, and the writers are more human and humorous, and draw truer pictures of life. The South is a rich field for literature in this respect. Life here is removed from the superficialities of the North; it has more real emotion and sentiment, and it is, therefore, better subject matter for the study of character and the heart.

We are glad to see that our writers are coming into just and deserved recognition in the North; but it is a little amusing to see it stated in a Northern magazine that many of the Northern readers were wont to consider New England literature and American literature as terms meaning the same thing, when there was but little literature in the South; and now, when the South is beginning to have a literature of its own of which it is proud, that if a book is written in America it should be called American, regardless of the section. If they want to call a book, written in the South, American, why didn't they call one, written in the North, American?

Of course our literature is American, yet we maintain that it is Southern. It has the Southern stamp on it and is indigenous. We do not favor sectionalism, but we are inclined to think that with some it is easy to broaden out into inconsistency.

Editors Table

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

All of our magazines have not yet come in, and as this department is required to be in the Editor's hands before the holidays, we are compelled to confine ourselves to the number in hand at this time—some days before the end of the month.

We are very glad to notice an improvement in the matter of the *Roanoke Collegian* for this month. The first article, "The Modern Historical Novel," is very good. The writer shows that he has not only read the modern novels, but that he has caught their spirit and atmosphere. "The Abandoned Vocation" is very interesting and we should like to know the rest. The writer of "College Friendships" seems to be an authority on the subject—especially the first phase he discusses. He expresses himself very well; the true friendships should have had more attention, perhaps. "The New Rome" is worth reading to show us how we are regarded in the eyes of other people.

In the *Guilford Collegian* for this month we are glad to find that the Editors have taken a stand on the right side of the question as to Professionalism in College Athletics. The paper on that question in the literary department is for the most part sane.

The *Columbia Literary Monthly* has found a man who dares to say that he is not a Kipling-crank. We congratulate the author of "The Spirit of Kipling" for the sincerity and frankness with which he arraigns what he terms Kipling's primitive way of looking at things and his lack of discrimina-

tion. He thinks Kipling lays entirely too much stress on action merely as action, regardless of the motives which impel it or the results which follow it. We may go to Kipling for "literary amusement," but we will never find there help in human trouble or hope to buoy up our ideals.

We leave it to each man to agree with this writer or differ from him as he sees fit. For our part we are inclined to agree with him. Kipling, it seems to us, pays too much attention to the physical to the detriment of things spiritual. He carries out his ideal of "art for art's sake" in admirable fashion—he "draws the thing as he sees it" with severe accuracy—but is this the highest end for which a Poet may strive? But we are to criticise magazines, not Kipling.

The *Georgetown College Journal* is one of our very best magazines. All its departments are well filled and especially do we commend its special department of Poetry. Unlike all the other of our exchanges, the *Journal* has special pages dedicated to the original poems it has to publish, and these pages are usually filled with poems of beauty and worth. The December number is filled with excellent matter.

The *Amherst Lit* also has a high standard and usually comes up to it. The "Mail Bag" man seems to appreciate the situation of Exchange Editors in regard to adverse criticism, but does not seem to make it his business to remedy the evil, if it is such, as far as he can.

Poems of real merit are to be found in a number of the magazines of the month. We clip a few that pleased us:

FIDELITY.

May the promise I made thee in the long ago
Ne'er change as the tide in its ebb and flow,

Or as the winds so passing and free
That forever will come and will go on the lea.

Yon breaker, advancing so swift on its raid,
Is striking the spot where our tryst was made,—

In a love as true as the ocean is deep,
Or as broad as the sky in its infinite sweep,

Re-intranced, I recall thy devotion so tried,—
It was mine long ago, but, oh! the wild tide,

All-jealous came up from the deep and bore
Thee away in her grasp to another far shore.

Till the doom of my life,—the bitter last throw,
I will stand by the promise of years, years ago,

For I know there's a Mercy above the cold sea,
That outlasts in its love the ocean's mad glee.

Lash on in thy fury, thou cold, dark sea,
I will buffet thy wave, and withstand even thee!

For little I care for thy raging so dire,—
'Tis only this waiting!—this lingering fire!

Even this is my love, unfailing and strong,
To withstand every ill that may cluster and throng

The strong of life's restless sea, or lashings of waves,
For the Hand above is the Hand that saves

—J. P. Turner, in Vanderbilt Observer.

SOUL'S REST.

To see the dawn rise in the east
  And feel the eager, joyful thrill
With which begins the day's work-feast,
  While ends the night's Lethean chill;

To wander through the long hot noon
  In cooling glades with one to love,
While haste the honeyed hours too soon
  That swiftly on to twilight move;

To spend the evening with old friends
  From out the spirit-world of books,
While firelight flickers high and wends
  Its way to distant shadow-nooks.

—P. H. Hayes, in The Yale Courant.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Individual responsibility to God does not mean simply getting out of this life what seems best adapted to individual wants. That would narrow man's most exalted duty, and make us only selfish creatures. There would be no sympathy in the world. Truth would fall from its exalted throne. There would be nothing great attempted, and hence no tremendous achievements would be performed. All our activities would be directed inward instead of outward. And if every one should appropriate to his own uses all the good he could possibly get his hands on, and never *give* anything in return, how long would it be before our world would be nothing more than a desert, in which "another, sailing o'er life's solemn main," would perish? This would be selfishness in its most hideous form. And, like the rich man of long ago, it would be our lot some night to lie down and hear a voice from out the darkness say, "Thou fool; this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Not taking into account the end of such a condition, there is no one that will contend that that condition is to be desired. And yet we have among us just this spirit of selfishness. Its presence might be explained by saying that we were ignorant of it. Then its absence might be insured by having it brought before us. Whatever may have brought it into our midst, and whatever may be the cause of its thriving, it is here, and in a very alarming degree. Men who formerly manifested a willing spirit to be spent seem to have forgotten

entirely that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." We talk about what we "get out of" this and that experience, and refuse to add anything to the encouragement and happiness of many around us who most need our sympathy. One life cannot help another until the two are brought into sympathetic relationship. Many things are suffering just now in our college because of selfishness, and nothing more than the Young Men's Christian Association.

* * *

Dr. Hamaker and Mr. E. S. Yarboro spoke to the members of the Association Sunday, December 3, on the problem of Missions in Cuba and the Philippines.

* * *

President Stewart was to lead the devotional meeting Sunday, December 10, but his duties as one of the Deputy State Secretaries called him away from us. A Gospel meeting was held instead, and Messrs. Dent, Webb, Holden, Yarboro and Littlejohn made very timely and suggestive speeches.

* * *

A grand rally was held in the chapel Sunday afternoon, December 17. The High School Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. came over and mingled their voices in the songs. Dr. Kilgo addressed the meeting. His subject was, "Our Duties to Our Homes." This meeting closed the Y. M. C. A. work in College until after the holidays.

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Bishop Hendrix gave us a visit on his way from Conference. It was a treat just to look at the Bishop—his fine head and face and manly form. If he could not talk he would be powerful. He gave ns about half an hour's talk and every body present was convinced that there was a mighty power behind his words. The chapel was packed to overflowing to hear him- Among the many good things he said we will mention only two leading heads which he emphasized very strongly. The first was the value of purpose in order to succeed in life. Said many failures were due to this deficiency. Men go through life without a purpose but to live as long and easily as possible, turning hither and thither to whatever best suits their convenience, and achieve nothing. That purpose was a companion that ever remained with man even in his darkest hours, and always encouraging and pointing him toward the heights where lies his success. That it was purpose that put steel in one's will and made him conquer tho world and trample down what opposed his success. The next point was work. Said God himself was the greatest worker in the universe: the greatest Physicist, Chemist, Astronomer, Mathematician. That the curse was not put on work, but on toil. Work is effort directed toward a worthy end in the most intelligent way. Toil is drudgery. Men toil blindly for a blind object. We become more like God as we become more able to work and not toil. He left the world incomplete that man might develop it, that he might work. Through the whole course of the ages man has been

learning to work. He rides the waves, harnesses the winds, and bottles up the electricity that they may all serve him. Man becomes invincible as he conquers nature. One reason England finds it so hard to hondle the Boers is because they are masters of nature, and so on. It doesn't seem that any man could have said more good things in half an hour. Such a man is inspiring to all who hear him.

Presiding Elder J. E. Underwood spent a few days on the Park in search of preachers to fill some stations left unsupplied by the Conference for want of preachers. Rev. Mr. Underwood found it very difficult to secure any one from Trinity to fill these places as none of the boys were willing to leave off their course. Finally, however, Mr. J. H. Buffaloe agreed to go after examinations in January.

There will not be many applicants for admission to Conference from Trinity next year. There are only five ministerial students in the Senior Class this year, and some of them will continue their course a year or two.

The fourth of the Faculty Lectures was delivered, Satururday evening, December 16, by Dr. Hamaker. Subject, "The Correlation of Mind and Body." It was an able effort and showed that the Professor had his subject well in hand. His exhibit at the Science Club of a week previous to the lecture, was also very entertaining and profitable. Many new aparatus have been received by the Science Department, and Professors Pegram, Hamaker, and Edwards are wide awake to the latest developments along this line.

The farewell rally, December 23, of the Grady Literary Society of the High School was very interesting. After short addresses by Professors Anderson, Boyd, and Aldridge, which were enthusiastic and to the point, the students spoke of their appreciation of the Society, their failures and successes of the fall, and their plans for the spring. Several of the Alumni of the school were present and made appropriate speeches.

Upon the whole, it almost made one wish to be a boy again that he might go through Trinity Park High School. Theirs are peculiar privileges.

There is a new society at the college this year, the Ero Mathian, or girl's Society. The girls meet regularly to do literary work, and find it to be very interesting and profitable. Miss Ethel M. Lewis is President at present. but new officers will be elected for the spring. The society promises to do much good.

About a dozen students spent the holidays on the Park, and with the exception of rats, everything was very quiet. Their object was to read, but after taking in the Christmas Trees and the various other amusements of the town there was but little time left for reading or for homesickness. The boys were invited to dinners, suppers, social gatherings, debates, and so on, and made many acquaintances. They feel very grateful to Durham's good people for their hospitality. Christmas could not have been spent much more pleasantly at home.

On December 27, Mr. G. O. Green, '97, was married to Miss Nellie Bynum, of Bynum, N. C. Miss Bynum is a graduate of G. F. C., and one of the most enviable young ladies of Chatham County. We feel sure that Mr. Green has won the greatest prize of his life, his Wyley Gray Medal not excepted. He joined the Eastern Conference in December, and will shortly take his young bride to his field of work in Sampson County, where they will begin life's work together. We offer our good wishes.

Mr. B. F. Carpenter, '98, who preaches at Mt. Airy, spent the holidays in Durham. He was the guest of Miss Callie Pendergrass. He has not broken since he left us, and has the same pleasant smile and kind greeting for everybody. His visit was much enjoyed by all who met him.

A very serious mistake happened to a Senior not long ago. He went to the Phone to call up one of the young ladies on

the Park for a chat, and when he thought she had answered he remarked, "you look mighty sweet this evening," and she replied, "I don't understand you Mr. ———," and to his astonishment he detected he was talking to the girl's mother. He advises to keep away from the "Phone."

Mr. E. S. Bowling's sickness of the summer and fall seems to have left no signs, for he is strong and rosy again. He is with Duke & Sons at present, but contemplates a trip to Paris this year.

Mr. R. H. Mitchell, '90, is teaching in Sanfrancisco we are informed. Rev. J. C. Wooten, '98, was transferred to the Pacific Conference, and as we have announced before, Rev. J. B. Needham is in California preaching. These are strong young men and give us a good claim on that part of America.

Before this comes from the press, the boys and girls will be back with steam to run through examinations. The Senior Class, with trembling hearts, will now begin to look toward that "Solemn Occasion" in June, and to strive to make it the greatest in the history of Trinity, since we have the largest Class on her records, now numbering thirty.

With this issue we send our best wishes to all for a bright, happy New Year, and out thanks for favors of the past year. To the old students and our friends generally we would say, please help us to gather information for this department during the spring. Would be glad to know where every old student is and what they are doing.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, FEBRUARY, 1900.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to J. M. FLOWERS, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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R. P. READE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

LITERARY CRITICISM OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY M. L. H.

Every movement in literature goes to seed. After the wonderful outburst of creative genius in the Elizabethan age men less gifted aspired to create great literature and we soon find what is always the case with imitators, the writing of the succeeding time abounding in conceits and extravagances. The men of the eighteenth century revolted against this, and as is also the case with a reaction in literature, went to the other extreme and placed the form, the manner above the matter. The Renaissance literature had caught the inspiration, the genius of the classics and it remained for the eighteenth century in its turn to catch the form only of the ancient classics.

This tendency to form the outward grace at the expense of almost everything else in literature is in entire harmony with the thought and manner of the Augustans. In politics, religion and society, all three inseparably connected people were little disturbed with the "burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible universe." It was preeminently the age of shallow feelings and small consciences. A good picture of the social life of the time is revealed in Henry Esmond. Beatrice with her coquetries, intrigues and entire lack of insincerity is a typical woman of the time. In politics we see men first one thing then another usually with the winning side having little regard or thought for any possible principle involved or the disgracefulness of so vacillating a temper. Men who were set apart for the service of the church are frequently the most unscrupulous of the politicians of the time. Thus we see that a great outward show of things, insincerity, shallow vacillating temper in all departments of life is characteristic of this period.

The literary standards of a people are not apt to be very different from their standards and ideals in other things. After all the critic only stamps his criticism with his own personality and if he is like his age his criticism will be a fair estimate of many other ideals than literary ones. In one sense the literature and criticism of this eighteenth century period comes up to the standard first laid down by Shakspere and afterwards accepted by true critics, in that they "held the mirror up to nature," whether we admire what we see reflected there or not depends on many things, chiefly our own temperament and what one reads the literature of this age for. If one goes to Dryden, Pope or Swift, hoping to find any of the deep spirituality of Browning the search will be a disappointing one. But notwithstanding the lack of spirit of our later poets in the poetry of the age of Queen Anne, one should not disparage it for it is one of the great and important periods of our

literature, both in itself and from the standpoint of the development of poetry. It was the seed time which was destined afterward to burst forth in the Victorian Poets.

The wild extravagances of the writers succeeding the Elizabethans, showed a need for a pause, for time to search for and determine standards. The time had become a critical one, the people had begun to study methods of workmanship, to make comparison between different theories and to allow observation to replace inspiration. People had had enough of natural power, what they wanted was their natural power softened and tamed, hence they saw their ideal in the couplet, in Roman architecture and in smooth landscape. It was the mission of the eighteenth century to assert the universality of law and at the same time the sufficiency of the reason to discover the laws which govern everywhere, a service which we often undervalue in our impatience with the extreme to which they carried their little set laws for genius to bow to.

The age of Queen Anne we frequently call the classical age of our literature. It is classical in the sense of going to the classics for rule in the form of what was to be written not in the sense of that vast power and inspiration revealed in the ancient classics—as compared to romanticism it is classic in its lack of those elements of mystery and aspiration; in its objectivity and lack of healthy curiosity; in its coldness of feeling, the tameness of its imagination and narrow conventional sense of beauty. But most of all classical in its respect for authority. The men of this age desired to put themselves under discipline, to follow rules, to discover a formula of correctness in all their arts, to set up a tribunal of taste and establish canons of composition, to comply with conventions and chastise lawlessness.

Horace was their favorite master, but especially Horace as imitated by Boileau. The "Ars Poetia of Horace had been imitated by Boileau in his "L' Art Poetique" which

inspired many similar productions in England. Among others an "Essay on Satire" and "Essay on Poetry" by the Earl of Mulgrave but most important in England was Pope's "Essay on Criticism." The doctrine of Pope's essay is in brief, follows nature, and in order to follow nature observe the rules of the ancients which are nature methodized. The French influence or classic influence is interpreted by Boileau, gave the laws and English critics promulgated and upheld them. William Walsh writes the youthful Pope, "The best of the moderns in all languages are those who have nearest copied the ancients." Hence we find in the literature of the age of Queen Anne not only imitations of the ancients in the body of the production as to rule and order, but even the names of poems are after the Latin poems, the "Dunciad" being perhaps the most noted.

In the drama the observance of the classic unities was strictly enforced. Critical opinion was pronounced in favor of separating tragedy and comedy. Addison wrote in one sentence enough to forever condemn half of Shakspere's plays. He said, "The tragi-comedy which is the product of the English theater is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into poetry and thought." Whether tragedy should be in rhyme after the French manner or blank verse like the old English style was a question considerably discussed. Dryden, at first argued for rhyme and used it in his heroic plays. It is significant that he defended its use on the ground that it curbed a poets fancy. As to poetry, other than dramatic, the Restoration critics were as one in finding blank verse too low for a poem of heroic dimension, and though Addison gave it the preference in epic poetry, later Dr. Johnson was its persistent foe. This is curious that rhyme, a medæval invention, should have been associated in the last century with the classical school of poetry, while blank verse, the nearest English equivalent of the language of Attic tragedy,

was so lightly thought of. The reason is twofold, rhyme came stamped with the authority of the French and moreover it meant constraint where blank verse meant freedom.

All through this classical period the tradition is constant that Waller was the model English poet, the first correct verifier. Even the heroic couplet as written by earlier poets was felt to have been too loose in structure. "The excellence and dignity of it," says Dryden, who was one of the earliest and greatest of the literary dictators, "was never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; he first made writing easily an art; first showed how to conclude the verse most commonly in distichs which in the verse of those before him run on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." First line balanced against second and frequently first half a line against the second half. This type of verse which Pope brought to perfection and to which he gave all the energy and variety of which it was capable, so prescribed English poetry for a century or more that one almost loses sight of the fact that any other form was employed. When the poets of this time wished to be daring and irregular they were apt to give vent to a sort of pseudo-Pindaric ode which Dr. Johnson afterwards so fiercely denounced. One standard in poetry though, was what they had, and that which had its origin in the smooth distichs of heroic verse which Pope perfected and which hundreds of rhymers afterwards imitated so miserably.

When this classical poetry took a serious turn it instinctively was led into ethical and didactic style, becoming a poetry of aphorisms always instructing one. When it attempted to deal concretely with the passions it proved itself impotent. Pope's "Epistle of Eloise to Abelard" rings hollow after all his attempts at describing the longings of the human heart. We find no purely lyrical poetry in this age for this form of verse is the spontaneous outburst of a genuine heart writing as inspiration and his own

genius dictate, not as Boeleau says the Romans say that Homer did and hence all must do.

For her own great writers who preceded them these men had little thought. Having their eyes so fixed on the ancients, through the French, they overlooked almost entirely those whom we have come to recognize as the master-spirits in our literature. When they did pay any attention to Chaucer, Milton, Spenser or Shakspere they were so blinded and narrowed with their own little laws that they, as a rule, pronounced all of these as mere "barbarians in the art of literature." Dryden showed more appreciation of Chaucer than any of the others, and in his prefaces has some fair criticism of him, but he missed the charm of Chaucer's verse and pronunciation entirely. He attempted to modernize some of Chaucer and we all know with what success. There is as much difference between Chaucer's "Cock and the Fox" and Dryden's as there is between Chaucer's fresh vigorous style and Dryden's conventional versification. Prior and Pope made each a not very successful experiment at burlesque imitation of Chaucerian language. Outside of Chaucer and except among antiquarian and professional scholars there was no remembance of the whole body of the poetry of the English middle ages; none of the metrical romances, miracle plays, minstrel ballad, carnival jubilees, popular alligories and love songs of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. "Now and then," says Pope, "an antiquarian pedant a university don might effect an admiration for some absolete author."

> "Chaucers worst ribaldry is learned by rote
> And beastly Skeltons head of houses quote,
> One likes no language but the Faerie Queene
> A Scot will fight for Christs Kirk o' the Green."

Dramatists of the rank of Marlowe and Webster, poets like George Herbert and Robert Herrick, prose authors like Sir Thomas Browne, from whom Coleridge and Carlyle

and Emerson drew inspiration had fallen into "the portion of weeds and out worn faces."

In 1765, the year after the death of Milton, his nephew, Edward Philips published "Theatrem Poetarun," a sort of biographical dictionary of ancient and modern authors. In the preface he says, "that nothing now relishes so well as what is written in the smooth style of our present language taken to be of late so much rejoiced; that we should be so compliant with the French customs as to follow set fashions; that the imitation of Corneille has corrupted the English stage; and that Dryden complying with the gallantish humor of the time in his heroic plays has indulged a little too much the French way of conventional rhyme." A little later in the same preface he says, "Shakspeare in spite of all his unfiled expressions his rambling and indigested fancies, the laughter of the critical, yet must be confessed a poet above many that go beyond him in learning some degrees." "The laughter of the critical," this is the key to the attitude of the Augustan mind towards the greatest genius in our literature. It is only after the Restoration that we find any clear recognition of Shakspere and then such blunders in judgment and taste that we lose sight of the fact that he was to an extent appreciated. The Shakspeare tradition is unbroken in the history of the English theater and literature. His plays in one form or another have always kept the stage even in the most degenerate condition of public taste.

Few handsomer tributes have been paid to Shakspere than by the critics of our classical age from Dryden to Dr. Johson. "To begin then with Shakspere," says Dr. Johnson in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," "he is the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul." And in the prologue to his adaptation of "The Tempest" he acknowledges that.

> "Shakspeare's magic could not copied be,
> Within that circle none durst walk but he."

Yet Dryden standing as literary dictator at one end of the century and Dr. Johnson at the other, not to speak of the minor critics, made such strange errors in their estimate of Shakspere. Frequently a good thing said about him is followed by some petty disapproval of his method which displays hopeless stupidity. Here are a few of the most unpardonable. "He was a prodigious genious but a most dejective artist. He was the supremest of dramatic poets, but he did not know his business." Perhaps it never occurred to these men that the fault was in the standard and not in Shakspere. They said, "Shakspere violated the unities, his plays were neither right comedy or right tragedy, he had little Latin and less Greek. He wants art and sometimes *sense*, committing anachronisms and Bohemian ship-wreck; wrote hastily and did not blot enough and failed of the grand style. He was untaught, unpracticed in a barbarous age—a wild irregular child of nature, ignorant of the rules, unacquainted with ancient models succeeding where he did succeed by happy accident and the sheer force of genius; his plays were rough drawn, his plots loose, his speeches bombastic, was guilty on every page of some solicism or some notorious flaw in sense." And all this from the highest authorities of the day. There were all sorts of adaptations of Shakspere's plays, improvements and finish put to the style of this "irregular child of genius." Tate's adaptation of King Lear being the most famous.

Perhaps it may be interesting to note a few criticisms from the French themselves on Shakspere. Voltaire in his "Letters on England," says of him, "He was natural and sublime, but had not so much as a single spark of good taste or knew one rule of the drama. . . . You know that in Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, two grave diggers make a grave and are all the time digging, singing ballads and making humorous reflections on the several skulls they threw up with their shovels, but a circumstance that

will surprise you is that rediculous incident has been imitated. After this we are prepared for his statement that Addison's Cato is the "first reasonable English tragedy." The following estimate of Shakspere, by Pope, perhaps gives as fair an idea an attitude of the eighteenth century critics toward him as any. Pope says, "I will conclude by saying of Shakspere that with all his faults and with all the irregularity of his drama one may look upon his works in comparison of those that are more finished and regular as upon an ancient majestic piece of Gothic architecture compared with a neat modern building. The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and wholesome. It has much the greater variety and much the nobler apartments, though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd and uncouth passages, nor does the whole fail to strike us with great reverence though many of the parts are childish, ill placed and unequal to its grandeur." This view of Shakspere continued to be the rule until Coleridge and Schlegel taught the new century that this child of fancy was in reality a profound and subtile artist.

Spenser so often called the "poet's poet" fared only moderately well with the eighteenth century critics. Though his style is far removed from Dryden's we know that Dryden acknowledged his debt to him. And Pope assured Spenser that he had read the Faerie Queen with delight when he was a boy, and re-read it with equal pleasure in his last years. Although Dryden does say he owes a debt to Spenser, like his criticism of Shakspere he would qualify his statements and ruin all the good he had said by some such statement as the following "The Fairie Queen has no uniformity; the language is not so obsolete as is commonly supposed and is intelligible after some practice; but the choice of *stanza* is unfortunate, though in spite of it Spenser's verse is more melodious than any other English poet's except Wallers."

Steele in No. 540 of the Spectator printed some mildly comendatory remarks about Spenser. Mr. Kitchen asserts that between 1650 and 1750 these are but few notices of him. About 1687 there came out an adaptation of Spenser so he shared the name of fate with Shakspere along this line. The first critical edition of Spenser came out in 1715 by John Hughes. In his preface the editor expresses the customary regrets that the poet should have chosen "so dejective a stanza, so romantick a story and a model which appears so monstrous when examined by the rules of epick poetry." Addison's lines in his "Epistle to Sacheverel, an account of the Greatest English Poets," 1694 expresses very well the general idea of Spenser.

"Old Spenser now warmed with heroic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barberous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude
Where'r the poets fancy led pursued
Through pathless fields and unfrequent floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods,
But now the mystic tale that pleased of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more,
The long spun allegories fulsome grow
While the dull moral lies too plain below,
We view all pleased at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battlefields and fights,
And damsels in distress and courteous knights,
But when we look too near the shades decay
And all the fleeing landscape fades away."

Although Addison showed considerably more perception in his criticisms and more freedom from the rules of the day as is shown by his appreciation of the old English ballads, yet when he wanted to bring Milton before the people and make them study him and appreciate his genius he did it by a series of papers in which he assured them Milton was all right in his mothods for all through Paradise Lost he carried out the theories of epic poetry as laid down by Aristotle. He not only takes the Iliad and Aeneid to compare Paradise Lost with, but also uses Aristotle's method of criticism. Even when Addison had called the atten-

tion of the public to Paradise Lost and a renewed interest was aroused in it, Milton's shorter poems were unnoticed or scorned when spoken of. As late as 1779. Dr. Johnson spoke of these minor poems with a lack of appreciation which is astonishing. "Those who admire the beauties of this great poet sometimes force their own judgment into false admiration of his little pieces, and prevail upon themselves to think that is advisable which is only singular." Of Lycidas he says, "In this poem there is no nature for there is no truth, there is no art for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy vulgar and therefore disgusting." He acknowledges that L'Allegro and Il Penseroso are "noble efforts of imagination and that as a series of lines Comus may be considered as worthy of all the admiration with which the votaries have received it." Bosewell reports that Hannah Moore having expressed her wonder "that the poet who had written Paradise Lost should write such poor sonnets," Johnson replied "Madam, Milton was a genius that could cut a collosus from a rock but could not carve a head upon cherry-stones."

Though we may wonder at the lack of judgment and artistic taste displayed so many times by the men of this age, yet we must not forget that our ideas of criticism and literature perhaps would never have been what they are if it had not been for the cold, steady dispassionate judgment that the Augustans so universally employed.

A STRATEGY THAT FAILED.

BY R. D. H.

It was the day of the annual base-ball game between the Salem High School and the Lawrenceville Academy. From time immemorial there had been in existence an intense rivalry between these institutions, and especially did this rivalry extend to the annual base-ball games. For three successive years the Academy had won in these contests, and on each occasion the High School had been thoroughly humiliated.

When, after the last game of the preceding year, the Academy had won by a score of eight to five, Dick Fleming, the little captain of the High School team, had solemnly declared that "Lawrenceville should never win again," their sole thought and aim was to win the game of the following year. It is needless to say that they were much encouraged by the fact that they had played the Academy a closer game than ever before, and as the day of the fateful game approached, every one was wild with excitement.

Notwithstanding these facts, and the almost universal belief among the High School students and "rooters" that the Academy would be vanquished, still the extraordinary confidence and boasting of its constituency, as expressed in the Academy Record, was not very assuring, to say the least. And above all, the High School was particularly alarmed by the statement in the "Record" that Jack Clark, the famous Academy pitcher, and the boy who, three years ago, shut out the High School nine without a hit, had returned to school, and would pitch in the great game.

But the one thing, that above all, caused disappointment and concern, was the fact that Johnson, the big High School pitcher, and the one person in whom almost their only chance of success against the Academy rested, had

sprained his ankle, and in consequence, was to be "laid up" in the hospital for several days.

Notwithstanding this, however, it had been the opinion of the physician, and indeed of Johnson himself, that he would be able to pitch the fateful game. It was a cause, then, of great surprise and uneasiness to the High School students, and alike to all the spectators, to see Jack Lansing, a Freshman, doff his sweater and step into the pitcher's box, in response to the "play ball" of the umpire. Johnson, the college pitcher, was nowhere to be seen.

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It will be well, perhaps, at this point to introduce to the reader Jack Lansing, the hero of the story, and the youth of whom I have just spoken. This was Jack's first year in college, and, indeed, his first year away from home. He was a tall, handsome boy, about seventeen years of age, and had been sent to college by his uncle, both his father and mother having died several years before.

Soon after his arrival in college, and in the manner common to all Freshmen, Jack fell in love, this time with Hazel Carleton, the charming and vivacious daughter of Professor Carleton. Now, Miss Carleton was the possessor of a pair of blue eyes and chestnut curls, and was regarded by every one as the belle of the village. Notwithstanding this fact, however, she was regarded by all the High School students as a heartless flirt, and many were the stories of the love-sick youths who had fallen before her withering glances.

Nothing daunted, however, Jack had won his way, as he thought, into her affections, and before the annual game in May, had become so infatuated with his fair lady that he could think of nothing but her. In his dreams he was with her. On the pages of his text-book he could see nothing but *her* name. But Fate had not decreed that one young man should share alone the affections of such a

charming girl, and, accordingly, Jack was awakened from his reverie by the appearance of a formidable rival on the scene.

John Howerton was a Senior in college, and, until this time, had never felt the pulsations of love. Suffice it to say, however, that he immediately entered into the spirit of the thing, and soon proved to be a formidable rival to Jack. However, just at the time when he had won his way into the young lady's affections, he paved the way for his own destruction. I shall now try to describe the manner in which that came about.

From the first it had been a source of great mortification to John Howerton, that his first rival in love should be a Freshman. Influenced by this and by the belief that Miss Carleton paid undue attention to Jack's advances, he resolved to win by stratagem, what he could not accomplish by love, and knowing that Miss Carleton was a great lover of base-ball, he determined to make the approaching base-ball game the turning point in his love affair. I will try to explain briefly how he tried to accomplish this, and also the causes of his ultimate failure.

As I said before, the High School pitcher was "laid up" with a sprained ankle, and thus the chances for success looked very gloomy, as there was only one pitcher in college. The captain of the team, therefore, was in a quandary. Howerton, however, taking in the situation, and seeing a good chance to win his point, persuaded Jack, who was the Freshman pitcher, to volunteer his services in the coming game, feeling sure that Jack would be humiliated before Miss Carleton's eyes, and that he could then share her affections alone. Congratulating himself on this excellent bit of strategy, Howerton awaited the coming game, feeling sure of Jack's humiliation. But, as is often the case with such unfortunate youths, he confided his secret to another woman, and it is needless to say that Miss Edith Sanford, in the manner so common to her sex,

immediately communicated the secret to Miss Carleton, and in this fact lies the secret of another young man's downfall.

* * * * * * * * * *

It is the fifth inning of the fateful game and the score is five to three in favor of the Academy. As Jack steps into the box in the beginning of the sixth inning, for the first time he catches a glimpse of Miss Carleton's face. Yes, there she is with John Howerton. Conscious now that she sees him, Jack resolves to do or die. For the next three innings not a man scores for the Academy, and as Jack goes into the box in the last inning, he fancies that he sees on her face a smile. Can it be? He works like a madman, and at last is carried, broken down by sheer exhaustion, from the field. Jack has won the day.

In another part of the field there is a different scene. John Howerton realizes that he has lost the day. He sees a tear of joy in Miss Carleton's eye. He now sees how the tide has turned, when she rushes across the field to where Jack lies.

Let us return to Jack as he lies unconscious on the field. He cannot hear the deafening shouts of victory. He can only see in it all the figure of Hazel. When he awakens from his stupor a few moments later, and sees her bending over him, and notices the tears in her eyes, he thinks that that is the happiest moment of his life.

"Hazel, is that you, Hazel?" he asks, and that is all. Then, as she bends over him again, he falls into a stupor to dream once more of Hazel.

Howerton is vanquished.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

BY D. D. PEELE.

In the first half of the present century, when literary England was developing the romantic element of our literature to its highest, there appeared several volumes of Conversations by W. S. Landor, which were entirely out of harmony with the spirit of the age. The author turned from the tendency of literary men of that time to soar, like Shelley's skylark, high above the world of realities, and wrote of things as they were, saying exactly what he meant in a clear, concise manner. While not adopting the classic style of Pope and his contemporaries, Landor reached perfection in the classic style of the Greeks—restrained, moderate, symmetrical, although dealing with the most passionate subjects, never losing himself in them. True, Keats had imbibed a classic spirit, but he differed from Landor in that he dealt with classic subjects in a more or less romantic manner. His style was more of a suggestive nature than Landor's. Keats was a born Greek who was affected to some extent by the spirit of his age. Landor got his classic spirit and style from his love for, and study of, ancient languages and literature. Fortunately the inheritance of a fortune placed him above the cruel criticisms of contemporary critics, and his independent spirit could not bend to the popular tendencies, and so he stood alone, calm, benignant, careless of the opinion others might form of him as an author. Although his works could not be appreciated by any of his contemporaries, except a few literary friends, Landor did not lose confidence in their value. He knew their nature, and nothing was to him more certain than that, even late, his guests must be few and select.

It was with this firm confidence in their value that Landor sought a publisher for the first two volumes of the Imaginary Conversations in 1824. The task was a difficult

one. Finally, however, after much trouble and many outbursts of characteristic vehemence on the part of the author, Julius Hare persuaded Taylor and Hessey to undertake the publication of these first two volumes. Further difficulties arose when Landor refused to suppress certain opinions and expressions at the request of the publishers. Wordsworth, and then Southey, was proposed as umpire to settle these difficulties. Southey at length undertook the task, but Taylor objected to many of his decisions. Thus after many quarrels and disagreements between author and publisher, the volumes appeared in 1824, dedicated respectively to General Stofford, husband of Mrs. Landor's sister, and General Mina, a soldier of liberty.

The success of the book was considerable. The critics began to prepare their scathing criticisms. Gifford, or the *Quarterly Review*—for they were synonomous terms—was known to be especially severe in his meditations which were to appear in the next number of the magazine. His purpose was very fortunately nipped in the bud by a device of Julius Hare. He published in the *London Magazine* a parody of the forthcoming article that so well anticipated its nature that it took all the venom out of it. There appeared in the *Edinburgh* an article by William Hazlitt containing some fair criticism and much well deserved praise.

A third volume was published in 1826, accompanied by no less outbursts of passions than the preceding ones. The manuscripts had been entrusted to Taylor and Hessey for publication, but the quarrel between them and Landor grew more and more tempestuous. Financial difficulties arose. In his rage Landor withdrew the manuscripts and gave them to Mr. Colburn to publish and rashly burnt others intended for a fourth volume. There was nothing except want of tact for which Taylor could be blamed. The burden of the whole affair must fall upon the shoul-

ders of Landor. We can't think of this man as the author of the Conversations. Landor, the man, was entirely different from Landor, the author. In his works he incorporated that tender, genial, admirable side of his character, and in his life appeared that other impetuous side that was constantly throwing him into quarrels and fits of uncontrollable passion. New volumes of Conversations were copiously run through the press till 1829. During these years Landor's home was at Fiesole, Italy, where he had taken refuge, and freed himself from those people in England with whom he never could remain on peaceful terms. Here in the quietude of his surroundings he "walked alone on the far eastern uplands, meditating and remembering." And as a result of these meditations, we have the Conversations.

The purpose of the author was to take the leading men of all ages and make them converse on topics that he thought would interest them. To do this successfully, it was necessary that he should have a broad as well as accurate knowledge of history and of men. Although Londor may have failed in some instances to have as accurate a knowledge as was necessary, the scope of it was almost unlimited. From childhood he had studied literature and history, and especially was he fond of the classical period of Grecian and Roman literature. In his Conversations he embodied the fruits of his labor. He does not pretend that they are history; it is not the purpose of them to relate historical facts. They aie more of the nature of character studies. Bold anachronisms occur in all the Conversations which the author never would have admitted into a historical treatise. But he could not know so many things well. He often has a wrong or inadequate conception of men, and it must be remembered in reading the Conversations that we have portrayed there characters as Landor saw them, not necessarily in their true light. Sometimes, as he says, men of small ability are introduced

"to show better the proportions of the great, as a painter would situate . . . a camel against a pyramid," but we must think that in one Conversation at least—Diogenes and Plato—he sets a pyramid against a camel and would persuade us that the background is sufficient.

How readily we excuse these false conceptions when admiring the vast range covered in his list of characters! He seems to know the whole world, modern and ancient. In the Conversations we find Achilles and Helena met on Mount Ida, talking of the fatal decision of Paris. Grief-stricken Rhodope tells Æsop how her famishing father ate crumbs from the floor on the day before selling her to Xanthus. Here we see the columns of the Parthenon, lighted up by the rays of the western sun, in full view of Eubulides and Demosthenes as they talk of the proposed war with Philip. Wandering leisurely among the beauties of his mountain garden, Epicurus tells Leontion and Ternissa in a charming manner of the pleasures of life and death. Hannibal has his noble and sympathetic spirit aroused by the sight of dying Marcellus. Marius tells Metellus of the desperation of the Numantians whom he has just seen throwing themselves into the flames. Spenser relates to Essex the great catastrophe that has just befallen his house. Landor and Southey turn through Paradise Lost, making such an analytic criticism as might serve as a model for some of our modern critics. Henry VIII intrudes suddenly upon his cast off wife, Anne Boleyn, in the days just before her execution. A sufficient number has been mentioned to give some idea of the wide range of characters represented in these Conversations. In all, Landor wrote about a hundred and fifty, in a very few of which, the same characters are used twice.

Many divisions of the Conversations have been made, all of which are more or less unsatisfactory. It is sufficient for our purpose to divide them into the dramatic and undramatic or discursive Conversations. This simple divi-

sion is not entirely satisfactory. There are paragraphs in the dramatic that smack very much of the discursive nature; while, on the other hand, the discursive Conversations are often connected with more or less dramatic situations. So we see that the Conversations, from their very nature, do not lend themselves easily to division.

In that class of Conversations we have called dramatic, anachronisms are very noticeable. But, as has been said before, it is not history that the author strives for, but dramatic situations. He only wants a passion and a character. In this he has done for the dialogue what Browning did for the monologue. Some offer an objection that they have little or no action. Action is not desired. The very situation is sometimes tremendous—no weaker word will describe it. The characters are not put there to act, the scene does not come to a climax. It is merely a crisis—"the tension and pause that come when a great soul grapples with fate in an equal conflict." For this, character and passion suffice. In cases where Landor is in full sympathy with the characters and they take full possession of him, their frenzied passion surge beyond control and he can only sit over them and weep. But he has painted the situation so remarkably well that the reader must weep with him. A good illustration of this class of his Conversations is the one between Tiberius and Vipsania. Livia, the mother of Tiberius, had had Vipsania divorced from her son in order that he might marry Julia for political ends. Tiberius retained his fervent affection for Vipsania, for they had been devoted to one another. After a separation for several years they meet alone. Tiberius is overcome by his overwhelming passion for her, and she by her love for him, and they give away to sobs and expressions of regret and disappointment. Where could be found a more dramatic situation? Where a better subject to portray the deep surging passions of a human soul? These two lovers who would rush together "like two dew drops"

are restrained by other forces which throw Tiberius into a state of distraction, and, in a fit of raving, he curses his mother. The whole scene is painted with such a perfection as to show Landor's terrible power to throw the whole force of his fancy and fire of his spirit into the painting of a passionate situation. It is one of the few triumphs of the creative imagination working in the field of dramatic art.

A good example of the class of discursive Conversations is the one between Epicurus and his two pupils, Leontion and Ternissa. They meet in the delightful garden of Epicurus' airy, mountain home. And, walking among the flowers that load the air with their odors, viewing the beautiful scenery near by and the sea in the distance, they spend an afternoon discoursing on the pleasures of solitude and the peace of a quiet home away from the stir of the city. Epicurus expresses his expectation of getting all the enjoyment possible from life and of bringing it to a happy close in death in a moment of supreme pleasure. There is a charming delicacy that runs through the whole Conversation that can leave no doubt in the reader's mind as to the ability of the artist who can give to the world a picture so serene.

Some critics object to Landor on the grounds that he does not always hold the reader's attention. It must be admitted that this objection has some foundation. There are times when interest lags. But still it is in the very midst of the most commonplace Conversation that the author often gives us his greatest ideas. He does not develop his thoughts. It has been well said of him that he is not a great thinker, but a man of great thoughts. These he inserts into his works wherever the situation allows it. And so we find, throughout all of his great number of Conversations, great ideas on all the vast number of subjects he treated. These expressions are more or less epigrammatic and may be detached from their immediate

connection without loss of force. Few authors ever wrote on a greater variety of subjects than Landor. He makes Demosthenes, in speaking of manner of expression, say: "Whatever is rightly said sounds rightly," and the reader must think Landor himself is stating a great truth he has learned by years of careful experience. Cicero is made to say: "In literature, great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemies." Speaking on the subject of power, Diogenes says to Plato: "Great men too often have greater faults than little men have room for." These are examples selected, not because of their superior quality, but because of their brevity. The longer ones are often put in more figurative language and the beauty of expression is improved on, possibly. In this manner, Landor discusses religion, fame, mortality, life and human nature, love, marriage and family affections, politics and many other subjects of a similar nature. The mansions of his mind are so various and the riches treasured up in them so vast, that if they contain some chill and musty corridors we may well be content to traverse these too with patience, seeing that often in them we find nuggets of the purest gold.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

BY Q.

Young men sometimes write diaries, that is, young men with love affairs and young ambitions. If the old men didn't keep any diaries in their young days, they touch a tender spot when they attempt to call it all back to mind, and they tell everything to you the same as if they had read it from a young man's diary. Not many summers ago, in a quaint easy-going old town, I met a chronicler of the Thirties and Forties. His only pastime was to rattle off snatches of the early history of the town and its surroundings, tapping accompanimnt at the same time with his walking cane. With the sympathy I have for his old associations I shall try to give a little story that is connected with his early life. Old Sagefield's memory was so steeped with the doings of traditionary men and women, 'boys and gals,' that he was himself a worthy representative of the old rural order of Southern folk.

"It wuz in the year Eighteen Thirty Four that I fust come to Barteeshee in this upper Tombigbee settlement. I wuz a young man then jus' tore loose from my Pa and Ma, and had goodbyed with all the other folks of my connection. I went to farmin' and by the end of the first year I writ back what success I'd had with my craps. Told Pap that my corn wuz fine and that I had jes made arrangements to have it all stilled. Told him that I wuz fat as a shote and that I hoped him and Ma and all the connection wuz enjoyin' the same or equal blessings. Also that they might tell Susie Goins to go ahead and take some of the other fellers if she wanted 'em, case it might be quite a spell before Dick Sagefield 'ud be back in them parts. The fact wuz my heart wuz already sot on another gal. By another summer, I had decided on movin' myself and my duds to town. There wuz nothin' of Barteeshee then but about a dozen log houses. They hadn't 'smuch as dreampt

of a railroad with a locomotive a-tootin' an' a-foggin' through the settlement. I'd jus' got a foolish notion in my head of readin' a little law, then a practisin' an' goin' into politics. So I decided to board with the Squire for the fall and winter, leastwise I mean with the Squire's wife, for it wuz her that wuz runnin' the village boardin' house. The Squire wuz jus' the Squire, that wuz all he wuz. Squire Jenkins had a pretty daughter Maggie which wuz the chief reason for my takin' up my abode with her daddy. The first time I laid eyes on Mag, she sot my heart to goin' an' I jes' kep a-yearnin' an' a-hankerin' to court her. The closer I got to Mag the more I forgot about Susie Goins back in the dear old settlement I wuz raised in. But the more I had to do with Squire Jenkins the less use I had for the old cuss."

"Well Mag', says I one day after I'd been boardin' with her folks for some time, 'I've got my end of the string chewed pretty well, if you've got your end chewed fine enough, we'll get the splicin' done right away pervided we can ever git your daddy's consent. I find the Squire a pretty hard man to deal with.' Then Mag allowed that her Pa was sorter hard to get along with, but that she loved him jes the same. This Mag wuz the gentlest creature you ever seed."

"The boardin' house wuz a log house jus like the rest only a leetle bigger and leetle more porch around it. They wuz a big loose rock covered with moss a-lyin' out mongst the oaks and hickories. I used to sit out there for a whole hour at a time with nothin' to do but watch Mag go about helpin' to do the work. I wuz jes a dreamin' how I wuz goin' to take Mag and the leetle property I had and go to housekeepin'. Flour wuz mighty scase in them days in this settlement, more so than ever that particular fall. It wuz well on in the fall before any flour come, we had been makin' out on corn dodger for a good while an' wuz gittin' mighty anxious about the flour. At last one evenin' the

flour come an' we all voted on havin' fritters for supper. There wuz four of us regular boarders. Now of all the eatin' men that I ever know'd of, that Squire was the beatenest eater I ever have seed. I heard a feller say that if a wick wuz run down the Squire's throat in hog-killin' an' spar-rib time and you wuz to light it that it 'ud burn longer than a half dozen tallow candles. Course you may allow that I didn't believe that. Mose Wooden, the carpenter, who had his place next to mine at the table, said to me that night when supper wuz a gittin' ready:

'Dick Sagefield you better watch out and keep yer eye on the Squire to-night, case its jus' goin' to be nip and tuck, us four aginst the Squire, when it comes to fritter eatin.'

The Squire allus had his place next to the kitchen door, at the foot of the table so's he could get the first swipe at everything that come in. So Mose and I hit on a plan to get even with the old hog.

'I know,' says Mose, 'it's mighty hard for you to get it it on the Squire that-a-way bein' 's you're so sot on his darter. But you know it's too good a joke to let slide.'

Mose and I got in with Sam, the nigger waiter, to carry the fritters a-way up out of the Squire's reach until he got to the other end of the table, then we'd begin to rake the fritters off as deep as a fork would lift them so's the plate 'ud be empty by the time it got to the Squire. When the fritters begun to sizz the Squire got ready. He tuk the big towel off of the roller at the public washin' place, stuffed one end about his neck and sot down at his place, poured out a bowl nearly full of sorgum molasses, and waited for his fritters. The fust trip of fritters that come in we worked it on the Squire. He stretched his feet out under the table and begun to look a leetle anxious. The other boarders soon caught on to the racket and the second and third trips was all the same for the Squire. He gritted his teeth and looked into the bowl of molasses, sour

enough to ferment 'em, and begun to call out to the waiter. 'Sam, Sam, I'll skin you alive if you don't bring me some fritters.' The Squire now moved out close to the kitchen door determined to stop the next load of fritters for himself. But the waiter fetched the last load around the porch to the other door and Mose and I raked off every last one o' them. Sam grinned at us and looked at the Squire and announced: 'Dey aint no more fritters.' The Squire was in for a fight with us and begun to cuss and swear, but the old woman come in with her sleeves rolled up and told the Squire he'd have to be quiet, that she was after accommodatin' her boarders not him. So the Squire finally cooled down, crumbled a cold corn dodger in his bowl of molasses and ate his supper."

"After supper Mose he kep smilin' thinkin' the whole business mighty funny. He picked his teeth, walked up an' down the porch and axed the Square how he liked fritters. I thought to myself the Squire had been tantalized enough an' wuz jes a leetle ashamed about the prank we'd played on him, cause I felt deep down in my heart jus how bad I wanted him for a father-in-law. Then the fritters wuz layin' the least bit heavy on my stomach, so it wuzn't very long 'fore I sneaked off to bed. It wuz a warm fall night and I pulled off, clumb up on the big high bed and kicked the shutters open so's I could get plenty of fresh air. I rolled and tumbled across the bed for a good while fore I could get to sleep."

"The next thing I know'd there was somethin' awful heavy across my chest or it seemed more like it was across my whole body. I pushed and kicked, and at first couldn't make out what it was that was bearin' down so. I soon found that I was out in the grove and that it was the big loose rock that wuz settin' crost my body. I pushed and pushed and tried to call somebody to help me but I didn't see anybody to call to. I couldn't get breath to holler. At last I turned a little bit and saw a big fire on the

ground with a mostrous fryin'-pan full of hot brilin' grease. Then I saw the Squire with his sleeves rolled up and the towel tucked around his neck a-fryin' fritters. He kept takin' them up and floppin' them in molasses and stuffin' himself like some big machine. All the time there stood his darter off mongst the trees with her arms folded jus as innocent-like. I know'd Mag wuz wantin' to help me but she jes couldn't. The Squire kep feeedin' himself an' lookin' at me jes as mean as he could look. Then I begun to kick again an' commenced hollerin': 'D—n you Squire, come here and lift this rock off of me. Oh lordy, can't ye see what misery I'm in? D—n your fritters, I don't give a continental if you eat all the fritters in the world if you'll jus' give me that gal of yours and take this rock off of me. Can't you see, it's the gal I'm wantin'. Take your d—n fritters and every sort of grub and go to the D—l with them.' I give the biggest kick of my life and jerked myself over on my side."

"The next thing I knowed I was down on the floor twixt the high bed and the wall a-knockin' and a-bumpin' my head like everything. I looked up and saw Mose's head a-peekin' over the edge of the bed with the moon a-shinin' on his face. Mose bust out in big laugh. Says he, 'Reckon you ain't enjoyin' the Squire's fritters anything to brag on.' 'No,' says I, 'I reckon that wuz most too big a bait for me.' I clumb back in bed agin, but I ain't never said anything to Mose about the dream to this day."

"I laid there until daylight a-watchin' the moon a lowerin' behind the trees. Then I slipt on my clothes, went and stole the towel from the public washin' place and started to the creek for a rousin' good bath. I decided that I 'ud have to manage to get on the good side of the Squire some how 'nother if I ever got the thing settled for his daughter."

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Mirabeau on one occasion said of Robespierre, "That is a dangerous man, he believes everything he says." The same might have been said of Mr. Moody, though "dangerous" might be replaced by "forceful" when applied to him. If Mr. Moody was anything he was genuine. There was no sham or misrepresentation about him. The chief elements of his character were rugged simplicity and absolute sincerity. Dr. Chapman, in speaking of him after his death, said: "He was the most genuinely honest man I ever knew, and as sincere a man as ever lived." This stubborn sincerity was supported by a sturdy, sober common sense, and hence Mr. Moody was never led to try sensational methods in the accomplishment of his purposes. To add to his other characteristics he was intensely in earnest, as was very natural in a man who had the absolute faith which he had.

Mr. Moody was born on the 5th of February, 1837, in East Northfield, Mass., the city which will always be connected with his name because it was the center of all his labors. His father died when Dwight was four years old, and the mother of his nine children was left to struggle with the world as best she could. Dwight worked on the farm in his early years and was sent to school after a fashion, but here he spent most of his time in devising pranks, for one of which he barely escaped expulsion at one time. When 17 years old he went to Boston and got work in his uncle's shoe store. Here he joined the Mt. Vernon Congregational Church. Soon after he went to Chicago and secured a place in a shoe store and made a reputation for being a shrewd salesman. Allying himself with the Plymouth Congregational Church, he soon became interested in the work, formed a Sunday School class of 18 street arabs which he had brought together himself, and opened a mission in a deserted saloon. His class soon

grew to 650 members, and with this encouragement he decided to stop the shoe business and devote his entire time to the mission work. In 1865 he was chosen President of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. He needed quarters for his new converts and so Farwell Hall was built and he became the *un*-ordained pastor of the flock which met here to hear him preach. This Hall, however, together with Moody's own residence and all his furniture, were destroyed by the great fire of 1871, and in the place of the Hall was erected another much larger building, which hae since had the name of tabernacle applied to it.

In 1873 Mr. Moody met the great singer, Ira D. Sankey, and together they made an evangelistic tour of the principal cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland. At one meeting in London 17,000 people listened to Moody. This is but an example of the interest awakened. A great revival swept over the principal cities of the United Kingdom. Strange was it that this man, who had no education, who was ungainly in appearance, who not only had no charm of delivery, but even had an impediment in his speech—strange was it that this man could sway vast multitudes and have them hang in breathless attention upon his every utterance. His power was not in oratory or in the wisdom of man's words. The secret of that power was his religious earnestness or his earnest religiousness. Moody was intensely religious. He knew God, and his assurance in that knowledge led others to believe. His own experience had been deep and definite and his faith, strengthened by this experience, enabled him to reach men in spite of his lack of literary culture.

On returning to America, Moody and Sankey held revivals in nearly all the large cities in this country, and everywhere great results followed.

Up to this time we have had Moody touching men on their emotional side through his sermons. Now we can see how well-rounded he was and how sensible he was of

what it takes to make well rounded men. In 1879 he founded the Northfield Seminary for Girls, in 1881 the School for Boys at Mt. Hermon, and later a Bible Institute in Chicago. Besides these he aided in organizing numerous churches and schools and institutes in different places. Besides all this, every Y. M. C. A. man should know about the great conferences which have been held for many summers at Northfield, and of which Moody was the founder and moving spirit. So we see that while Mr. Moody could make irresistable appeals to the emotional side, he was wise enough to see that this could not have the best results unless the mind and heart were trained together, and so in founding his numerous schools he was carrying out the principle of Christian Education. Since Mr. Moody's death a memorial fund of $3,000,000 has been called for to carry on his educational enterprises, and his eldest son was left in charge of them.

On Friday, December 23, 1899, Mr. Moody died at his home at Northfield, and on the Tuesday after was buried at "Round Top," in sight of his home, a spot on which many Students' Conferences had been held, and a spot which is, therefore, peculiarly fitting for his resting place.

We have no time here to discuss Mr. Moody's theology. In fact he rarely had time to discuss theology himself. He was no theologian. He was a religious preacher, who did not believe in Higher Criticism, but who believed in the divine inspiration of the Bible and in God and Christ as he believed in his own life. But Moody was broad in his toleration of the creeds of others and was always ready to co-operate with them in a good work.

Mr. Moody was one of the pre-eminently successful men of his century, as Martin calls him in *Harper's Weekly.* It is safe to say that he was the greatest Evangelist of his day, and has influenced more lives than perhaps any other man of his time.

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

We have just finished, with much pleasure and some chagrin, a somewhat minute inspection of the different magazines that have found their way to our Table for the last month. We took occasion to say some time hence, and, various opinions to the contrary, we still say that each editor has the right and privilege to run his magazine to suit his own tastes and circumstances. Tastes and circumstances, however, are unfortunately as changeable as the weather-vane, pointing here and there and presaging all sorts of weather in the world of college journalism. He who attempts to trim his sails to suit every blast of wind that bursts out from the sanctum of the editors and exchange departments will have an extremely laborious but unfruitful voyage. For this reason every man must be his own judge, but to any one who takes the trouble to compare the magazines of one section of the country with those of another, the north with the south for instance, it is at once evident that some of our monthlies show questionable antiquated tastes arising out of traditions and circumstances which, for local and college pride, to say nothing of higher motives, ought to be and can be changed, to the betterment of all and to the hurt of none. College magazines are not run for financial considerations nor for reputation, but solely for the purpose of introducing, cultivating, and cherishing a literary spirit among the students of the various institutions, and when an editor loses sight of this it were better for him

to close his desk. There are no universal standards by which he can plan his work, but he must be guided entirely by his intuitive or cultivated sense of the fitness of things.

This sense is one's best guide in most things, but to show how deficient it is in some sections, we copy at random the following witty sayings, which speak for themselves: "Fireworks are in order." "A certain young co-ed looks mighty bad this week, ah!" "Jack's nose looks like a raw tomato. Sorry for him." And thus one might continue indefinitely to glean similar bright remarks, but these are sufficient for the point in hand. There is no justification under heaven for the publication of such stuff. It is absolutely unintelligible and utterly non-sensical, serving only to fill valuable space and to make one turn leaves rapidly. From the amount of such material that is finding its way into print, it is to be devoutly hoped that some editors will get their fireworks in good trim. An editor may not have good material accessible, and the contributed articles may not come up to his ideal standards, that is not his fault, but there is no excuse for him to allow his departments to be filled with so-called locals that show neither literary judgment nor good taste.

There are four college magazines in this country, two in the north and two in the south, which, in different respects, represent the highest degree of literary perfection college journalism has yet reached. You will look in vain through them for any such ridiculous puerility as shown in the quotations above. From cover to cover they maintain evidence of good taste and sound sense—two things that usually lift magazines above local settings, in which alone large parts of some appear intelligible. We would like here to enter the plea that some editors leave out the class of material in question and fill the space with something of a healthier tone, even though it be nothing better than a readable advertisement.

An exchange editor in his criticisms in a recent issue, said that a certain magazine, from the standpoint of athletics, was a huge success, a severe criticism that could very justly be

more widely extended. Athletics are almost indispensable to college life, but, like everything else, they have their place and ought to be kept in it and, in the opinion of many, that place is not in the college magazine. All those who are interested in college games have learned and forgotten the results before the magazine goes to print. If the students want to advertise what they are doing in athletics, they ought to establish a paper for that purpose, but they ought not to make their monthly a compilation of end-runs, center-rushes and touch-downs.

Every student has just cause to congratulate himself upon the numerous additions that have been and are still being made to the library. Before the end of the year over 3,000 volumes will have been added, and this addition includes most of the recent books that bid fair to be of lasting value, so that each student has within his reach the opportunity to keep abreast with the best that is being written, an opportunity which, we are glad to learn, an increasing number are making the best of.

One thing we wish to call attention to just here. It is all right for one to mark his own books in any way he sees fit, but we fail to see how he has the right to mark and disfigure the books of another. If one picks up a popular library book he finds certain passages marked: "Good!" "Excellent!" "Fine!" and occasionally in a feminine hand, "Oh, Dear! how perfectly exquisite," and in front and back of book he finds such as, "Read this book in Soph. year." "Read this book Dec. 8, '99." This book is worth reading," etc. The fact that you read a book on such and such a date may be of much importance to you, and the further fact that you liked certain passages may also be a sign of your good taste, but these are of no special concern to the next reader, who may not know who you are, and who may also, perchance, be able to distinguish the good parts from

the bad. It is an injustice for you to go along with your discriminating eye and with your pencil deprive every succeeding reader of the privilege of exercising his judgment touching the merits of the different parts.

We have a most excellent and accommodating librarian, who spares himself no trouble to arrange and preserve the books in good order, but all his efforts will be in vain unless the students stop such reckless stabbing with the pencil. If every one continues to mark every book he reads, the library will be sadly disfigured in the course of years, and its value greatly diminished. A moment's thought on the part of every one will be sufficient to correct this thoughtless disregard for the property of another.

There is something peculiarly pathetic in the death of Mr. Goebel, the momentary Governor of Kentucky, and his brief but tragic period of popularity is suggestive of much useful meditation. Reviled and denounced a month ago, public opinion is now placing him among the political heroes and martyrs, for the same reason that the world condemned Arnold while living and sang praises to his heroism when dead—because they were men of power and ability. There is something admirable, something grand, something good in the display of power, and whenever a man, by force of his personality, rises above his fellows and becomes their leader in thought or action, he takes on himself a god-like grandeur, in the silent contemplation of which humanity is enriched and inspired. It matters not that the motives for action are bad, for strangely enough death, the impenetrable veil, spreads the mantle of charity over the evils and shortcomings which life brings into play. So that Goebel living was a man of sordid motives and low ambitions—a gambler who played the political fortunes of his State for the prize of political power, but when the assassin's bullet winged the prize from his grasp he became a man of a heroic purpose

and a courageous will. He was not a great man, possibly not a good man, but he was a *man*, and how seldom can that be said with truth. Whatever you may say of his motives and his means of accomplishing them in the face of defeat, Kentucky is none the worse for his life. For however high he may have fanned the smouldering flames of political passion and hatred, he awakened his State to a realization of her condition and put into action forces that will later work for peace in government and purification in politics.

Senators may hold up their hands in holy horror and shake their hoary locks with threatening admonitions over Kentucky's future, but they commit an act far more dangerous to our welfare when they continue in their midst an imbecile weakling who, without power or character to win the voluntary support of his own people, debauched their representatives and purchased his seat.

Goebel fought openly and above board, and success won by power is better for all concerned than success won by the purse.

One sunny afternoon last week as I was walking along the railroad which lies south of the campus, I overtook a tramp who asked me if the building he had just passed was a college. I answered in the affirmative and inquired his reasons for asking. He answered "Because it recalls many of the scenes and memories of my early life." His language I noticed was different from that of the average tramp, and I asked him to tell me about his life, which, after some persuasion on my part, he agreed to do. We sat down upon a pile of crossties and this is his story as near as I can remember it.

"I was born in one of the mountain counties of eastern Kentucky. My parents looked at life from a Puritan standpoint and were eminently respectable in the neghborhood. My mother came of an old family which was noted more for its good living and love of pleasure than for intellectual attainments. From her I inherited an inordinate love of the pleasures of the world, a certain love of ease which was characteristic of her family, but not of her, for she was very industrious and took life very seriously.

"My father was a man of strong intellect and stronger passions. He had liberal ideas and a considerable store of knowledge which he had picked up in dealing with the world. His fundamental idea of life was work and he did not spare me in any way. Many were the dreary days I toiled on the old farm, but all the time I was dreaming of college life and beyond that of the university. I had access to a modest library and plenty of newspapers. From these I formed an idea of

that great world which surged beyond the mountains which surrounded my home.

"After a very meager preparation, I entered one of the colleges of my own State and there lived four years of the proudest life a man can live." Here he paused and said, "But perhaps you are a college man and know something about college life." I admited that I was a student which seemed to encourage him and he proceeded, "I took part, with a whole souled interest, in all affairs of college life. I soon learned to know all the men and many of them personally. I played foot-ball, worked in the debating society, and mixed and gloried in the petty conflicts of college politics. Nothing bored me, so fresh was my zest for life and each day brought some new idea which lifted me exulting to the very top of enthusiastic life. Later a moderate share of college honors fell to my lot and finally graduation day came. It brought sorrow rather than joy and after the few brilliant hours of social life in the usual class reception I went to my room and sat down to think about "what next." It was dreary business. The thoughts of leaving the college, I had learned to love so well, were far from rosy. I liked the life and, following the dream of my youth, I resolved to make some money and go on to the university. Next day I packed up my belongings and as I nailed up my books I felt very much like a man driving nails into his own coffin.

A week or two at home where I felt already almost as an alien among the neighbors, and then I went to a small town in a neighboring State to begin my work. There I soon dropped into the life of the people and learned to feel myself a citizen, to feel that I was part of the community. The warm, vigorous life about me gave me more of the fellow-feeling than I had ever known. I talked politics, taught in the Sunday School, and took an active interest in all the little social life of the village. I visited the people in their homes and attempted to apply some of the thinge I had learned in college about the problems of life. But it wouldn't work.

Abstract theories don't often fit concrete cases. There were no theories about their lives. They loved and hated. They were sometimes sordid, sometimes ambitious, sometimes mean and seldom great or good. But it was life.

"While there I fell in love. She was a beautiful Southern woman, proud, generous and always attractive. She had the figure of one of Gibson's women but as I can't make you see her as I saw her, I will not attempt to describe her. I went to see her a number of times and for some unaccountable reason she fell in love with me. She taught me how a noble, warm-hearted woman could love, and for the first time in my life, I began to think of the domestic side of life. The old Saxon love of a home and a secure abiding place began to assert itself and many times I was tempted to give up my educational career and become a permanent part of the life around me.

"But in addition to my desire to know something of the world of books, I also had a strong desire to see the world, to visit other countries, to see the sites of great movements and great events, to know all sorts of life, in the language of a poet quoted very much in those days, "to drink life to the lees."

Here he turned to me and asked, "Do you know who wrote that." I answered that it was from Mr. Tennyson, "yes," he replied, "and do they still quote from him in the colleges?" But before I could answer he seemed to forget all about the subject and again took up the story.

"I bade farewell to the people of the town and expecting to return in a few months I left my sweetheart with many fond hopes for the future. I entered a famous university and immediately buckled down to the work I had marked out for myself, but I had lost the enthusiasm of my college days. The cold, critical, intellectual life chilled me. Few men visited my den and these I found restless, disconted and often selfish. I could see that they felt themselves outside the currents of life. Some spoke of the position we all

occupied of critics upon life. There was the political world where men thought, schemed, talked, and fought for principle or office as the case might be. They were fools mostly, but they were living, they were doing something, they were "in the fight." Business men were cheating, working, and pulling each other down in the wild race after money, but they were "in the push." Lawyers, doctors and preachers were doing something for the world, mostly wrong, but they were "playing the game." And during all this time they were all courting, loving, marrying, building houses and buying land after the same old plan. While we, cut off from all these things, looked out from our dingy bachelor quarters and made cynical remarks on what fools those were out there in the world, and what a number of errors they made and how awkwardly they went at things. As I proceeded with my work I came more and more to realize that it was a lifetime business. Goethe's. "*Ach Gott! die kunst ist lang! Und Kurz ist unser leben*" came home to me and I knew that if I went on, there were many things I must sacrifice, many things I must turn my back upon. Thus two forces got hold of my life which pulled in opposite directions, on one hand, love, home, and the community fealing, on the other books, ambition and the desire to know. But I had gone too far to turn back, however longingly I might look back to those things, and so I set about breaking all those ties, deliberately. Though it broke my heart to say goodbye to her I loved, I did it, and buried my life in the abstract questions of scholarship. And yet I knew that there was nothing but disappointment in it all for I saw every day around me among students and faculty the fruits of such a life. A few dry technical works on some obscure Teutonic language, a little insignificant position in some college or university, and barren, loveless, cynical and often selfish existence was about all there was in it.

"Finally, I secured my degree and at the same time found myself out of money and with no position in sight. I made dozens of applications but failed in all of them and weary

and dejected I started on foot toward my native State. On the way I fell in with some tramps and soon learned to like their ways of living. It was better than the university. Here at last I was in touch with the soil and with even the lowliest of my fellow-men. This too gave me an opportunity to gratify my lust for travel and so instead of returning to my home, to be called a failure, I became a regular tramp, and I have been tramping ten years. I have visited about every great city in the Union. I have seen the hills, valleys, mountains, rivers and prairies of all parts of my own country. Twice I have crossed the Atlantic and know, London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. Last winter I spent in Cuba, and I am now on my way to the Philipines."

With that he paused and seemed to muse for a while. Meantime I recovered from my amazement sufficiently to ask, "How do you get enough to eat and a place to sleep?" "Oh," he replied, "that's easy, mostly by begging and sometimes I go hungry, but it tastes good when it does come. There are warm hearted people every where and I don't beg around colleges and universities." This rather nettled me, but I couldn't help but wonder if there wasn't some truth in his way of looking at things.

He took up an old carpet-bag, placed a worn stick in the handle and threw it across his shoulders and as he turned to go he said, "Perhaps, I shall go through Kentucky and visit the old home, for I may never see it again." With that I gave him the last quarter I had in my pocket and after thanking me he moved off down the track with that slow, regular stride with which he will, probably, tramp on into eternity. Thinking of many things I turned back toward the college.

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"*Tristram of Blent* is the title of Mr. Anthony Hope's forthcoming novel, a story of contemporary interest with the scene laid in England. It is said to belong to the same class of fiction as *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Phorso* and the Princess Osra Stories."—*The Bookman.*

"Miss Mary Johston's *To Have and To Hold*, which has been running serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be published in book form the middle of this month. This novel, dealing with the Jamestown settlement, bids fair to rival in success Miss Johnston's much-discussed *Prisoners of Hope.*"—*The Bookman.*

A comparison of the book market for January, 1896, and of January, 1900, is very gratifying to the American. It shows that while the best selling books for the month of December, 1895, were all by English authors except one, which was by a French author, those that sold best during December, 1899, were all by American authors, and all the themes except two were American. This is not by accident, for by an examination of the sales for the same month in each year from 1895 to 1899, it is found that each year there is an increase of leading American books. Our writers are beginning to free themselves from foreign influences, and to find that there are worthy American examples to follow, and an abundance of excellent material.

Janice Meredith, by Paul Leicester Ford, led the list for last January. Following closely the six best selling books

are Dr. Van Dyke's *Fisherman's Luck*, Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Gentleman from Indiana*, Mr. Page's *Santa Claus's Partner*, and Mrs. Burnett's *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim.*

"A discussion which took place the other day between a well-known critic and a far-famed American author on the subject of the best books for boys and girls, brought out the *obiter dictum* that by far the best book of the year for young American readers was Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith.* It is, without doubt, capital reading for sturdy young Americans, and with several of them we know it has proved a prime favorite. We should not be surprised to see *Janice Meredith*, after it has reached its zenith of popularity with adult readers, take a fresh bound into popularity with the younger generation."—*The Bookman.*

Dr. Conan Doyle has decided to volunteer for service against the Boers in South Africa. His usefulness will not be limited to his prowess as a soldier, but will extend to the more valuable service of a detective. It is no little aid to the British to have the service of so distinguished a detective as Sherlock Holmes to discover the operations of the Boer spies. Dr. Doyle is also an efficient surgeon.

After writing of the way in which Mr. Edward Bellamy attempted to promulgate the doctrines he had unconsciously incorporated in *Looking Backward*, *The Bookman* has the following to say about Mr. Edwin Markham:

"And now here is poor Mr. Markham going the same way. His 'Man with the Hoe' was very good verse. He doubtless wrote it as he might at a less mature age have written about The Girl with a Beau. From a literary standpoint it is all right. But now he has become persuaded by his admirers that the poem is full of hidden meanings, of profound lessons, of unutterable things, and he is going about the country explaining to 'social reform clubs' just what

those hidden meanings are. No doubt he is enjoying himself hugely, and the people who belong to the clubs will for a day or two speak with bated breath of his soul-searching elucidations; but to us it is all so pathetic! Why cannot every human being have a little of the saving sense of humour? Poor Mr. Markham?"

On Saturday, January 20, John Ruskin died of influenza. With his demise passed away the last of the great trio, the other two being Carlyle and Newman, who were almost dictators in art, morals, and the general conduct of life.

John Ruskin was born in London on February 8, 1819. His father was a wine merchant who inherited a large debt, but succeeded in paying it off and accumulating a large fortune for himself. In his childhood John was kept isolated by his mother, a somewhat severe woman, from the children of the neighborhood and most childish amusements. She early directed him to the reading of the Bible and the purest English writers, which is probably the foundation of the pure style of his own writings.

In 1832 his parents took him on a tour through Switzerland and Italy, where he continued the observation of architecture which he had begun among the cathedrals of England. This inspired him with the ambition to become an artist; and he took lessons from Copley Fulding and J. D. Harding.

In 1836 he was matriculated at Christ's Church, Oxford, and in the following year he published in the Architectural Magazine his first significant piece of prose criticism, "An Introduction to the Poetry of Architecture." During his college course he wrote poems of fair promise, one of which took the Newdigate prize. He was graduated in 1840.

In 1843 his first important work, the first volume of "Modern Painters, by a graduate of Oxford," was published, and proved that the artist had merged into the critic of literature and art. The object of this book was primarily a defense and explanation of Turner, but it developed into an analysis of truth in painting and a comparison between the old masters

of the later 16th and the early 17th centuries with the modern school, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. The theories of the book were loudly decried and as loudly endorsed. The remaining volumes of the "Modern Painters" were written mainly to develop and farther analyse the principles laid down in the first, and to urge a return to nature in preference to the ideals of what she might or ought to appear. Others among his important works on art are "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice." But some of his noblest work is embodied in the short lectures published under the titles of "Sesame and Lilies," "The Ethics of the Dust," "The Crown of Wild Olives," and "The Queen of the Air."

In 1860 a marked change came into his writings. He then declared that his work lay not in description, but in political economy. He threw himself with characteristic enthusiasm into an attack upon the orthodox canons of political economy. But he was not equally successful in conquering his antagonists. His principles were advanced in "Fors Clavigera; or Letters to the Laborers and Workingmen of Great Britain."

His fame, however, as an art critic led to the offer of many positions as a collegiate lecturer. He was appointed Rede lecturer at Cambridge, 1867, and was Slade professor of fine arts at Oxford from 1870 to 1879, and again from 1882 to 1884, resigning his office finally because of the introduction of vivisection into the schools of Oxford.

His late years were spent on his property at Brantwood on Coniston Lake. This was built on the proceeds of his books. The legacy he had received from his father he generously divided among his needy kins-people or dissipated in institutions for the instruction of the public and the benefit of workingmen. His latter days were shadowed by a clouded mind, and sometimes his melancholia took on violent forms. He lived in an atmosphere of fear and distrust. But to the last his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Severn, who had charge of his home, remained with him.

His life was long and characterized by great energy. If he cannot be considered authoritative in art, and if his principles of political economy were dreamy and impracticable, it must be admitted that he was one of the greatest masters of English of the century; that he gave a deep inspiration and strong enthusiasm for art; that he awoke many people to a right appreciation of nature, and opened the eyes of men to the wrongs and oppressions of the laboring classes. Like all things human he was not perfect; but he had a noble soul; he had a great work, and he did it with a great purpose.

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

When the Ex. Man first takes charge of his table he feels that he must review all the Magazines, regardless of the fact that some of them are dull, unattractive and uninteresting. He has a sense of duty that would make a martyr of him. After he has tried this glorious standard for some months he feels his sense of duty gradually oozing out, and by this time he has learned what Magazines he really takes pleasure in reading and reviewing, and so he ceases to be a martyr. And so a limited number of Magazines receive his whole attention, month after month, as a result of the principle of the survival of the fittest. Of course it is the object of the Exchange Department to stimulate the Magazines to better work, and effort is usually made in this direction in two ways: First, by praising the best Magazines, which really deserve praise, and thus stimulating those below this standard to work up to it; secondly, by pointing out the weaknesses and mistakes of all Magazines, in order that they may be corrected in the future. By this two-fold method the best Magazines get criticisms of both kinds, and those of second rank only of one, and that the adverse criticism. This does not seem exactly fair, and is not the best means to the end in view. If the Magazines of second rank have anything of merit in them, this should be praised as well as the good in those of first rank. Praise of the deserving, and a suggestion as to the way to remedy the defects, mean more to those Magazines which are laboring under such conditions that they cannot put forth the best, than unstinted praise can

mean for Magazines which have reached a standard above the average. Whatever may be said in favor of this course for the Ex. Man, it is much to expect of the average College Student that he read a number of Magazines which have no interest for him and then honestly state his opinions about them, only to be condemned as "harsh" by the Ex. men of the Magazines which he criticises.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* for January has some very interesting matter. We do not wonder that "The Spirit of Nineteenth Century French Poetry" was the Prize Essay. Most of the stories show originality in the conception of plots and in their development. Especially is this true of "The Seventh Beggar." In Mr. Troup's words to the beggar we would say of the author himself, "Your imagination is ingenious, your flow of language admirable." This Magazine does not have enough departments to be a model College Magazine, but in its Literary Department, which is of course the most important, it can safely be taken as a model for Magazines which have not reached its degree of perfection.

The *Amherst Lit.* does not crowd its pages with a superfluity of stuff that is barely of moderate worth. It favors its readers with a limited number of contributions, but these are usually above the medium in construction and in interest. "Bascom Lee" is probably the best of the prose articles in the January issue. This story has in it something of the spirit and beauty of *The Choir Invisible.*

It used to be that all Magazine stories must have a good ending—the hero and heroine must marry after a certain number of quarrels, and after a few oppositions had been surmounted in some impossible, romantic way, but now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme and it is rare that you find a story in which "everybody lived happily ever afterwards." Especially is this characteristic of College Magazine Stories of the better sort. One plot that has been worked in a large number of stories in different periodicals is for the

hero to fall desperately in love with the heroine and be on the point of marrying her—only to find that she is already engaged to the other fellow, and this is appropriately colored, and the shock to the unfortunate hero pictured in sympathetic words. This plot, variously used, makes the backbone of several stories in the January numbers of the Magazines. Of course there is no objection to this, except that sometimes a fortunate man *does* marry the woman he loves; the fact of its usage is mentioned merely to show the reaction against the old conventional way of ending stories. As an example of this fact we have three stories in the current *Columbia Lit.*, in each of which a man's love is unrequited—in "A Northern Feud," in "The Queen's Fool," and in "Even as You and I."

We have looked in vain for improvement in "The Georgian." The December number has little of value in the Literary Department, and has no editorials whatever. A Book Review occupies the usual editorial space.

COMPENSATION.

Something of untold yearning, something of unknown love,
Lurks in the wind that cradles the infinite leaves above;
Something of hopeless striving for a union that cannot be,
Breathes from the endless wooing of the shore by the restless sea.

Deep in the heart of the forest the wild flower follows the sun,
But at twilight its head is southward, never the race is won;
Never the golden sunset kisses the blushing dawn,
Ever the frightened shadows flee like the startled fawn.

How long shall I be as the night-wind? How long shall I follow and sigh
For a vision that hath no substance, for a love that can only die?
O, better each foam-tossed breaker, each wave on the ocean's crest,
That builds its share of the ages and silently sinks to rest.

What glory to plant forever a stone in the castle of fame!
How noble to fall with the burden and strive for success again!
To feel that some life-bought effort may brave the engulfing sea,
And aid in some nobler building, nearer eternity!

—*A. R. Allan, in Columbia Lit.*

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - - Manager.

Preparations are being made to hold a meeting under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. some time during the month of February. The meeting last year was conducted by Rev. Mr. Siler, pastor of Trinity Church, Charlotte. Many of us cherish the memory of that week which Mr. Siler spent among us laboring so earnestly and effectually. But it is given to us to look before as well as after. It appears that the conditions in Trinity College were never so favorable to a positive, wide-spread revival as they are to-day. The corrupt Greek civilization of the Roman Empire aided the spread of Paul's gospel. The very existence of a diseased, degenerating society demanded the presence and influence of a powerful *healer*. We do not have to seek far to discover similar conditions and just as pressing a *need* in our own midst. The Christian men of the college have forgotten their duty by neglecting it so long. As some one has expressed it, "Goodness is very timid; it can be chased all over the plantation with a corn stalk." We are not prepared to deny that statement. It is true. Neither will any one on reflecting dispute the presence in our institution of some good men. All the failures that have been realized during this present collegiate year have resulted largely from the *goodness* we possess. Goodness is powerless, it can influence no one. No hills were ever brought low on account of its existence, no valleys filled, no winding ways made straight, no rough places made smooth. Yet goodness is essential to right living.

There is something to be added, however, before right living is possible, namely, *righteousness.* We insist, there is a very wide difference between goodness and righteousness, and it is evident that we are possessed of more of the former than of the latter. The difference lies just here. Goodness is a state of being perfect in *motive*, righteousness is a state of being perfect in *action.* What matters it, then, to us and to the world if we have goodness, but do not have righteousness? What conditions are improved by our *just liking* to see them improved? We have often examined ourselves to see whether we were in the faith, and just as often we have perhaps found a little goodness in us, a kind of willingness, nay, a certain sort of desire to see the kingdom come; and we have made the fearful mistake of calling this righteousness. Let us not deceive ourselves longer. We have been unrighteous men in our very goodness. To say that a meeting is to be held does not mean "prepare for *this special* occasion." But if we have been inactive the sooner we come to ourselves the better it will be for the work. It has not been determined who will conduct the meeting this year. We are trying to make no mistake in the choice of a leader, and we hope to be able to report splendid results from the meeting in our March number.

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Our programme for the month of January was somewhat interrupted by sickness and examinations. Dr. Cranford was too unwell to address the Association on the "Brotherhood of Man," January 7. In lieu of this address the hour was taken up with a very delightful song service.

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"The Three Chosen Apostles" was the subject for January 14. The lives and the significance of James, John and Peter were very ably discussed by Messrs. D. D. Peele, W. A. Lambeth and J. M. Ormond, respectively.

Messrs. W. A. Bivins, J. C. Blanchard and W. H. Brown led the service January 28, with three very good talks on "Temptation."

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The Devotional Committee will very soon be prepared to distribute a complete programme of all the meetings up to June 1.

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Examinations are over! We have taken stock and started on another term. Some have found that their investment during the fall has declared a good per cent., but others have lost money. Whatever may be said for or against examinations, there is something of the tragic about them. So often are hopes blighted that are dear to honest hearts. Anxious parents become conscious of the fact that the object for which they have toiled and wasted their best energies is a failure. What is sadder than for a father or mother to say my boy or girl has failed? Some students try and cannot, but there is hope for these; some can but will not try; these are to be pitied. So often students misunderstand professors and professors students. After all, may not these tests in some way be typical of that final test which every man is forced to stand to know how much work he has done in this great college of life? To pass up to the higher classes here means the loss of many midnight hours of sleep, many headaches and heartaches and many other sacrifices. It means work and a lot of it. Can man's final test mean less?

At the meeting of the Current Topic Club, January 6, Dr. Kilgo discussed the "Tendency of Religious Thought of To-day. Dr. Bassett spoke of the merits of Hapgood's Life of Lincoln and Rhodes' History of the United States, and Mr. R. Webb read a paper on Mr. D. L. Moody's life. The Club met again February 3, and Dr. Few spoke of Stephen Philips, the English poet who is now arousing much interest

by his dramatic poetry. Prof. Mims read a paper on Ruskin, and Dr. Kilgo spoke of Thomas Jefferson. These meetings were unusually interesting.

Prof. Flowers addressed the Science Club, January 13, on "Explosives, Their Manufacture, and Use, in Our Navy," after which Dr. Edwards explained the theory of colored photography and gave some stereoscopic exhibits of this work.

On January 27 Prof. Whitehouse lectured before the Horner School, and also at the Oxford Orphanage; Dr. Bassett at Wake Forest, January 25, on the "Personality of Abraham Lincoln;" Dr. Few before the Ladies' Shakspere Club of Oxford, January 27, on "Shakspere in Relation to Modern Life;" Prof. Meritt at Littleton Female College, January 29, on "The Women of Homer."

It is not necessary to speak of what Dr. Kilgo has been doing, for it is presumed everybody knows what he is doing, and it seems that he gets credit sometimes for that he does not do.

The site for the President's house has been selected and the walls are going up rapidly. It adjoins Prof. Flowers' lot on the south. From present indications it promises to be a beauty.

We notice that Hon. W. D. Turner, of Statesville, an Alumnus of Trinity, class '76, has been suggested for Lieutenant Governor and has agreed to accept the nomination.

During the Christmas holidays Mr. C. R. Clegg, '96, was married to Miss Lula Squires of Lenoir. Mr. Clegg is now teaching at Goldston, N. C.

Mr. E. K. Creel, '97. made a flying trip to Durham, January 29, and was married to Miss Batton, head Matron of Watts Hospital. The marriage took place at 9:00 and the couple left at 3:00 for Vanderbuilt, where Mr. Creel intends to finish his course.

Several of the students have received invitations to the marriage of Rev. Mr. J. B. Needham, '98, to Miss Maud, daughter of Mrs. H. M. Sheets, of Wheatland, Cal. The wedding will take place February 7, and Mr. Needham will be at his home in Gilroy after the 11th February.

Mr. E. W. Hill, member of Class of '97, was married recently to Miss Lindsay of Beaufort. Also Mr. F. A. Linney, of Class '96, was married to Miss Hessie Matheson, January 22. Both are of Taylorsville. Miss Matheson is sister of Prof. Matheson, Superintendent of Durham Graded School, and Mr. Linney is a very able lawyer. At this rate there will not be many single Alumni of Trinity in a short while.

Mr. J. H. Buffalo left college a few days ago with the intention of spending a short time at his home near Raleigh and then take charge of the Murfreesboro station where he will preach this year.

Mr. Spencer, a member of the Freshman Class, who was called home some time ago on account of the sickness and death of his mother, has returned to his work at the college.

At the request of the two Literary Societies, Dr. Bassett delivered his address on the "Personaltty of Lincoln," before the student body Feburary 2.

Prof. Whitehouse proves the efficiency of the Gymnasium work by the high mark of improvement of some of the students.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MARCH, 1900.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to J. M. FLOWERS, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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R. P. READE, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

A STUDY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

BY J. C. KILGO.

Bacon, the scientist, and Bacon, the courtier, seem to have been two very different men. To the first the world owes a large debt of gratitude; to the other, a debt of contempt. The *Novum Organum* gave thought a new start by giving it new logical methods. Out of these processes have grown all modern sciences and their benefits. Yet with this new spirit came a mental daring satisfying itself not only with new discoveries, but arraigning all forms of truth and putting them to the test of *a fortoriore* reasoning. Philosophy and religion, and especially the latter, were put to the severest tests. Bacon aimed a death

blow at scholasticism, a blow that came none too soon. He was followed in the seventeenth century by the Cartesian philosophy, resting on a denial of all truth, and asserting a liberty that dared to begin a new search for it, with the sole declaration, *cogito ergo sum.* A new method and a new spirit were thus born into the world.

The eighteenth century shows a desperate assertion of "free thinking." Behind it lay the philosophies of Hobbes and Locke, the latter giving origin to Empiricism and Materialism. In the eighteenth century Hume, starting from the point of Locke's empiricism, developed a system of scepticism. Then in England and France modern recklessness broke forth. Against the doctrine of traditional authority as enforced by ecclesiasticism, thought made declaration of independence, and appealed to the human mind for a rational basis of all authority, with special reference to religious authority. This situation was natural, but true to history, the swing from superstition was clearly to the extreme of naturalism. Deism, infidelity, and atheism broke forth in desperate force against divine revelation, and the adherence to the Bible that inspired Knox and Cromwell, became a dissipated rationalism without any rugged force of moral conviction.

In France the movement was rather scientific than philosophical. The study of science became a popular fad, almost a popular insanity. Dr. Ward, in his "Naturalism and Agnosticism," relates that when Laplace made a formal presentation of his *Mecanique Celeste* to Napoleon, the famous warrior said: "M. Laplace, they tell me you have written this large book on the system of the universe and have never even mentioned its Creator." Laplace replied: "Sire, I had no need of any such hypothesis." There had been a great change in the spirit of scientific study since Newton wrote his *Principia.* At this period Voltaire was pouring his reckless sarcasm at everything in view. France was not only full of deism and atheism, but its

moral condition was the basest, and sincerity of convictions was entirely wanting.

In 1784 Thomas Jefferson was elected Minister to the Court of Versailles. Mr. Jefferson, prior to this election, had been the defender and promoter of civil freedom in America. His doctrines and efforts for liberty had brought him in fearful conflict with the established church of England in Virginia, and the struggle left him with no good feelings for the priests. He was a man of massive intellect, aggressive spirit and rare energy. But the condition of America was not such as to furnish the student of his type with the opportunity of study. In France everything was thought, even very much wild thought. Mr. Jefferson, while having a hatred for much of French life, was an enthusiastic admirer of its intellectual spirit, and when he returned to America he brought with him religious views that doubtless had much of their original sympathy in his hatred for the priests with whom he had contended in Virginia, but their source of origin, was a compound of French thought. These views controlled his life to the end, entering into all of his policies and efforts. It was after his return from the Court of Versailles that his letters written to certain special friends contain expressions of his religious views.

It would not be a true representation to class the religious doctrines of Thomas Jefferson under one general term. He says, "I belong to no sect. I am a sect to myself." He was a deist, an infidel, agnostic and materialist. In his constructive ethical views, he was a deist; in his attitude to the bible, he was an infidel; in reference to the immortality of the soul and a future life, he was an agnostic; and concerning philosophy he was a materialist. That there is logical disagreement in some of these general lines of thought, may be true, but it is not the business of the student of history to reconcile them; he must be satisfied with knowing the facts.

He was not an atheist, as his denial of such a possibility was declared in a letter to John Adams, April 11, 1823. Speaking of Calvin, for whom he had very little respect, he says: "I can never join Calvin in addressing his God. He was indeed an atheist, which I can never be; or rather his religion was dæmonism." He could not have seriously intended to mean that Calvin was "an atheist" since he admits that Calvin did recognize God, even if his God was a dæmon. He says in the next sentence of the same letter, "If ever man worshipped a false God, he (Calvin) did. Be this disagreement as it may, certainly it is clear that Mr. Jefferson denied being an atheist, and it is equally clear that he did not accept Calvin's God.

In the study of religion, whether it be the religion of a people, an age, or an individual, the primary fact to ascertain is the deity upon which it rests. This is the fundamental point of departure. It is the fact that deism, while asserting faith in God, has persistently used a term it will not define, if indeed there is any serious intent in the use of it. Matthew Arnold is satisfied that the term "God" as used by the Jews was only a subjective term "thrown out at something that is not self"—a kind of refined literary subjectiveness. The deist is faithful in talking of God, but what is meant it is impossible to say. Mr. Jefferson's God was a material being. In a letter to John Adams, August 15, 1820, he makes this clear in the following statement:

"To say that the human soul, angels, God, are immaterial, is to say they are *nothings*, or that there is no God, no angels, no soul."

In a letter to the same friend, March 14, 1820, concerning the existence of spirit, he says:

"It requires one effort only to admit the single incomprehensibility of matter endowed with thought, and two to believe, first, that of an existence called spirit, of which we have neither evidence nor idea, and then, secondly, how

that spirit, which has neither extension nor solidity, can put material organs into motion."

These declarations show that Mr. Jefferson's idea of God was not that of Christ, or the christian world. What he meant by a "Supreme Being" can not be positively ascertained from these quotations, but it is clear that he believed in some vague material force or law that he called God. He called him "Our Creator," but what is definitely intended by this term is beyond discovery. He followed the indefinite line of thought peculiar to deism.

The deist believes that religion is *moral conduct*, which Thomas Arnold claims to be three-fourths of life. Christianity believes that it is moral conduct inspired by a faith in Christ, which faith re-enforces the human character with the divine power that was in Christ. Christianity therefore rests upon a revelation of God both as a fact to be apprehended and believed, and a personal presence of God to be experienced. Eliminate these general and cardinal truths and Christianity falls to the ground. All efforts to amend it at the expense of these are only insidious tricks aiming to destroy it. It is here that the conflict between deism and Christianity starts. The deist is willing to accept Christ as one of the world's *moralists*, only outranking Plato, Epicurus, and Epictetus in the value that the individual mind may accord him in a comparative study of moral philosophers. Mr. Jefferson gave him the first place as a *moralist*, but persistently denied him any other rank. Writing to Dr. Rush, April 12, 1803, he says:

"I am a Christian, in the only sense in which he, (Christ) wished any one to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines, in preference to all others; ascribing to himself every human excellence; and believing he never claimed any other."

A class of sensitive and overanxious defenders of Mr. Jefferson have quoted the clause, "I am a Christian," with the fullest assurance of making the impression that he was

of the orthodox the chiefest type. Mr. Jefferson declared himself a Christian, but took great pains to explain that he accepted the moral ethics of Christ on the basis of human philosophy, believing that Christ had no higher order of excellency, certainly not of a divine nature. This he makes positive in very many of his letters, as the following quotations indicate:

"But the greatest of all the reformers of the depraved religion of his own country, was Jesus of Nazareth. Abstracting what is really his from the rubbish in which it is buried, easily distinguished by its lustre, from the dross of his biographers, and as separable from that as the diamond from the dunghill, we have the outlines of a system of the most sublime morality which has ever fallen from the lips of man; outlines which it is lamentable he did not live to fill up. Epictetus and Epicurus give laws for governing ourselves, Jesus a supplement of duties and charities we owe to others. The establishment of the innocent and genuine character of this benevolent moralist, and the rescuing it from the imputation of imposture, which has resulted from artificial systems, invented by ultra-Christian sects, unauthorized by a single word ever uttered by him, is a most desirable object, and one to which Priestly has successfully devoted his labors and learning." [Letter to Mr. Short, Oct. 31, 1819.]

"Probably you have heard me say I had taken the four Evangelists, had cut out from them every text they had recorded of the moral precepts of Jesus, and arranged them in a certain order, and although they appeared but as fragments, yet fragments of the most sublime edifice of morality which had ever been exhibited to man." In the same letter he says: "The general system of Jesus, and the artificial structures they (preachers) have erected, to make them the instruments of wealth, power, and pre-eminence to themselves, are distinct things in my view as light and darkness: and while I have classed them with soothsayers

and necromancers, I place him among the greatest reformers of morals and scourges of priestcraft that have ever existed." [Letter to Chas. Clas, Jan. 19, 1815.]

"But while this syllabus is meant to place the character of Jesus in its true and high light, as no impostor himself, but a great reformer of the Hebrew code of religion, it is not to be understood that I am with him in all his doctrines. I am a Materialist; he takes the side of Spiritualism; he preaches the efficacy of repentance towards forgiveness of sin; I require a counterpoise of good works to redeem it, etc., etc. It is the innocence of his character, the purity and sublimity of his moral precepts, the eloquence of his inculcations, the beauty of the apologues in which he conveys them, that I so much admire; sometimes, indeed, needing indulgence to eastern hyperbolism." [Letter to Mr. Short, April 13, 1820.]

The deism of Mr. Jefferson carried in it an admiration for some of the teachings of Christ, but he could not approve them all, especially those that gave moral value to repentance. He made excerpts from the recorded discourses of Christ, which he pasted in a book with the title, "Philosophy of Jesus," as he wrote a friend. He did not accept all of the reported sayings of Christ found in the four Gospels, but found it easy to distinguish between the false reports of the Evangelists and what was really true. Mr. Jefferson's Christianity was no more than a morality, denying the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the human soul. He took the same liberty with the four Gospels that he would have taken with profane history, as he wrote Peter Carr, Aug. 10, 1787: "Read the bible, then, as you would read Livy and Tacitus. The facts that are within the ordinary course of nature, you will believe on the authority of the writer, as you do those of the same kind in Livy and Tacitus." This was radical advice to give a young man, and with the then narrow limits of scientific knowledge and study, put the bible to a crude test, to say the least.

The distinction between deism and infidelity is not of the clearest sort, so to show where Mr. Jefferson's deism becomes infidelity, cannot be accurately drawn. Deism is constructive of a rational and natural system of morals, while infidelity is a denial of the bible as a divine revelalation. In studying, then, the infidelity of Mr. Jefferson, it is only necessary to review his utterances concerning the bible, its doctrines and authors. Such a revelation he did not think necessary. Writing young Peter Carr, from which letter quotation has already been made, he says:

"Your own reason is the only oracle given you by heaven, and you are answerable, not for the rightness, but uprightness of the decision."

This declaration is essentially involved in deism, but Mr. Jefferson is bold in its declaration, but cautions enough to guard young Carr against the conceit of faith in the infallibility of reason, by saying that sincerity, not surety, of reason, is the sum of moral obligation. All of this shows the arbitrary and shifting foundation of moral duty in the faith of Mr. Jefferson. With this denial of the necessity of such a revelation of God as the bible claims, it is of importance to see the manner by which Mr. Jefferson disposed of it. Concerning the divinity of Christ as claimed in the Gospel he makes shorter work than Matthew Arnold. His methods are those of French defiance rather than English logic, and are stated in these quotations from his correspondence:

"You will next read the New Testament. It is the history of a personage called Jesus. Keep in your eye the opposite pretentions: 1, of those who say he was begotten of God, born of a virgin, suspended and reversed the laws of nature at will, and ascended bodily to heaven; and 2, of those who say he was a man of illegitimate birth, of a benevolent heart, enthusiastic mind, who set out without pretentions to divinity, ended in believing them, and was punished capitally for sedition, by being gibbetted, accord-

ing to Roman law, which punished the first commission of that offense by whipping, and the second by exile, or death *in furea.*" [Letter to Peter Carr, Aug. 10, 1787.]

As to which of the two pretentions Mr. Jefferson believed is made in the following declarations:

"That Jesus did not mean to impose himself upon mankind as the son of God, physically speaking, I have been convinced by the writings of men more learned than myself in that lore." [Letter to Mr. Short, Aug. 4, 1820.]

"The day will come, when the mystical generation of Jesus, by the supreme Being as his father, in the womb of a virgin, will be classed with the fable of the generation of Minerva in the brain of Jupiter." [Letter to Mr. Adams, April 11, 1823.]

These are strong words and, doubtless, so intended to be by their author. If Christ is only a man of unfortunate birth, was he not, nevertheless, a divinely inspired man? To this question Mr. Jefferson replies:

"Elevated by the enthusiasm of a warm and pure heart, and conscious of the high meaning of an eloquence which had not been taught him, he might readily mistake the coruscations of his own fine genius for inspiration of a higher order. This belief carried, therefore, no more personal imputation, than the belief of Socrates, that himself was under the care and admonition of a guardian Dæmon. And how many of our wisest men still believe in the reality of these inspirations, while perfectly sane on all other subjects. Excusing, therefore, on these considerations, those passages in the gospels which seem to bear marks of the weakness of Jesus, ascribing to him what alone is consistent with the great and pure character of which the same writings furnish proofs, and to their proper authors their own trivialties and imbecilities, I think myself authorized to conclude the superiority and distinctions of his character, in opposition to the impostures which those authors would fix upon him; and that the postulate

of my former letter is no more than is granted in all other historical works." [Letter to Mr. Short, Aug. 4, 1820.]

These passages in the Gospels that indicate Christ's belief in his inspiration Mr. Jefferson calls "weaknesses of Jesus," but with the genius of deistic charitableness, he explains them to be a misapprehension of "the coruscations of his own fine genius," for which he should not be condemned any more than Socrates, who believed himself under the care of a dæmon; and for the further consideration that some men to-day, sane on other matters, are vexed with the insanity of a belief in inspiration. All of which the Christian world thankfully declines.

The question of Christ's divinity is embodied in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Mr. Jefferson's denials of this doctrine are full of impatience, and indicate a spirit of intolerance unworthy of a lofty intellect. On this subject he makes these deliverances:

"The hocus pocus phantasm of a God like another Cerberus, with one body and three heads, had its birth and growth in the blood of thousands and thousands of martyrs. * * * * * The pure and simple unity of the creator; is now all but ascendant in the eastern states; it is dawning in the west, and advancing towards the south; and I confidently expect that the present generation will see Unitarianism become the general religion of the United States." [Letter to James Smith, Dec. 8, 1822.]

"I rejoice that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, which has surrendered its creed and conscience to neither Kings nor priest, the general doctrine of the only God is reviving, and I trust that there is not a *young man* now living in the United States who will not die an Unitarian." [Letter to Dr. Waterhouse, June 26, 1822.]

"No one sees with greater pleasure than myself the progress of reason in its advances towards rational Christianity. When we shall have done away the incomprehensi-

ble jargon of the Trinitarian arithmetic, that three are one, and one is three; when we shall have knocked down the artificial scaffolding reared, to mask from view the simple structure of Jesus; when, in short, we shall have unlearned everything which has been taught since his day, and got back to the pure and simple doctrines he incalculated, we shall then be truly and worthily his disciples; and my opinion is that if nothing had ever been added to what flowed purely from his lips, the whole world would at this day have been Christian." [Letter to Timothy Pickering, Feb. 27, 1821.]

"I thank you, sir, for the pamphlets which you have been so kind as to send me, and am happy to learn that the doctrine of Jesus, that there is but one God, is advancing prosperously among our fellow citizens. Had his doctrines, pure as they came from himself, been never sophisticated for unworthy purposes, the whole civilized world would at this day have formed but a single sect." [Letter to Rev. Mr. Whittemore, June 5, 1822.]

"Hocus pocus phantasm" is reckless talk, and can mean nothing short of a bitter intolerance toward the subject so discussed. It is not a matter of wonder that he should delight in the down fall of such a "monster" in the form of a doctrine, as he estimated it. Mr. Jefferson was not an Unitarian, for in many vital points he disagreed with them, but he was willing to join hands with them in the effort to destroy Trinitarianism in America.

His attitude of mind toward the doctrines of the bible were so positively infidel that logical consistency required him to pass judgment upon the authors of it. This he did in no terms of extreme politeness.

"My aim in that was, to justify the character of Jesus against the fictions of his pseudo-followers, which have exposed him to the inference of being an impostor. For if we could believe that he really countenanced the follies, the falsehoods, and charlatanisms which his biographers

father on him, and admit the misconstructions, and interpolations, and theorizations of the fathers of the early, and fanatics of the latter ages, the conclusion would be irresistable by every sound mind, that he was an impostor. I give no credit to their falsification of his actions and doctrines, and to rescue his character, the postulate in my letter asked just what is granted in reading every other historian." [Letter to Mr. Short, Aug. 4, 1820.]

Writing to the same gentleman April 13, 1820, he says:

"I separate, therefore, the gold from the dross; restore to him the former, and leave the latter to the stupidity of some, the roguery of others of his disciples. Of this band of dupes and impostors, Paul was the great Coryphæus, and first corrupter of the doctrines of Jesus. These palpable interpolations and falsifications of his doctrines, led me to try to sift them apart."

Commenting on the Apocalypse, in a letter to General Smyth, Jan. 25, 1825, he says: "I consider it merely the ravings of a maniac, no more worthy nor capable of explanation than the incoherences of our own nightly dreams."

These writings were full of "fictions," "follies," "falsehoods," "charlatanisms," and "the ravings of a maniac;" while the authors—Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul—were a band of dupes, and impostors, with Paul at the head as the chief of falsifiers. This was the consistent conclusion that the frankness of Mr. Jefferson asserted without a blush or apology. At the time he made these utterences he was an old man. They were not, then, the rash words of a foolish youth, but the mature judgment of his old age.

It has always been the sole aim of infidelity to destroy faith in the supernatural, and the chief point of attack has been the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the scriptures. The cry has been, "away with this man," and Mr Jefferson threw the force of his intellect and popularity into this work. His opinion of the worship of the church

was of no exalted nature. In a letter to Dr. Cooper, November 2, 1822, he makes this allusion to prayermeetings, which gives an insight into his feelings concerning them:

"In our Richmond there is much fanaticism, but chiefly among the women. They have their night meetings, and prayer parties, where, attended by their priests, and sometimes by hen-pecked husbands, they pour forth the effusions of their love to Jesus, in terms as amatory and carnal, as their modesty will permit them to use to a merely earthly lover. In our village of Charlotteville there is a good degree of religion with a small spice only of fanaticism."

A disregard for the sacred things of others, though they may not accord with one's views, indicates an irreverence for which there can be no just apology. These women were not holding "prayer parties," but seriously worshipping God according to "the dictates of their consciences," and deserved the protection that public sentiment secures to sacred things. Deism and infidelity, however, strike down all of the finer feelings, and leave only the rougher feelings in a man's character. The irreverence of Tom Paine and the flippance of Colonel Ingersoll are the natural products of their creed. Reverence and seriousness are among the noblest virtues, but they cannot grow among men who make common the idea of God.

Mr. Jefferson was a genius for laying plans that were far-reaching in their aims, and he had that quality of leadership that can inaugurate movements which only centuries can consummate. As an educator he laid his plans for other generations. The study of the sciences was the object he had in planting the University of Virginia. Religion was not to be taught. General morality was to take its place. Dr. Adams in his "History of the Virginia University" says: "Mr. Jefferson proposed to place the entire responsibility for religious training upon an ethical basis, where all sects could agree." Knowing that Mr.

Jefferson's idea of morality discarded the divinity of Christ, the Holy Trinity, the operations of the Holy Ghost, miracles, regeneration, and all of the cardinal doctrines of Christian faith, it is apparent that higher education as established by him was to eliminate our religion and in its place is to substitute deism. This was a bold enterprise and a deistic daring of enormous proportions. At that early period the crude citizens of an infant nation were to be educated into the faiths of deism.

These views, with election of Dr. Cooper to a place in the faculty, aroused the churches, especially the Presbyterians, about whom Mr. Jefferson wrote this sharp criticism to Dr. Cooper:

"Their ambition and tyranny would tolerate no rival if they had power. Systematical in grasping at an ascendency over all other sects, they aim, like the Jesuits, at engrossing the education of the country, are hostile to every institution which they do not direct, and jealous at seeing others begin to attend at all to that object. The diffusion of instruction, to which there is now so growing an attention, will be the remote remedy for this fever of fanaticism; while the more proximate one will be the progress of Unitarianism. That this will, ere long, be the religion of the majority from north to south, I have no doubt."

But the war was inaugurated in earnest, and a compromise was suggested. In a letter to Dr. Cooper, Nov. 2, 1822, he says:

"In our annual report to the legislature, after stating the constitutional reasons against a public establishment of any religious instruction, we suggest the expediency of encouraging the different religious sects to establish, each for itself, a professorship of their own tenets, on the confines of the university, so near as that their students may attend the lectures there, and have the free use of our library, and every other accommodation we can give them:

preserving, however, their independence of us and of each other. This fills the chasm objected to ours, as a defect in an institution professing to give instruction in *all* useful sciences. I think the invitation will be accepted, by some sects from candid intentions, and by others from jealousy and rivalship. And by bringing the sects together, and mixing them with the mass of other students, we shall soften their asperities, liberalize and neutralize their prejudices, and make the general religion a religion of peace, reason, and morality."

This was a scheme of no small significance. It looked to an emasculation of the churches by getting them within the range of the University and thus reducing all religion to "morality and reason," or deism. The plan was deep, and only the withdrawal of the churches to colleges of their own building has saved this nation from French deism and infidelity. Yet the scheme was not a failure. All state colleges have followed the spirit of this first secular University, and religion with them has become simply a morality found upon other grounds than the divinity of Christ. The catalogues of these colleges show that as a function of the college, religion has no place beyond morning worship. Whatever religious safeguards the students have are found in local Sunday Schools and organizations of the students. In positive educational work religion is ignored. A prominent educator writing about this question says: "It is well that there is some place where dogma is silent, and where men are taught that practical religion consists in loving God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself." This was Mr. Jefferson's religion. The professed hatred of state colleges for "dogma" and "religious sects" is clearly deism and infidelity. They never protest against scientific dogma, simply because science is the basis of deistic dogma, but no chance is lost to berate "ecclesiastical dogma." Dr. Butler only records the truth when he declares that the state colleges utterly ignore

religious education. It is from this deistic source that this nation will get the forces of its ruin. Education with such a foundation must result in disaster, and to sane men the ruin begins to appear in the growth of crime, the decline of statesmanship, the tricks of partizan politics, social impurity, family looseness, dissipated convictions, and general rascality. Slowly has the personality of God, as manifest in Christ as His son, been displaced by the theorizations of science and rational sweetness, till all morality is becoming a matter of convenience and social moonshine.

THE END OF THE FEUD.

BY F. S. CARDEN.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the sighing pine trees with a golden hue. The English sparrows had gathered in a tree before the old colonial mansion and were drowning all the music of the summer twilight with their noisy clatter. Occasionally one darted from the noisy convention and sought its nest among the ivey which clung to the brick walls. The old house raised itself majestically from the green sward and surrounding shrubbery, and its many nooks and gables confounded one with a feeling of intricacy. The blinds were thrown open and the windows raised and an appearance of expectancy pervaded the whole scene. An old lady with silvery grey hair rocked gently back and forth in a large chair upon the broad porch which extended the whole length of the house. Her knitting lay idle in her lap, and her eyes were fixed dreamily upon the gorgeous sunset. Her face was gentle and refined, possessing that rare sweet beauty of age. There was a look of sadness in the motherly eyes which told of great pain and trouble not entirely past. As she sat thus lost in thought, a large, good-natured looking negress bustled out on the porch bringing with her an atmosphere of happiness. "Missus, Dick done gone to meet Mars Will. He rid Selam an' gwine to lead Hornet fur Mars Will to ride back on. I's gwine to have one of dem quality suppers, and don' you furgit! Done been nigh on a year since we seed Mars Will." She was running on in this manner when the shrill cry of "Aunt Mary" arose. With a storm arising on her face, she started back to the kitchen, exclaiming, "Dem dar lazy niggers aint ——," the rest was lost as she disappeared in the spacious hall. The old lady, aroused from her sad reverie, arose with a sigh, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the long dusty road which wound down the hill and was

lost to sight in the woods beyond. "It will be a bright moonlight night, and he should get her by half-past ten," she murmured. A look of contentment and peace took the place of the sad one which had pervaded her face before. She remembered that her boy was coming home from college that night.

This boy was the last of three, his father and two brothers having been killed in a feud with the neighboring Conway family. Will Forsythe was a handsome boy, possessing along with a hasty temper many good qualities. About a year before the time when this narrative opens, he had met and fallen in love with Julia, the beautiful daughter of his enemy, Major Conway. They met secretly many times at the home of her maiden aunt, and finally Will resolved to ask Major Conway for his consent to the marriage. The Major, in a passion, swore at him, and hooted at the very idea. Will stood with folded arms and listened with rising anger to the abuses heaped upon his family. When the old man had exhausted himself, Will quietly said, "Sir, if you were not not an old man and in your own house, I would not brook these insults." About a week after this Abner Conway, the Major's eldest son, accosted Will on the street of the County Seat. A few words were exchanged and both drew their guns. In the shooting which followed Abner Conway was dangerously wounded, while Forsythe came out with only a scratch. On the advice of friends, Will's mother decided to send him off to college until the hard feeling had died down. Will at first objected to this, saying that it would be cowardice to run, but he finally yielded to the earnest entreaty of his mother. After an absence of nearly a year he was returning home to spend the vacation with his mother. She thought by keeping a close watch over him she would be able to keep him out of all trouble. But Mrs. Forsythe had no idea of Abner Conway's undying hatred for, and the vengence he had sworn upon her boy.

Through some source Abner Conway had heard that his enemy was to return that night. When Major Conway mentioned at their supper table the expected return of Forsythe, a dark look arose on the face of Abner Conway, and he placed his hand on his wounded side, not yet entirely healed. His sister Julia saw his actions with terror, because she knew they forboded some evil to her lover. After finishing her supper, she arose from the table and pleading a headache, retired to her room for the night as her parents thought. In a few minutes she heard her two brothers ascend the stairs and enter their room across the hall from hers. She gently opened the door and tip-toed across the hall and listened at the key-hole. She could not catch all they said, but occasionally the deep voice of Abner arose and she caught such expressions as "yes, I swore vengence at the first opportunity, and neither mother nor sister shall stand in my way;" "he comes on the nine o'clock train, and should reach Clifton's Ford about ten. You can certainly hit the horse and I'll try him. The current will draw both into the whirl-pool and that will be the last of this damned fued."

The blood forsook her beautiful face and the dimpled lips—made for happy smiles—were now compressed in a determined manner. She had heard enough. As she entered her room she glanced at the clock. "Nearly nine," she exclaimed, and snatching up her riding cap and whip she softly descended the back stairs and glided across the lot into the stable.

"Eph, saddle Ginger," she said.

"Lord, Missus, he run away an' ——," she stopped him with a gesture, and commanded him to mention her departure to no one.

As Eph opened the side gate for her she saw her brothers' horses standing saddled in front of the house. In two minutes she was out of sight around the bend. Ginger's long legs covered the ground in a remarkable manner.

The prospects for a good night were vanquishing. A dark cloud had arisen in the west, and now and then a vivid flash of lightning revealed the tall trees as they flew by. The low rumble of the thunder caused Ginger to prick up his ears, but his mistress sat pale and erect, not noticing the approaching storm. On, on, they flew until they had passed the house of her aunt, which was about two hundred yards from the ford her brother had mentioned. As they approached the river Julia drew Ginger up to a walk. The stream was about one hundred yards broad, and the ford was a very dangerous one. She forced Ginger into the swift current. He was almost forced to swim as the angry water gurgled and whirled around his muscular sides and arose over her small feet. She shuddered as she glanced down the rushing current which veered toward the bank she had just left and formed a whirl-pool under a cliff about twenty feet high. She remembered the story of how that dreadful hole had swallowed up a team and its driver and they never had been seen or heard of since. Then she glanced at the cliff above the dark pool and almost imagined she could see the faces of her two brothers peering from the thick bushes which crowned it. As Ginger gained the opposite bank she looked fearfully over her shoulder as the sharp sound of his iron shoes on the rocks rebounded from the cliff across the river.

They were again on the smooth road, and Julia breathed easier as she murmured: "I will await him at the Haunted House and tell him of his danger." The stillness which had preceded the storm was now broken by the rustling of the rising wind through the trees. Great drops of rain began to fall, each one striking through her thin clothes. Suddenly the storm broke in its fury. The rain descended in torrents. The poor girl shivered as the rain beat mercilessly upon her and soaked her garments, but she did not hesitate for she knew the life of her lover depended upon her. As she drew near the house where she intended to

stop and intercept Will Forsythe, she tried to diminish Ginger's pace. She threw all her strength into the effort, but no, the devil was in him. He ran as if he were attempting to out race the wind. Just as they were opposite the flying house a ball of fire shot from the clouds and struck the old rock chimney. It tottered, hesitated a moment, and fell with a crash. The horse gave a frightened bound to one side, leaving his beautiful mistress stretched in the muddy road.

About a quarter of a mile off Will Forsythe and his negro servant were jogging patiently along in the mud and rain. A flash of lightning revealed a terrified horse—riderless, mane and bridle flying to the wind—coming towards them at full speed. They drew aside just in time, and received a shower of mud in their faces as the frightened animal rushed by. The negro rolled his eyes fearfully in all directions and exclaimed: "Good Gowd, Mars Will, de ghostes done got somebody shore!"

"Oh its just some horse broke loose. Come on," answered Will.

Will was slightly in advance as they neared the old house. The rain had almost ceased. It had been one of those sudden rain and thunder storms, and now as it had done its mischief it was content to die down. A long vivid, quivering flash of lightning—the last token of the dying storm—lighted up the whole land scape. That one fleeting moment was sufficient. He saw the still figure lying almost under his horse's feet. He saw the pale beautiful face and the curling ringlets of brown hair clinging to the dampened brow. Recognizing that face, in a moment he was off his horse and at her side. With a great dread in his heart he anxiously listened for signs of life. "She's alive, thank God. Where can her escort be? Dick, go for Dr. Sanders. It's ten miles. Kill your horse if necessary. I'll take her across the river to her Aunt's," he excitedly exclaimed. As Dick turned his horse in the opposite di-

rection and started off at a gallop, Will took the cold dripping form in his arms and remounted his horse. He divided his attention between trying to hold his horse to a gentle pace and gazing at the pale face on his arm in effort to solve the mystery of her presence. He was too excited, however, to come to any reasonable conclusion other than that he must get her to her Aunt's who lived just across the river. The clouds were breaking and a few stars were now visible. The trees on either side of the road were dripping mournfully as if they were weeping for some great calamity. As Will Forsythe reached the bank of the river he stopped and gazed out upon the broad rushing current. He knew the ford well and the stars furnished a fairly good light. Gathering up his reins tightly in one hand, and carefully holding his burden with the other, he pushed into the current.

Abner Conway and his brother were crouching among the dripping bushes on the cliff with their Winchester's carefully protected under their macintoshes. As Forsythe appeared on the opposite bank, they tremblingly drew their guns from cover and examined them. "How do you know that's him," said one. "Who else could it be," answered Abner. "Be sure of your aim." The ford led down the river towards them at a slight angle, and as the struggling horse neared the centre, both men raised their guns. "That's him, but what's that he has in his arms?" "Oh, that's some of his durned luggage and it shan't save him, for I'll draw a bead above it," whispered Abner. They steadied their guns. At a word from the elder both guns flashed simultaneously. As the reverberations died away they saw the struggling horse sink into the swift current and disappear. But not so with the brave rider; he struggled with the swift current, still holding on to his burden. But in vain his strength was fast wavering. After a brief, desperate effort the current shot him and his companion swiftly towards the dreadful hole. Just as they

reached the edge of the pool the moon burst forth from the clouds and revealed to the anxious watchers above two white faces instead of one. One was that of their sister, calm, beautiful and peaceful, the eyes closed as if in a sweet sleep. The other was manly and strong, yet it had an appealing look on it as it was upturned to the cliff as if imploring aid. For one brief instant they were whirled around and around in full view of the brothers above. Just as Abner Conway, with a wild cry poised himself to leap, they disappeared forever in the dark whirling centre. There was a loud splash, a brief struggle, and all was still except the ripple of the rushing current and the gurgling suction of the pool. Even the lone figure on the cliff, stood outlined against the sky, silent and motionless.

CURED.

BY C. A. W.

A boy is as sure to fall in love at a certain age as he is to have the "goslings," though the two deplorable conditions may not be contemporaneous. He is no more to be blamed for the one than the other, and he may as well be expected to do foolish things when he is in love as to jump from a deep base to a high, squeaking treble without the slightest warning when he has got the "goslings." It is better for him to have the "gosling" early, as then the uncertain notes are not so conspicuous; he is likely to recover sooner, and to have a more melodious voice ever after than if he had it late. And it is better for him to fall in love early, for the frenzy is not then likely to be so violent, and he is likely ever after to be possessed of more self-control than if it came late. Soon or late, it comes. He must love, and it matters not whom so she be feminine. He will fit his ideal into almost any kind of a frame. If his ideal has blue eyes and fair complexion he can unconsciously fit her into a girl with dark eyes and dingy complexion. A year ago he would have said that every movement of hers was awkward, every expression slang and every smile sarcastic; but now the change has come, and he sees grace in every movement, purity in every expression, and sweet, oh, what sweetness! in every smile, specially if he thinks it is intended for him. Poor fool! She has not changed one whit; it is all within himself. Will not some one tell him? No, do not; he will not believe you, and may advise you to attend to your own affairs.

Joseph Bryce was very much like all other boys, but with, perhaps, a little more than his share of bashfulness. He had had the "goslings," but had never been in love. He had taken delight in hunting, in horses and in various games and amusements which the average boy likes before

he falls, or after he has fallen, in love. He had traveled more than the average, for his father was well-to-do. He had read a good deal, and was always ready to expound his views with men, but not with women. He was well into the age when it was proper to change his course. He had a friend whose course had not been like his.

One Sunday afternoon this friend, whom he called Chubby, suggested that they go calling, and to his surprise Joseph consented to go. This was an entire revolution against anything Joseph had ever before said or done. Chubby wondered, but in a few minutes they were going straight to the Misses Goodloe's home. Chubby expected every moment that Joseph would back out; but his expectation was not to be realized, for Joseph was going. He had known the Misses Goodloe all his life; but, true to his boyish nature, knew nothing about them, and had hardly before given them a thought. But when Chubby proposed to go, he agreed, and was as much surprised as was Chubby, Without premeditation or design he went. He knew not why; he just went.

They walked into the yard and up to the girls who were sitting in a hammock. They were delighted to see the boys, and one of them had the originality to say, "Joseph Bruce! it must be going to snow." With a superfluity of color Joseph answered that he hoped not. By a providence often mysteriously wielded by young men of skill, Chubby talked to the prettier Miss Goodloe, while the other invited Joseph to sit by her in the hammock. Chubby and his girl took a seat near by on the grass, and after expressing their mutual wonder at Joseph's venture, became interested in a conversation of their own that has nothing to do with our story. The other Miss Goodloe talked to Joseph at the rate of three hundred words per minute, and Joseph answered at the rate of fifty per hour, which, however, was not bad, considering that Miss Goodloe talked so fast that he understood her only now and then. He went

at it heroically though, and smiled the best he could when he thought it was proper. He said "yes" when she said "don't you think so?" and "no," or "certainly not," when she said "do you think so?"

But Joseph had not sat long before it dawned upon him that he was sitting in an awkward position. He blushed to the nape of his neck and tried to sit gracefully, but got into a more awkward position. He tried again, and in the attempt his cravat was pushed up over his collar. What must he do? If he tried to fix it Miss Goodloe would see him, and if he did not she would see it. He started to fix it regardless; but as he raised his hand, which had been behind him, he noticed that his nails had not been cleaned. Down it went. By this time he began to feel a little warm, but Miss Goodloe talked on and he answered on under considerable difficulty. He protruded his nether lip and blew at the fly that had pitched on his nose. The fly ignored him. He blew again, but of no avail. He twitched his nose and shook his head; still no success. Miss Goodloe he noticed was looking at the fly, and he must knock him off; which he did, and put his hand behind him. What imprudence! he has pitched again; off he goes; pitches again. Joseph's embarrassment was painful, for he saw that the fly was his victor; but Miss Goodloe, like an angelic mortal, simultaneously struck him in the face with her handkerchief, killing the fly, and said: "What imprudence!" Joseph did not thank her, but laughed shyly and blushed deeper.

When Chubby proposed to go Joseph did not know whether it had been one minute or twenty since the death of the fly. The Misses Goodloe were awfully glad Joseph came and insisted that he come again real soon. Joseph appreciated their cordiality, but would have much preferred for them not to be so profuse. Indeed, their profusion was troublesome, for it brought about the necessity for replies, and they are not easily manufactured by a novice.

As they strolled down the street Chubby did not dare guy Joseph for he wanted him to go calling often, and he knew that he had not taken sufficient root to bear much pulling. However, Joseph was more talkative than usual, and it was easily seen that he was delighted with his call in spite of his embarrassments. The difficulty with the fly, etc., sank into insignificance as soon as he left the yard, for he was then thinking only of the experience of having called on a girl.

Joseph had now broken the ice, and as is usual with the consent from one extreme, he went to the other. By degrees his personal appearance was observed to change. He had never shaved, though he had long needed it, till the day he took Miss Goodloe driving. That day his face was of such sleekness that it might have served as a mirror. He began to part his hair more neatly and to tie his cravat with more care. In short, he was budding out into a lady's man. He was changing rapidly, completely. Within a few weeks after his first call he called several times, and took Miss Bessie Goodloe driving once. He enjoyed the drive without saying much, and with no special awkwardness that is known.

There was to be a picnic and he was to take Miss Bessie Goodloe. He liked the drive out, but did not like to be in a mixed crowed. After dinner he and Miss Goodloe were strolling down towards the spring, and Joseph was having heart-smashing thoughts. He was going to find out how he stood. He already knew he stood well, but he wanted a confession of it. He had made up his mind to get that confession that very day too. His determination was as strong as if he had taken oath to do it, but let no man think for a moment that there was the smallest possibility of his saying anything he had planned to say, or anything in any way suggestive of it. He might think his thoughts so strongly that he would blush, but of putting them into words there was no danger whatever. They

went down to the spring; they came back, and when they parted at Miss Goodloe's home that afternoon he had not said a word pertaining to his wonderful affections, nor had he said many concerning anything. During the drive home something was said about a certain Miss Rice having on a pretty necklace. Joseph said nothing, but thought strongly, and decided at that moment that he would find out what kind of necklace Miss Rice wore and give Miss Bessie one like it. What an excellent idea! She already loved him, but he would be so gallant as to make her love him more. True to his plan, the next time he called on her he carried in his pocket the necklace he had bought for her. It was nearly time for him to leave, and, although he had tried every minute to present the necklace, he had failed even to make the beginning. A kitten came into the palor and walked around Joseph's legs, rubbing against them. Joseph took him up, played with him a few minutes, and finally tried the necklace on his neck. It was just large enough to go round twice. Jeseph fastened it and the kitten jumped down. He went to the corner and played with the tassels hanging under it, and then stalked out of the room with the necklace. Joseph waited for him to return, but he never came back, and Joseph had at last to go without mentioning the necklace at all, when Mrs. Goodloe, from the head of the stairs, asked Miss Bessie what time it was.

After Joseph went to bed he reviewed his night's experience, and admitted to himself that his affairs were not in quite such a condition as he might wish. But he was quite sure that Miss Bessie loved him, though he had never put her to the embarrassment of saying so; so he knew that she would not mention the kitten episode to any one, and no one would ever know it but she and he. For he had absolute confidence in Bessie. He would risk her with anything. She was the purest girl in the world and the most worthy to be trusted. She would never give him away;

she was such an angel, God bless her! Then, too, he had an idea that she did not notice it, or would not remember it, though he knew she was looking straight at him when he put the necklace on the kitten. He decided never to say anything about it, but just to let it drop. He would yet get an opportunity further to manifest his affection. Bessie had said she was going to the Raleigh Fair. He would go too. He would get himself up in the best of style and go to Raleigh the day after she went; and he would see that she was taken to everything to go to and that she had a rush from start to finish. He was only eighteen and she was twenty-two, but that didn't matter. He had a sneaking idea that he and his sweetheart would "paint the city red."

On the day Miss Bessie Goodloe went to Raleigh Joseph went to the bank to see his father (who was a banker of considerable means) and told him he wanted to go to the Fair. His father consented, and Joseph made great preparation for the trip—new clothes, for instance, from top to toe. Next day Joseph boarded the train for Raleigh, the most collared and cuffed man that ever attracted attention at that station.

Joseph went to Raleigh for the express purpose of giving Miss Bessie Goodloe a rush. All this was new business to Joseph, but Miss Goodloe had kindled sufficient fire in his heart to run the engine through anything. She seemed delighted to see him. He took her to the Fair and secured tickets for the opera. He took her to the Fair in the finest carriage to be hired in Raleigh, and everything ran smoothly till they met a friend of Miss Goodloe. Then she "made herself a fool by almost eating him up." Joseph became disgusted with her. Her "friend" was a brazen scoundrel and wanted to take her up in the grand-stand, though he knew that he had taken her to the Fair. She treated Joseph slightingly, and he "was no fool;" so when she insinuated something about going up in the grand-

stand, he readily consented, and went around to look at the game cocks. But he had lost interest in fighting cocks and was thinking of other matters. He arrived at the conclusion that Miss Goodloe had treated him discourteously; so he walked out of the grounds, entered the elegant carriage he had hired, and rode alone back to the city.

That night he saw her in the hotel parlor after supper and asked her if that was the way she was going to do. Characteristically, she maintained that she had done nothing wrong. He said she had. She said she hadn't. He said he was going home that night. She said if he was of a mind to be that foolish he might go for all she cared. He said he hadn't been foolish; she said he had; he said he hadn't, and bolted out of the parlor and down the stairs, only to meet that d——d "friend" coming up. At the bottom of the stairs he looked back and saw Miss Goodloe meet the contemptible animal with her face all a-glow with smiles.

He walked to the railway station and boarded the train that was to leave in ten minutes, but just before time for the train to start he softened enough to get off and go back up the street. He took the first street car and rode out to the park with no special object but to think. He decided that he would go to the opera and take a seat in the gallery so as not to be seen by Miss Goodloe, and to see whether she went with her "friend" or not, whose name he had not understood when they were introduced. He took a seat in the gallery from which he could see the entire dress circle and remain unseen himself. He looked the house over, but could see nothing of Miss Goodloe. He had looked till half the performance was over, and was about to conclude that she had not come, when suddenly his eyes fell on her. There she was in the height of delight. It was between the acts, and she was "talking and gigling at a devil of a rate." He had paid no attention to the performance before, and certainly not after he saw Miss

Goodloe. He watched her and became so disgusted with her and enraged with her escort that he left the hall and wandered about the city cursing Miss Goodloe, her "friend," and most of all, himself. He had trusted her and she had turned out to be deceitful. She had led him on only to make a fool of him. But he would show her whether she could be uncivil to him and not receive what he deserved in return. Disgusted, angry and boiling over, he took the mid-night train for home. That night he determined to make the sole object of a short space of his life the "getting even" with Bessie Goodloe.

A short distance from Raleigh the train stopped and the passengers were informed that the engine was out of gear and could not move on under two hours. Joseph was restless and walked the train from one end to the other. He was miserable, almost desparate. After awhile he happened to meet a doctor whom he asked for a dose of something to put him to sleep. The doctor gave him two doses of chloral, to be taken two hours apart, but Joseph took them both as soon as he got out of the doctor's sight. He fixed himself comfortably on a seat and was soon in a fitful sleep characteristically produced by large doses of chloral.

He dreamed he saw Miss Goodloe and her friend in the hotel. They had returned from the opera and were drinking wine. They left the glasses and went out. He slipped in after them and tasted the wine, which he found to be half whiskey. Then in horror he followed them. They went out on the balcony, and he watched them from behind the blinds half turned. There in the moon-light she danced the skirt-dance, and when she finished the man applauded boisterously, and she sat calmly in his lap. He pulled her head to his shoulder and kissed her, and she kissed him. At this point Joseph's rage got the better of him, and he rushed out to get sweet revenge by murdering them both, but the window leading to the balcony was not

raised high enough for him to pass under without stooping, and he was too furious to think of that, so his head struck squarely the sharp edge of the window frame and he was cheated of his revenge, and waked widely up to find himself in a smoky railway car, while the porter begged his pardon for letting his lantern strike him on the head.

When he had collected himself he went to get a drink of water and came back to go to sleep again. He felt nervous and excitable, but was not long in falling asleep. He dreamed, it seemed to him, a thousand things which he forgot, and one which he remembered. He thought he and Miss Goodloe were at the marriage altar. The minister said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," and added, with long reveberating tones, "to live together forever and ev-er, ev-er more." He turned to look at his wife from whom he had sworn never to part, and when his eyes fell in hers he could not look away, but was held by an irresistible charm. Her eyes enlarged and became glossy, fierce and heinous. She held him with her glare, and suddenly threw herself into a kind of coil. She moved her face towards his and then recoiled, staring him steadily in the eyes. Her face assumed a horrible shape, and as her head neared his she opened her mouth and a long, forked snake's tongue ran out and quivered. She did this successively, with her face moving closer to his, with an undulatory motion all the time. Just as her forked, quivering tongue was about to touch his face he fainted, falling backwards. As he rolled off the seat and struck the floor he awoke, to find himself in an excited, weak and nervous condition. The horrors of his dreams were too great for him to risk falling asleep again, so he spent the rest of the night walking backwards and forth in the car.

After he arrived home he was some days in regaining mental and physical quiet. He meditated in a state of moroseness upon his recent experiences, and propounded

many momentous questions to himself. He thought of what he was a few months ago and what he was now. What a change! He felt that he had broken loose from his old self and taken on to a new form of life, only to find it vanity. He had reached the point from which he could not resume his old boyish habits; and recently he had stuck his head sufficiently into the love-fire to get it burnt, and ever after to fear the flame. He had reached the Y of the roads and could not retrace his steps nor go forward on the branch he had recently taken. He would make a nigh-cut across to the other branch, which was that of common sense and mental equilibrium—the one he had so often heard recommended. He went across and traveled from the sentimental road so far as never to be affected by it again. He applied for a position in the bank, was given it, and unto this day, in single-blessedness, tells out dollars with a rapid and accurate hand.

JERRY'S PICNIC.

BY E. L. C.

One Saturday afternoon, about the middle of July, a crowd of boys was gathered upon the banks of Thayer's mill-pond for the purpose of arranging the ground for a picnic that was to be at that place just a week later.

The west bank of the mill-pond was an excellent place for a picnic, since it was densely shaded by a number of large trees and was quite convenient to a good boat-landing from which the mill-pond might be navigated in bateau or wherry for more than a mile up the river. Picnics had been held at this place at irregular intervals from time immemorial, and proving a source of much enjoyment and recreation to both old and young, they were always looked forward to with a great deal of pleasant anticipation, and when the appointed day arrived, it was invariably the rule for the whole nighborhood to turn out, without distinction as to age, race, color or previous condition of servitude. These were occasions upon which the young people of the surrounding neighborhoods did most of their love-making and upon which the old ones did most of their bragging. The old men would spend the day in discussing questions of farming and in eating watermelons, the old women would divide the time about equally between knitting and dipping snuff, and the negroes and hobos would get drunk and raise Cain in general. Indeed, these were regarded as such important occasions, that they and the Shinar Camp Meetings were the only periods from which the people reckoned dates.

The boys had been engaged arranging seats, puting up swings and removing whatever of brush or other rubbish had chanced to be left upon the ground by the last freshet. They had about finished their task, however, and some of them were walking leisurely down towards the mill, which was situated a short distance below the picnic

grounds, when they saw Jerry Smith ride up in front of the mill-house door, alight and take a small grist of corn off his old gray mule and set it on the steps. When the miller came out Jerry saluted him in a very jovial and boisterous manner, and after giving him a few very important facts about how he wished his corn to be ground, he led his mule to a neighboring mulberry bush and hitched him.

It is important to give here a little account of what kind of a man Jerry Smith was. He was a tall, slender fellow, apparently about forty years of age, but judging from his manner of talking, his great aversion to anything new or modern, and the homeliness of his features, you would have taken him to be a hundred, and it would have been impossible for you to have imagined him as ever looking young, even at the day of his birth. He always carried his shoulders stooped, and he had the reputation far and wide of being the awkwardest man in the whole country. His beard was light-colored and short and grew in patches. He always wore trouses that were both too small and too short for him and shoes that were too large, and it was evident that he always wore the same suit of clothes, or else all his suits were exactly alike. He was a great talker, and notwithstanding his dislike for the ways of young people, he could not be better satisfied than to get a crowd of boys around him and tell them some of his wonderful experiences. But he did not enjoy telling better than the boys enjoyed listening to them, for he had been arrested more than once in his life for moonshining over in the mountains where he lived, and these experiences had furnished him ample material for a good many narratives, many of which were no doubt interesting. And what made his stories all the more interesting, was that he possessed that rare ability to expand the truth, and in the place of uninteresting points in the narrative, to manufacture something more elegant, an ability very essential in successful story-telling.

Before Jerry had had time to hitch his mule and return to the door of the mill-house quite a number of the boys had come up and were seating themselves, some upon the steps and some upon a bench that stood close by. They were settling themselves to have a chat with Jerry, and as he advanced towards them he seemed to realize the fact and keenly to enjoy it. As soon as he had come within speaking distance, one of them spoke out rather loudly, "Hello, Jerry," and then all in a chorus.

Jerry's face lighted up with a broad grin as he returned the salute, "Hi boys."

"What's all the fun, Jerry," said one of the boys.

"Well nuthin' much I bleeve, 'cept good craps and plenty o' licker," said Jerry broadening his grin.

"Well, that's fun enough," said one of the boys.

"Hit's blamed sight funnier than bein' down here on the river a ruckin' leaves an' a draggin' bresh like you fellers has been at," returned Jerry.

"Why we are fixing for the picnic, Jerry," said two or three of the boys speaking at once.

"Ain't you a-coming, Jerry?" asked another.

"Naw, I never undertuck to come to but one picnic here an' that 'um kuord me," said Jerry dryly.

"How was it, Jerry," asked one of the boys, who hit upon this opportunity of getting Jerry started.

"Yes, tell us about it," put in one or two others.

"Well, hit 'taint nuthin' much to tell 'cept that it cost me two dollars and a half an' a bran' new pair o' jeans britches," said Jerry, taking out his rusty barlowe and beginning to whittle on a piece of pine bark, which was sufficient evidence that he was about ready to begin.

"Hit 'uz this a way," he began slowly, "when I 'uz a boy a growin' up, pap he run a little blockade still down on the spring branch, an' as he 'ud hev to hev all his corn mashed afore he cud make licker outen it, he 'ud send me over here oncet a week to mill. I come so much that I

got acquainted with most o' the boys on this side o' the river. An' mighty nigh ever year just like hit is now they 'ud hev a picnic, an' the boys 'ud all be inquirin' atter why I didn't come to the picnic.

"Now I weren't none o' yer far'd chaps, that I 'uz fust atter this gal an' then tuther, but I stayed at home mostly with pap an' mam, and never cared nuthin' about no picnics. But atter while, atter I got about grown, I, like tuther boys aroun', begun to git that fool notion o' gals in my head an' hit 'uz then that I begun to think about picnics. Me an' Bob Shaw allus run together—Bob's pap lived about three quarters of a mile down the road frum pap's—we 'ud 'possum-huntin' together, go to town together, trollop aroun' all day a-Sunday together, and in fact hit got so atter while that about wharever you seed one you seed tuther. An' as it turned out, Bob tuck to this gal hankerin' about the same time as I did.

"Now Bob hed a powful purty sister, named Serry. She hed fair skin, blue eyes an' yaller hair, an' 'uz as sassy as a spar-hawk. Somehow or ruther in foolin' aroun' Old Man Shaw's, I got to likin' her mighty well, but I 'uz at the end o' my string as how to let her know it. I hedn't never talked to eny wimen scacely 'cept mam an' the gals thar at home, an' I 'uz powful bashful. 'Twan't no time, though, afore I begun to look sorter cross-eyed at her whenever I 'uz thar, an' 'twan't nuthin' like no time atter she found it out, afore she begun to look back that away at me. An' 'twan't long atter that afore I begun to sidle up oncet in a while an' speak a few words, an' so most afore you knowed it, me an' Serry 'uz acquainted well enough, an' hit soon go so that whenever I 'ud go to see Bob, I 'ud jest look at him an' let him pass on. Atter I got to talkin' to Serry, an' she a talkin' an' a runnin' on to me, I didn't only jest like her, but I got to be a plum fool about her. Hit 'peared like I cudn't stay away frum down thar, an' I went down to Old Man Shaw's so much

that pap said oncet or twict that me an' Bob 'uz a gittin' too thick, an' that he 'uz afeard that we 'uz off into some devilment, or ruther most ever night.

But hit 'uz about this time that Rafe Tucker—a feller that lives about three miles down the road this a-way—tuck a likin' to Serry too. An' what 'uz wusser'n that to me, Serry seemed to like him about as well as he did her. He dressed finer'n what I did an' wore a red silk necktie, fur his dady sold government licker an' folks said he hed a lot o' money. Hit soon 'peared like to me that Rafe 'uz by Serry about as I wuz, becase he tuck to comin' ever Sunday, an' what 'uz wuss, hit seemed like he 'uz a takin' better an' better ever time. Hit got so ever time I 'ud step down to see Serry, thar 'ud set Rafe, all dressed up, a talkin' fit to kill hisself. Serry didn't seem to like me quite as well as she did at fust, but I wan't so by her, not by a long shot. I thought more o' her ever time I seed her, 'specially if Rafe 'uz with her.

Well, I sot myself to studyin', case I knowed sumpthin' 'ud hev to be done. Ever chance I got I 'ud talk to Serry, an' she 'ud talk back powful perlite an' perticular, but I knowed I 'ud hev to do sumpthin' a blamed sight smarter'n talkin', fur I knowed she 'uz a likin' Rafe too well. I worried along this way fur some bit, a tryin' to cunjure up some scheme to git ahead o' Rafe, when one day a idee struck me. Hit 'uz jest about a week afore the picnic 'uz to be over here at the mill, an' Si Skinner hed just bought an old, two-hoss, top buggy. Hit want no sich a buggy as they hev aroun' these days, but it 'uz a great big high 'un, with a turcle-back top, sawed fellers, driv spokes, an' a box under the seat fur carryin' things. Hit 'uz purty old an' shacklin', but hit 'uz the only buggy eny whar aroun' thar, so I perposed to Bob to less borry it an' then less me an' him an' Serry go to the picnic. He 'uz right in fur it, so we went an' named it to Si. He said we mout hev it, providin' we 'ud promise to fetch it back

as good as hit went off. We agreed to that, so the day afore the picnic me and Bob went over an' got Si's buggy an' fetched hit over to the Old Man Shaw's so as to be ready to start soon in the mornin'. I hed told Bob afore this not to say enything about it to Serry, fur I wanted to tell her mysef. So that ebenin' atter we hed fetched the buggy over, an' hed ever thing fixed ready, I straightened mysef up an' went down to the back-yard whar Serry 'uz a feedin' the chickens. She seemed powful glad to see me, an' I sorter hed a little suspicion at fust that Bob hed been a hintin' picnic to her, but I didn't let that trouble me long. I passed a few words with her, fust about the weather an' then about the chickens she 'uz a feedin', an' then I axed her right plain out if I mout carry her to the picnic termorrer. An' then she sorter smile an' say she don't know as she cares much if I do, if her ma don't care. An' then she sot down on the steps an' axed me to set down an' rest a while. Hit 'uz all so sudden an' onexpected hit sorter made me feel a little awkard, an' at fust I felt a little backard about settin' down by Serry, more 'specially becase jest then I seed her pap come in at the gate, but I knowed that right thar 'uz whar the base 'uz a comin' in, so I jest pulled off my hat an' flopped right down by the side o' her. It seemed to me like Serry had jest let her tongue loose at both ends, an' I couldn't scacely git in a word slunch-wise. Jeeminy! boys, I begun to feel like I had hit upon the right scheme to do up Rafe. I 'uz too happy to talk, and I jest sot thar with my mouth wide open an' listened. Afore I knowed it hit 'uz dark, an' I put on my hat to go home, but nuthin' 'ud do Serry but I must stay fer supper, an' then she said I 'ud hev to wait an' see whuther her ma 'ud let her go or not. I stayed an' eat supper an' got Old Miss Shaw to let Serry go to the picnic, an' then I went home an' went to bed a feelin' like I had Rafe Tucker right whar I wanted him.

I got up afore day next mornin' an' tuck my new jean britches outen the chist an' put 'em on. They made me look mighty spry, an' whenever I got on my new factory-checked shirt and pap's round-about coat, I cud jest see mysef a steppin' aroun' with Serry an' Rafe a lookin' at me. Afore hit got good light I crawled up in the loft an' got two or three hands full o' pap's terbaccer an' made me an' Bob some segyars so as we could show off. When the rest o' the folks thar at home got up, I up an' told 'em what me an' Bob hed done about gittin' Si's buggy to go to the picnic. Pap he didn't like it, an' begun to quarrel an' go on about how quare that Si Skinner wuz about eny little thing o' that sort, an' he 'uz about to forbid my gwin, but mammy she stepped in an' told him that young folks ought to hev a little fun, an' that more'n that, I want half sich a run-about as he wuz when 'uz a boy. At that pap sorter quiled down, an' finished up by sayin' that if I got into eny trouble he didn't want me to come to him with it.

"Well, soon as I hed got breakfast I got out my mule an' put the harness on him an' started fur Old Man Shaw's, an' when I got thar Bob 'uz out in the lot a curryin' his mule. He soon got him curried an' geared an' we went an' hitched mine an' his'n in to the buggy together. Jee whiz! how they did shine. They didn't match becase mine 'uz yaller an' his'n black, but I tell ye they looked Joe blowin'. We put in a feed o' corn apiece for the mules and Bob went into the barn an' fetched out a half-gallon jug full o' licker an' put it under the seat o' the buggy. I tried to persuade him not to do it, becase I 'uz afeared somebody 'ud see it, an' Serry allus sorter tried to lay all o' Bob's devilment to me, becase I 'uz the oldest, but he said he promised to take it to a feller if he went, an' so thar 'uz no persuadin' him. An' then he sot it away back whar he loud nobody 'ud see it nohow. When we got ever thing fixed, we got in an' driv down agin the house. I tell ye what, it 'uz fine. I cud jest see folks a

watchin' us as we passed, and hear Rafe Tucker a cussin' hissef fur letin' me git ahead o' him so. Serry didn't hev much fixin' to do, an' terreckly she come a trippin' out with a bunch o' flowers in one hand and a dinner basket in tuther, an' a smilin' as sweet as a punkin custard. I hope Serry in the buggy an' then me an' Bob got in. Bob tuck his seat on one side an' me on tuther with Serry a sorter settin' in both our laps, a little more in mine of course, as Bob hed to drive. When we all got settled, Bob he give both o' the mules a warp with a sprout an' we rattled off. Thar 'uz fun fur me, boys; hit weren't like ridin' in a one-hoss wagin, not a bit, an' them thar little mules looked like they 'uz jest a tryin' theirselves to see which cud trot the fastest. I cud jest hear the wind a singin' by my years an' ever oncet an' a while a big piece o' mud 'ud dab me in the face, but I want a carin' fur that, becase Serry 'uz jest a laughin' an' a talkin' to me all the time. It 'peared to me like I never heard her talk so perlaverin' nor seed her look so cunnin'. O, I thought if Rafe cud jest see me now! I thought if I cud jest pass Rufe summers on the road that hit 'ud be heaben a plenty fur me. Hit want no time hardly afore we got to Old Man Tucker's, an' jest as we got agin the house, we seed Old Miss Tucker a standin' out at the gate. I hollered an' axed her whar 'uz Rafe, an' she hollered back an' said that the chillern hed all gone on to the picnic a walkin'. Golly! we cud overtake him. I told Bob to drive up, becase I didn't want to be too late. He give the mules a nuther larrup apiece an' we went jest a whizzin'. I tuck out me a cegyar an' lit hit an' begun to smoke. At ever corner o' the road I 'uz jest a watchin' to see Rafe a fudgin' along through the mud. But we didn't seem to be gwin' to ketch him, fur we didn't like more'n a quarter o' bein' to whar Rafe 'ud turn out in a foot-path to go through the old field, an' the place whar the path struck the road agin weren't but a few hundred yards to the place whar the

picnic 'uz gwin' to be, an' we 'uz afeared that if he tuck the path long afore we come on, that he 'ud beat us thar. But jest a leetle afore we come to whar the path turned out, we met a man a ridin' a sorrel mule, an' he told us that he seed a boy an' a passel o' gals turn out at the path jest afore he passed it. We knowed then if we 'ud hurry we 'ud strike 'em. Bob give the mules a nuther fresh cut apiece with his hickory, an' we went faster'n ever. We weren't regyardin' what Si said about how we 'uz to fetch his buggy back then· Me an' Bob 'uz both crazy to overtake Rafe, Bob to show off an' me to show Serry. Gentlemans, I tell you I 'uz a feelin' happy; ridin' in a top buggy, dressed up in my best clothes, Serry a settin' in my lap a talkin' an' a perlaverin' like a pet goslin', an' Bob a drivin' like Old Sam 'uz atter us, a gwin' on to overtake Rafe.

"Purty quick we come to whar we had to turn out, an' then it weren't but a little piece down to the mill. In a minute or so we 'uz in sight o' whar the path comes into the road. I tuck out a nuther cegyar an' lit it, but we didn't see enything o' Rafe. We driv a little a past the path an' Bob said he bleeve we got afore him. Jest about the time he said that, though, my side o' the buggy struck the edge uv a big mud hole on the side o' the road. As the wheel drapped down in the mud, most o' the weight 'uz throwed over on my an' Serry's side o' the buggy. But the hind wheel hadn't no sooner struck the mud than I heared sumpthin' crack, an' jest about that time I heard it crack again, an' more'n that I felt that I 'uz gradully sinkin' down. Serry looked aroun' right quick an' hollered out, 'Law, Jerry, the buggy's a breakin' down, jump out, quick!' I looked aroun' in time to see one wheel a smashin' down an' a nuther a turnin' rongsideoutards. I gethered up my feet as soon as I cud an' started to jump afore I fairly got 'em gethered. But jumpin' outen a top buggy aint like jumpin' outen a ox cyart. Jest as I went

to jump, Serry she went to jump too, an' she sorter hit me a side lick jest as I started, an' some how or other I got my foot hitched—I never knowed whuther hit 'uz over the bed or over one o' them thar cussed arn consarns that holds the top up—an' I didn't hev no time to stop an' onhitch it, an' I went right slap in that mud hole, cullar-rup, on my side. I got up a drippin' like a drownded dog. I never wuz so banged in my life. All one side o' my coat 'uz as muddy as hit cud be, an' my new britches looked like they 'uz made outen mud. Bob he begun to take out the mules, but I jest stood an' dripped fur a few minutes. I 'uz sceared mighty nigh to death, becase I cud see pap a skinnin' me one minute an' Si Skinner a gittin' out a warrant fur me the next. I wanted to cuss, but I 'vz afeared. I got a little stick and sorter scrape at the mud on my britches an' sorter smile, fur what else cud I do? Serry, she sorter laugh, an' Bob he sorter cuss, he sceared to cuss much, case Serry mout tell his ma.

"Just about that time I heared sumpthin' behind me an' when I looked aroun' thar come Rafe Tucker, with a basket on his arm an' his sister Lizy an' two or three other gals a follerin' him. They hollered, good-mornin' powful sassy, but I didn't speak. I cud a crep through a auger-hole if I'd a hed one, but thar wan't no sort 'o hole thar 'cept that mud-hole an' Gawd knows I'd already been through that. Rafe seemed oncommon lively that mornin', an' the whole blamed shootin'-match looked like they 'ud bust a laughin' at us, an' what 'uz a hurtin me wust uv all, wuz that Serry 'uz a laughin' about as much as eny uv 'em, an' more'n that she seemed to be sorter sidelin' off towards Rafe. They seemed like they pinted all their fun at me. They 'ud fust make speeches about my muddy face an' then about my muddy britches, an' then they 'ud tell me that I oughten't to try to git outen a buggy too quick until atter I got sorter used to hit, but they knowed I dast not fight, nor cuss nuther an' that's how come hit 'uz so

funny to 'em. Bob cotch hold o' the tongue o' the old buggy an' told me to ketch hold o' the hind axle an' less try an' turn the cussed thing aroun'. Just as we had got the old thing turned about half way aroun' an' had the back eend turned considerably down hill, here come that jug o' licker a rollin' out from under the seat. Hit rolled out o' the buggy an' when it struck the ground the stopper drapped out an' the licker begun to run. Serry jest up an' hollered out an' wanted to know what I meant by haulin' licker aroun' in a buggy what I 'uz haulin' her in, fur. I told her it wan't my licker but it 'uz some Bob hed along. But when I told that, Bob he got mad an' begun to cuss an' swar, becase I told on him. He said some purty hard things, but I felt like I cud take a most eny thing then, an' I just answered him that he hed better stop his cussin' an' less try an' git that buggy back home an' never come a nigh thar agin. I told him we cud fixt to drag the broke part along with a pole, an' that he mout ride the mules an' drive an' I 'ud walk, but instider agreein' he looked mader'n ever an' bawled right out, "Well, how's Serry a gwin' to git home?" Then that thar consarned, impudent, imp 'uv a Rafe, up an' says that we needn't to be oneasy about Serry's gitten back, that she can jest go on to the pic-nic with them an' that he'll see that she gits home ali right. That, boys, 'uz more'n I cud induore an' I just turned aroun' to him an' said: "Rafe Tucker, you blamed sorry scounel, if you want that gal, take her an' welcome, you intend to hav' her enyhow, an' I don't give a darn. But instider gitting mad, he jest laughed a great big haw, haw laugh, an' went walkin' off down the road with Serry.

"Me an' Bob managed to git the old buggy back to Si Skinner's about night, an' when we axed him his charge, he said hit ought to be ten dollars, but beins it 'uz us, he 'ud let us of with five. Mammy made me wear my new britches fur every day, fur the mud never wud come outen

'em, an' pap made me split rails to help pay fur my part o' the damage to Si's buggy, an' Rafe he got Serry."

Just at this moment, the miller came to the door and announced to Jerry that his grinding was done, and as he put on his hat and slowly arose to get his mule, he added, "An' I drapped pic-nicin' atter that fur shore, but most ever since then, jest like it wuz afore, somebody or ruther has been a wantin' to know why I don't never come to the pic-nics."

THE DOWNFALL OF A MONARCHY.

BY T. M. A.

His wife was tall and corpulent; he was short and scrawny; and that accounted for the fact that she was rule and ruler of him and all of his affairs. She was a proud ruler and an unyielding one, and when her orders were not carried out promptly, the second assertion of them was accompanied by force and her husband was compelled to undergo the terrible ordeal of what he called a "soun' thrashin'." But the old gentleman managed to get along all right with his pugnacious wife so long as he kept sober, but on the occasion of a spree he was sure to receive one or more "soun' thrashin's," which he invariably accepted with the most humble submissiveness. The fact that she puuished him for drinking, however, didn't in any way alleviate the old man's desire for the fiery liquid, and on every occasion, when he could acquire sufficient money without her knowledge, he would go to town and go through the process of "tankin' up," and when thoroughly tanked up, he would return home to receive his inevitable punishment.

Uncle Aaron and his wife, Aunt Tripheny, had belonged to my father before the war, and for many years I had taken a special interest in the welfare of the old couple, and Uncle Aaron on more than one occasion had called on me for a small loan, never a gift, for he always promised with all the solemnity necessary for such an occasion that he would pay me back just as soon as his crop was sold. But I learned long ago that it was useless to look for the payment, for the old fellow, although a deacon in his church, readily forgot all such obligations.

I frequently met Uncle Aaron in town, generally hanging around a saloon, and I always inquired after his health and the health of his good wife. One morning, after I had asked him the usual questions, he told me that his wife

had been sick for two or three days with chills and fever—in consequence of which I began to expect a request for money with which to buy her medicine.

Aunt Tri had been sick very frequently of late and I had learned that Uncle Aaron more than once had used the money for her medicine, to buy whiskey. On this occasion, instead of giving the old man money, I gave him an order on a neighboring drug store for a pint of whiskey with a sufficient amount of quinine in it to cure the old lady's chills. I noticed that Uncle Aaron had already been drinking that morning, and I gave him a lecture on the subject, which resulted in the promise, which promise he had been giving me for ten years, that he would never touch another drop as long as he lived. After this promise I gave him his order, and with many thanks for himself and as many others for his "ole woman," he left me, bowing and scraping and flattering me with suggestions of my likeness to my paternal ancestor, who was, he declared, the "greates' man dat eber lived."

I didn't see Uncle Aaron for some time after this, and when finally he came, he seemed very sad and I realized at once that he had come to me with his usual story of hard luck. This time it was truly a hard-luck story, and the old man's eyes filled with tears, as he told me: "I wuz taken kinder sick dat evenin' arter I seen you, Marse James, an' 'fore I knowed it, I had done drunk all uv dat quinine, an' it mus' hab toxicated me, Marse James. Ma ole mule, she run all in de ditch 'fore I got home, an' when fin'lly I did got dere I fell off'n her jes' ez flat ez eber you saw, an' I cuddn't budge er foot. Tri, she heerd me flound'rin' roun' out dere and she hollerad, "A'on, you fool nigger, what you doin'?" Wall, I cudn't say nothin'; firs't place I didn' wanter, an' nex' place I cudn'. Well, suh, I heerd a movement, an' firs' thing I knowed out bounct dat wife uv mine an' wuz on me afore I cud move, an' she give me de wuss lickin' dat I'se hed sence de wa'.

I woke up nex' mornin' right dere wher' she lef' me, and I cud hear Tripheny jes' a moanin' an' a groanin', an' I knowed sumthin' wus wrong, so I lit out fer a docter, but 'twant no use, Marse James, for when I got back," and here a smile of peace seemed to cross his face, "Tri, she hed dun pegged out an' crossed de riber."

His story over, the old darkey touched me for the usual loan and I last saw him going as fast as his old legs could carry him to the nearest saloon, for the purpose of drowning his sorrow or celebrating, I couldn't tell which, the death of a wife, who had been a menace to his peace for forty years.

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

We are always glad to receive criticism from our friends, but we like them face to face and not behind our backs. The managers of THE ARCHIVE have ever been somewhat sensitively conscious of its shortcomings, and have been doubly humiliated by the knowledge that its failures are due in a large measure to the utter neglect with which it is treated by those who ought to have its success most at heart. We have nothing to say against those who do not desire to aid the magazine, but we do say that a man whose position in college forces him to be interested in THE ARCHIVE shows but little gratitude when his criticisms are clothed in contemptuous ridicule and delivered in secret. But the world needs all kind of people and it pleased the Lord to make some of them as he did.

One cannot fail to be impressed by the remarkable rapidity with which the average novel is selling to-day. Anything new meets with a demand, and if it be worthy of a little adverse criticism at good hands its temporary success is assured, for books, like cheap shows, need but to be attacked from a moral standpoint to meet with immediate popularity. We by no means intend to say that recent books are dependent for their popularity upon any depraved moral sentiment or teaching, for that is only true in exceptional cases, but we do believe that novels of all classes, good, bad

and indifferent, are bought and read with more zest and indiscrimination to-day than at any previous time in recent years. Evidently more and more people are becoming interested in reading, which fact would naturally be construed as a good indication of general improvement in education. But it is with communities of people as with individuals, the value derived from reading depends more upon the content than the number of books read, and while it would probably be going too far to say the reading of the average novel of to-day is injurious in itself, it is not affirming too much to say that these books do work an injury among young people when they are read to the exclusion of everything else. A young man cannot do his mind a greater injustice than to force it continually to feed upon books that flourish for a moment and are no more—books that are interesting and readable, but which contain no value or information for practical ends. To make the idea more particular, if one goes into the average library he will find lying undisturbed for weeks at a time the works of men like Emerson, Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, De Quincey, Lamb and others—men who in different ways are leaders in thought and style. In the same way are treated historical and biographical works, while literary criticisms and scientific treatises are used only for reference purposes. But not so with magazines and love-tales. Anything in the shape of a story or novel of however trifling and momentary value is constantly on the go from hand to hand.

We have nothing to say against this class of literature when it is kept in its place, but in our opinion the reading of such should largely be supplementary to something of more permanent value and lasting substance. It is impossible for one man, in this short span of life, to read even a small portion of what has been and is still being written. It is well, therefore, for him to read the best. Most people read new books exclusively in order to keep up with the times, as they express it. It is better to associate with those books which have kept up with the time and become books for all times.

Some of our contemporaries still continue to get after the ARCHIVE for its continued dearth of poetry. This is a criticism the justice of which we readily acknowledge. For some reasons, the poetical aspirations do not seem to be running very high among the students, and the only reason we do not publish more poetry is because we have not got it and cannot get it. Unfortunately, and unlike one of our exchanges, we have no joke-book of ancient date out of which to supply this deficiency. It is a deficiency nevertheless, and we hope that with the advent of Spring, when the flowers bloom, the birds chirp, and when silvery clouds meander through the heavens; when the moon rides high over the waters, when the whip-poor-will sings in the hollow, and when girls wear shirt-waists, when all these things which tend to make really affective poetry possible come, we hope that some ardent lad will venture to supply this long-felt want.

"De question befo' dis 'onerible assembly to-night," said Slim Bill, as he arose to address the Cripple Creek Debating Society, "Am wheder or not the nigger have been worser treated than the Injun, and I have the distinguishin' honor of presentin you with the negative side. I'd loes my soul good, gemmen of Juror, to see on the committee, which am to set on this question three larned men of my own race in whose lusty eye and on whose benighted countenances I see signs of larnin' and knowin'." Slim Bill stopped long enough to let this compliment soak in, and then proceeded: "The nigger who have just left dis here flo', have labored long and strenus to prove to you that the nigger have been worser treated than the Injun. It am wid the profoundest constination that I jumps on his arguin' wid bof my feets to show him that no yaller nigger can not slanderate the culled people befo' this 'onerible jury and in de presence of 'dis intelligent audience mixed up of smart men and beautiful ladies. Look at de nigger, gemmen of Juror, where am he and what am he doin. Lyin here in dis sunny Soufland where de 'possum grows fat and tatters grow easy, he am become so fat an' sassy dat de white folks have to give him a private lynchin sometimes for the peace ob de community. But look at de Injun, what am he doin an' where am he. Lyin out yonder in de Wes' on his belly eatin grass-hoppers an' June bugs, an' drinkin wild goose milk. Wherefo' gemmen, it am plain to you dat de negative have wun. Don't

tell me, surs, de nigger am in worser condition than de Injun, it makes my blood boil an' my face turn pale. So long as de nigger works in de day an' sleeps in de night an' don't steal no chickens, nor no watermilions an' don't want to vote on eleckshun days, de white folks treat him civil, but when de Injuns comes togeder fer to sing an ole war song or to hab an ole time dance de white folks 'tend to get skeered an cuts 'em down as de lily ob de valley which am put in de uven an' is no more, bro. Johnsing ob de committee will understan' the referendum to the Bible wid which I have been familiaratin' myself for dis arguin'.

Let me 'lustrate fudder, 'onerible Jurors, de point whereon we stan'. Near 'bout fifty years ago de white folks dey agreed to let de Injun vote on one 'leckshun, jus' to try 'em. Well, de Ripublicans an' de Dimercrats (thank God, dere was no Populist in dem days) dey bof went to work for to 'suade de Injun to vote for dere man. De Injuns dey kep' sayin' nuthin', but when 'leckshun day come on dey all, every red-skinned son of a gun ob dem, voted for Settin' Sun for President ob dese United States, an' de white folks aint let 'em vote no mo'. But de nigger, an' I'se glad to say it, true to his promise an' teachin', have voted for Abe Linkun an' de Ripublican party ever since dey wus freed from slavery. Wherefo', the Injun have been driv back an' 'pressed, but de nigger have ris an' ris an' I longs to see de day, when de silent nigger, like Balaam's ass, can speak out his troubles in all places jus' like White's a-speakin' in Congress now. No, sir, it jus' naturally ain't in de Injun to become nothin'. How'd you like ter see a female Injun squaw comin' down de street totin' a little greasy perpoose on her back an' a Injun man followin' along behind, with his body painted like a piece of three cent calerco? Such am de facts ob de case, gemmen of Juror, an' when you takes dese in considerashun, you must decide in favor ob de negative, but as I am to be followed by other forceful an' eloquent speakers, I will not monotonize no more of de valuable time."

Slim Bill sat down amid applause, and the committee without retiring awarded him the decision.

C. '99.

The lives of all men remind us,
  Life is not all sublime,
For the editor, as he goes, goes cussing,
  For the papers that did not come on time.

—*C. '99.*

Literary Notes

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"The unflagging interest in the question of the authorship of *The Letters of Junius* is likely to be stimulated by the announcement that a new and complete edition of the correspondence of Sir Philip Francis is soon to be published. The work which is to be entitled *The Francis Letters, by Sir Philip Francis and Members of His Family*, is being compiled by Miss Beata Francis, a descendant of Sir Philip."—*The Bookman.*

"Mr. Stockton is the latest living author to go into a complete edition. Messrs. Scribners have begun what they call the Shenandoah Edition with 'The Late Mrs. Null,' 'The Squirrel Inn,' and 'The Merry Chanter,' the two latter in one volume. It will be complete in eighteen handsome volumes, and sold only by subscription. Mr. James Lane Allen is soon to be published in complete form by the Macmillan Co."—*The Critic.*

An American reviewing Mr. William Archer's book of observations and reflections entitled *America To-day*, says the following about the chapters on the American language: "Mr. Archer shows unusual leniency towards Americans who mispronounce 'constitutional.' Too great leniency, to my mind. May the day never come when 'constit*oo*tional' shall be the accepted pronunciation of that word ! To an educated American such a pronunciation is one of the hall-marks of illiteracy. As well say 'foo' and 'foory' for 'few' and 'fury' as 'doo' for 'dew' and 'Doo-ey' for 'Dewey.' I contend that

there are certain pronunciations and uses of words which are the shibboleth of the truly educated. If a man habitually pronounces 'government,' 'constitutional,' 'Trinity,' and 'his-to-ry' correctly, if he puts 'only' in its proper place, uses the singular verb after 'either' and 'neither,' employs 'mutual' and 'transpire' with their correct meanings, knows when to say 'should' and 'would' and 'shall' and 'will' (the most difficult requirements of all), understands the true significance of the expression, 'The exception proves the rule,'—if he knows these things, then, I say, that man is well advanced towards a good English education."

The leading feature of McClure's Magazine for this year is the Life of the Master, written by Rev. Dr. John Watson. The introduction appeared in the December number, but the first two instalments of the Life appeared in the January and February numbers. If the succeeding chapters sustain the standard set by the first two, we can safely say that the work will fill a much needed want in the hearts of many people. Dr. Watson is eminently fitted for writing such a work. He is devout, reverent, and is human in his sympathies; and he brings Christ close to the people by giving them a biography of him that is simple, clear, and scholarly; yet free from the dullness of scholasticism. As one reads the chapters that have been printed he feels that the writer has in a large measure obliterated the nineteen centuries that have intervened since Christ, and that he brings to him the living man Christ with all his wonderful personality.

Accompanying this work are prints of color paintings and drawings by Mr. Corwin Knapp Linson, whom the publishers sent to Palestine some three years ago to make a study of it in color painting and drawing specially for Dr. Watson's work. This is a long stride in the advancement of color printing. Of course prints of this kind have been done for many years, but owing to the cost they have been within reach of the rich only. This, we think, is the first time

work of this kind has been given to magazine readers. The work is of a high order and the pictures constitute interesting and instructive illustrations for Dr. Watson's Life.

"The jubilee year of Harper's Magazine would be notable for the publication of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel in its pages, if for nothing more. The opening chapters of Eleanor appear in the January number. The scene of these is laid in Italy, just outside of Rome. Eleanor, from whom the story takes its name, is Mrs. Burgoyne, a widow in her thirties, who is cousin to Edward Manisty, the hero. An American girl, Lucy Foster, plays an important part in the tale. She is not at all the regulation American girl of the English novelist, but a shy, plainly dressed, though pretty, young thing, fresh from a New England farm house. She has read much and thought more. Eleanor sees her possibilities at once, but Manisty is sceptical. We know what happens to sceptics in such matters. Mrs. Ward has never been in America, but in these early chapters there is no suspicion of that fact. She seems to have the New England idea well in her mind."—*The Critic.*

"In a town library less than twenty-five miles from New York City, we recently found that the two copies of Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby* which the library possessed had enjoyed an unbroken slumber for six months. And yet a short five years ago American readers were mad over this book as they have been over no other book within the memory of the present generation. Svengali and Svengalism were lugged unceremoniously into all the petty details of our everyday life and talk, and feeble imitations of Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee stalked along Fifth Avenue and Broadway. A magazine writer was recently asked to contribute a paper on Bohemian Paris to a new review. The works suggested as deserving treatment in such an article included Henry Murger's *La Vie de Boheme*, W. C. Morrow's *Bohemian Paris of To-day*, *The Stones of Paris*, and several others. But of

Trilby, that book which brought home to American and English readers all the romance, the poetry, the charm of the southern half of the French capital as no other book has ever done, and probably as no other book will ever do, no mention was made. The slight was in no way intentional. *Trilby* had simply been forgotten."—*The Bookman.*

Shakspere's Sonnets are said to be the finest love poems ever written. They were written when the author was comparatively a young man, and are full of passionate love. Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese are ranked with Shakspere's; but hers were written when she was a mature woman, and are the expression of a far purer love. They are the most exalted expression of the most exalted love that there is any record of in literature. In a recent number of the *Outlook* we ran across a little poem by Margaret Wentworth, which we think deserves to be read with Mrs. Browning's. It strikes a high and noble chord, and is suggestive of the XLIII of the Sonnets from the Portuguese which ends with this sentence:

> "I love thee with the breath,
> Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
> I shall but love thee better after death."

The title is "As Woman Gives." We herewith give it in full:

> "I give thee all the present! Every breath,
> Heart-throb, and pulse-beat, every sigh of me—
> Quick-leaping thought which thy thought answereth—
> All of my present, all! I give to thee.
>
> I give thee all the future! All the years
> May hold in store of love or joy or pain;
> Of strength, plans, purposes, of prayers or tears;
> All that is done or borne by heart and brain.
> Up to the gates of Death's dark mystery—
> Ay, and beyond, if a beyond there be—
> All of my future, all! I give to thee.
>
> The past? I never lived before thy kiss;
> I only did endure the common lot
> Of those who suffer, strive, and know no bliss.
> I have no past, Beloved! where thou art not."

Editors Table

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The *Furman Echo* for February has an abundance of material, but all of it we cannot praise as suitable matter for a college magazine. Four of the articles in the Literary Department are on abstract subjects, namely, "Success," "Courage," "Friendship" and "Justice." However well a man may be able to treat such abstract subjects, we do not think they are the best subjects for a magazine that claims to be Literary. Our times demand specialization in all things, and literature is not an exception. It is the writer who is original, who says things in a vigorous and sparkling style, that attracts the reading public. And because abstract topics can hardly, in this late day, be treated in any new manner, it is better to have subjects in which a man may show originality and personality. This can be done well in fiction, and in this line the *Echo* is especially deficient in the current number.

It is with pleasure that we review the *Vanderbilt Observer*. In the current issue is a number of worthy contributions. "An Essay on the Ancient Mariner" is a sympathetic treatment, and the writer makes clear his point that Love is the key by which the right interpretation of the poem is reached. "The Tragedy of a Life" is one of the best stories we have found in our February exchanges. Its diction is especially good. "Sergeant Smith Prentiss" and "A Day in Horseshoe Bend" are interestingly told. An Exchange Department, as the *Observer* has been told frequently, would add to its interest.

The Wofford College Journal is to be commended for its uniform standard of excellence. It is rare for one of its issues to drop below the standard. In the current number the oration on "The Uniqueness of Southern Literature" is good as far as it goes, but it could have been improved, in our judgment, by making a comparison of our Literature with that of other sections and countries, and thus showing more directly its uniqueness. "The Old Stockade" has an original plot, but it strikes us that the action of Miss Manxton was rather unnatural, to say the least. "Sketches" is an interesting Department.

We have the same commendation for the *Wake Forest Student* as for the *Wofford Journal*. The *Student* seems never to lack for material. In the February number the fiction is not altogether satisfactory. "My Father's Story" and "The Lady of the Mountain" are too much alike in situation and plot. "A Vision of Sin" is the best of the fiction.

The current number of *William and Mary College Monthly* shows a decided improvement over the number of the preceding month. This number has several articles of a more dignified character than usual in its Literary Department. The great failing of the January number was the very small amount of literary productions in proportion to other less important matter, only one half the amount of space being given to the Literary Department as to the others taken together. The current number is an improvement in the amount and character of this Department.

"His Prize—Her Price" and "None But the Brave Deserve the Fair" are the titles of two good stories in *The Emory Phœnix*. The *Phœnix* deserves a high place among our college journals.

The *Yale Courant* still holds the record on short stories. The *Courant's* stories are of a type of their own. You pick up some magazines and you can almost tell how a story in its

columns will end by the mere fact that it is in that magazine. Not so with the stories in the *Courant.* It is always the unexpected that happens, and this gives a piquancy that insures interest. It is rare that you find an old plot, worked in an old way, in the pages of the *Courant.*

CLIPPINGS.

ANALOGY.

A rose unfolded to the sun,
  Its breath was the spirit of love.
A frost came when the day was done,
  With death to the rose and to love.
—*Exchange.*

Mary had a millionaire,
  His head was soft as dough,
And everywhere Mary went
  Why, he was sure to go.
He followed her to church one day,
  And then they had a row.
Arranged by Mary—Mary lives
  On alimony now. —*Exchange.*

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"The person of Jesus Christ stands solid in the history of man. He is indeed more substantial, more abiding, in human apprehension, than any form of matter, or any mode of force. The conceptions of earth and air and fire and water change and melt around Him, as the clouds melt and change around an everlasting mountain peak. All attempts to resolve Him into a myth, a legend, an idea—and hundreds of such attempts have been made—have drifted over the enduring reality of His character and left not a rack behind. . . . . He is such a person as men could not have imagined if they would, and would not have imagined if they could. A non-existent Christianity did not spring out of the air and create a Christ. A real Christ appeared in the world and created Christianity. This is what we mean by the gospel of a fact."—*Henry Van Dyke.*

* * *

The Y. M. C. A. State Convention has been postponed from March 8–11 to April 5–8. We want Trinity to send up a delegation second to none in numercial strength and the superior of any in spiritual strength. We shall have an opportunity to refresh ourselves spiritually before the Convention meets. For in order to suit the convenience of Bro. Turrentine, of Charlotte, who will conduct our revival services for us, our series of meetings has been set for the week following March 16. The Convention will meet in Greensboro, and coming as it does in the delightful month of April,

we have a right to anticipate a large attendance and a very pleasant session.

* * *

Thanks to the indefatigable efforts of President Stewart in collecting the money, and to the liberality of the Trinity boys, our Association has recently been furnished with a new set of song books. The new books bear the title, "The Young People's Hymnal," and all of them have notes. So there is no excuse for us if we do not henceforth sing "with the understanding;" unless, indeed, we cannot read notes. In that case we can at least sing with the spirit.

* * *

Some other institutions, where there are Y. M. C. A.'s, are far ahead of us in some very vital particulars. The following notes from the field ought to fill us with a laudable ambition to bring the like to pass at Trinity:

"Twenty-six men at the Iowa State Normal School have accepted Christ as their Saviour this year; nearly all of them as a result of personal interviews."

"Practically every member of the Association is in the Bible classes at Colgate University. All three courses of the Cycle are being used."

"Four men at the University of Iowa have this year volunteered for foreign mission service."

None at Trinity have volunteered, but we are still struggling to discharge our obligation to a native preacher in China whom we have pledged ourselves to support. The nature and the essential needs of the foreign mission field are coming to be so thoroughly understood and emphasized as to make it an attractive field for college men. Dr. Jas. B. Angell, President of the University of Michigan, has this to say about it: "It is a work which is especially adapted to college-bred men and women, because it calls for the best intellectual as well as the best moral training. The mastery of a foreign tongue is one of the first tasks with which the young missionary is confronted. For the successful and rapid

accomplishment of this, thorough linguistic training is most helpful. Our missionaries have been among the most helpful scholars in making known the structure of Asiastic and African tongues to the Western world. The college graduate most skillful in linguistic study will find on the foreign field ample scope for all the power his training has imported to him in mastering strange tongues. . . . . Nothing that one has learned in the best colleges or universities will be found superfluous."

He who wants to work in this world can find something to do. And the best talent and learning are not wasted when carried to a heathen country.

* * *

The Association is under many obligations to the members of the Hesperian Socity for allowing the devotional service to be held in their very comfortable hall on two very cold Sundays in succession.

* * *

At the University of Minnesota a mid-week prayer-meeting is held every week. Why can't we have a Wednesday evening prayer service at Trinity?

* * *

The Summer Conference for the Southern States will convene in Asheville, N. C., June 15 to 24.

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

On the evening of February 22, that being the time of the "Civic Celebration" instituted by the Historical Society of college, a large crowd gathered in the chapel to hear the address of the Rev. Mr. Marr, pastor of Centinary Church of Winston. His subject was, "The Destiny of the Human Race, or the Philosophy of History." The following are a few fragrants of his speech:

"Taking the nature and capacity of man we can predict nothing for him but a state of ideal perfection. In our present condition we are as a body of soldiers who know nothing of their captain's plans, nor when nor where a battle may issue. The past is behind, the present around us and the future unexplored.

"Shall man ever reach this perfect state? Theoretically this is possible, and what is possible may become real. Then, if so, how and when? Can free institutions bring us to this state? Go to New York where our civilization culminates, and to all of the other highest centres, and we are convinced they cannot within themselves. The potency of institutions depends upon the condition that they spring from a people and are not thrust upon them. We can never civilize the Islands of the Sea by thrusting our institutions upon them. Then, if free institutions cannot bring us our destiny, can the development of science? It is our duty to disseminate knowledge, but that cannot solve the problem alone. Knowledge has done much, but there is much more to be done, and

we gratefully hail its achievements. But to be potent there must be that secret power behind it, without which it is a failure.

"Can Christianity bring us to that state? That depends upon what is meant by Christianity. To some it simply means Buddhism, to others a code of creeds. We had better never send a missionary to ask the heathen to tear down his temples if this is all we can offer him in their stead. Not the number of missionaries that leave our ports, but the kind that counts. Christianity is the interference of God in human history; His incorporation into corrupt human life. And just in so far as Christ is incorporated into the life of man will he approach this perfect state. It is the duty of every man who comes on the stage of action to preach this power, which is the only power that can lift man. Christ is the only foundation, the only hope, and that life that is not hid in this hope is a failure.

"Shall we then dispense with institutions and the dissemination of knowledge? That depends on the kind. Those which are founded on truth and bring man to a true knowledge of his destiny must live forever. We want thousands of them. Man was considered a little above the animals that browsed on the hills until this idea dawned upon him. In this idea is found all men can wish or hope—brotherhood, charity, etc. Just in so far as we build upon Christ will our institutions be permanent. If this is 'how,' then 'when' shall we reach this state? Not in this life. No perfection here, and he is disappointed who expects it. God has given these buds of promise and the eternity in which to unfold them. Abraham had nothing in view when he left home but the promised land, and when he stood on the hills of Palestine he was dissatisfied. The Millennium may tempt an infant nation away from home, but it can never satisfy. Only eternity can reveal the ultimate end.

"All history must be viewed in this light and every individual life. This life is an enigma, a complete mystery if

looked at within itself. But when viewed in connection with what is to come we can understand. Were we to go to a piano shop and ask the workmen on the different parts what they were doing, and each should say, 'we are making music,' we would think 'strange music,' but when it is all put together aud we listen to the music we cau understand. We expect this life to merge into another. We must wait till this is done before we can pass upon it. If we are to fill our mission we must say from our hearts, 'Thy will be done,' and help this to be. We must follow the example of Christ.'"

These sketches do not do the address justice by any means, but we hope may suggest the line of thought to our readers.

At the meeting of the Science Club, February 10, Prof. Merritt lectured on the "Growth of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century." Mr. E. F. Hines read a paper on "When and Where the New Century Begins," and Mr. Fred Ayers a paper on "The Chicago Drainage Canal." The lecture and papers were very interesting.

The fifth of the Faculty Lectures was delivered by Prof. Edwards, February 17, on "The Border Land of Science." It was instructive as are all the speaker's lectures. He spoke in a comprehensive way of the realm of Science, what she has done and of her hopes for the future. Said that much of the conflict between Science and Philosophy resulted in one or both being untrue to their sphere.

Prof. Mims lectured before the Monday Evening Club of Raleigh, February 19, on "Matthew Arnold." The Professor is now writing a study on Thomas Nelson Page, to be published in May in a volume on "Southern Writers." He is also editing "Cooper's Last of the Mohicans," for New Series of English Classics, to be published by Johnson Publishing Co.

Prof. Whitehouse, director of Angier Gymnasium, lectured Friday evening, February 17, at Greensboro Female College on "Good Health and How to Keep It." He also gave an

exhibition at the opera house in Durham, February 27, but on account of sickness among the students the exercises were somewhat curtailed. The Professor will now begin to train the boys to enter the atheletic contest to be held at Oxford some time in the spring.

A case of smallpox was discovered in Durham, February 17, or rather between Durham and West Durham. A negro driver of Mr. J. C. Angier broke out at his house, but was taken in charge by Dr. Brooks, the city physician, and carried to the pest house. The negro is improving and no other case has developed. This affair caused the college authorities to quarantine the campus against that section of the town, and it also caused a lot of the students to be vaccinated. A number of them are in bed from the effects as this issue goes to press. Some are right sick. The quarantine shut some of the students away from college, also Mr. P. V. Anderson, teacher at the High School, who was boarding at Mr. Angier's, was detained from his work.

The mumps have also been troubling us some time. A great many of the students have been very sick with them, and among the number was Mr. W. K. Boyd, teacher at the High School. He was carried to the hospital and has been right sick for several weeks, but is now well.

From the explosion of a boiler, the city electric light plant was blown up some time ago, and the old college dynamo is now being run by Mr. L. C. Nicholson, '99. Through the efforts and skill of Prof. Edwards we are now having good lights.

The Rev. Mr. E. R. Welch, '99, was married some time ago to Miss Lula King, of Wilmington, N. C. The news came too late for last issue.

Mr. R. Z. Linney, Jr., a former student, is private secretary to his father, Congressman Linney. He is also studying law at Georgetown University.

Mr. E. C. Brooks, '94, has been elected principal of the Kinston graded schools.

Mr. Luther Carlton, who left college in '97, received license to practice law at the recent examinations.

Mr. W. J. Ramsey is now in Durham dealing in musical instruments. He sings as well as ever.

Mr. J. H. Small is a member of Congress.

Dr. Kilgo left the 27th of last month for Texas, where he will deliver fifteen lectures on the Twentieth Century Movement.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, APRIL, 1900.

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All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to J. M. FLOWERS, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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R. P. READE, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN HISTORY."*

BY REV. T. F. MARR, OF THE WESTERN N. C. CONFERENCE.

I shall not devote this hour to the study of any special phase of our religious, social or political life. There is no want of discussion, more or less profound, on all these topics. I will not take up your time in the rehearsal of what is perhaps more familiar to you than to myself. I shall offer some general reflections on the destiny of the human race, or The Philosophy of History. This is a subject with which all thoughtful persons are concerned.

*An address made at the Civic Celebration of the Trinity College Historical Society, February 22, 1900.

We can do no better that adopt the following clear, concise definition of our subject given by Mr. Flint. Mr. Flint says: "The philosophy of history is not a something separate from the facts of history, but a something contained in them. The more a man gets into the meaning of them the more he gets into the meaning of it, and it into him; for it is simply the meaning, the rational interpretation, the knowledge of the true nature and essential relation of the facts." When you have learned the causes producing and giving character to an epoch and the end toward which it tends you have come to understand its philosophy. All history has a philosophy because events are always connected by some principle of final causation. Therefore, to know the meaning of history is to understand its philosophy also. A clear understanding of the significance of its facts constitutes the chief value to be derived from the study of history. History is to the human race what biography is to the individual. "Humanity is the man of history." But this is a biography which cannot be written until the world's historical life has reached its close. At present, the life of humanity is in its flow, and we are in the midst of it flowing on in the stream of the ages. The past is behind us, the present is around us, and the future lies undeveloped before us. We are somewhat in the position of a soldier on the field of battle, ignorant of the commander's plan, and from our position incapable of knowing what has taken place or how the fight is likely to issue. But while this is true, there is an important sense in which we are spectators, and in the light of reason and revelation have grounds for the philosophical criticism of human history.

If we consider the nature and capacities of man, we will be forced to the conclusion that he is destined for a state of ideal perfection—in other words, a truly rational life—a life of moral freedom, justice, goodness and love. According to the absolute determinations of reason, ad-

vancement toward this ideal constitutes the only worthy conception of human progress. Earth's noblest souls in all ages have been profoundly stirred by this idea of man's destiny and have consecrated their best efforts to its attainment. Here the labors of the scientist, the statesman, the teacher and the minister have all centered. I know there are those among us who regard this as an idle fancy and who persistently refuse to be comforted by prospects so fair. To them there are no golden sunsets. They are not thrilled with the martial music inviting the race to its final triumph. They contend that the many failures of man in the past constitute sufficient ground upon which to predicate his ultimate failure. Such a conclusion, however, does not follow of necessity. We have seen the tree cast its buds in untimely birth and spring's loveliest flowers withered in the unfolding of their beauty, but spring was not a failure. Soon those gaunt old arms were covered with dainty green, and flowers fairer still bloomed over the graves of withered beauty. While there are numberless cases of abortive attempt and failure in nature it does not follow that nature is an abortion and a failure of its proper end. So with man, through all his mistakes and failures divine wisdom leads on to perfection. "Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down." The only questions that remain to be answered are How? and When? By what agent or agency will such a result be brought about? and when is its accomplishment to be expected?

I. Let us endeavor to answer the first question—How? Will the progress of civil liberty and the establishment of free institutions accomplish it? This seems to be the prevailing idea at present. We proceed on the assumption that when the stars and stripes float over a country its night of care must necessarily vanish. It must be confessed that in many instances this would be a decided step in advance; but still the end would not be reached. Notwithstanding the fact that we have, for so long a time,

enjoyed the blessings that come from civil liberty and free institutions, our imperfections are too glaring to need comment. It is to be seriously doubted if at any period of our life as a nation we have had more unsupplied wants than we have to-day. The restlessness and dissatisfaction that prevail are alarming. Nor is this spirit confined to any one class of our people, it comes from the cottage and the mansion alike. But it may be urged that the probation of our institutions is not sufficient—that they only need more time in which to answer our fondest expectations. In order to ascertain whether this position affords ground for hope let us examine our civilization in its highest forms. To do this we must go to those places where all the elements that make up our national life center. If it be urged that these are not our best places, we answer; True, but here, and here alone, has our civilization culminated. If an European would study American civilization he goes to New York to do it. What does he find here? Undoubtedly some of the best people in the world. But right over against them some of the most degrading forms of vice that ever cursed the most benighted nation on earth. Here avarice and greed surpass anything ancient Rome ever knew. The spirit of gambling is so rank that its virus is poured through the entire nation. Here thousands roll in luxury and ease, while tens of thousands are doomed to the most abject poverty. Nor is there the remotest promise in our institutions that this condition will be relieved. While many worship at the altars of our God, still infidelity stalks forth in open day. I ask if the life of institutions, under which such things live and thrive, multiplied by a million of years, is likely to bring perfection?

Then again, it is a fact worthy of note that the potency of free institutions depends upon whether they are thrust upon or spring out of a people. They cannot live except supported by a virtuous populace, and it is not within their

province to produce that populace. This clearly implies the going before of a power that makes their very life possible and the fact that of themselves they have no essential virtue and can produce nothing. Free institutions, as they exist among us to-day, cannot even cherish and give fair play to those virtues necessary to keep such a government alive, much less create them. Our institutions have not in themselves the elements of their own perpetuity, but over them all is written: "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." These observations are made in full view of the glory that has come to our nation through these very agencies. Nor would we detract one ray from their lustre, only we would place them where they properly belong. Light they have, 'tis true, but it is a borrowed light. As much as we love them, thoughtful men know full well that they can never solve all our problems. To-day they stand as helpless in the presence of certain great questions as gods made with men's hands. And instead of renewing their youth their impotence becomes more apparent with age. To them the cry of broken hearts and wrecked fortunes goes up, but no answer comes back. Nothing is clearer than that we must expect help from another source.

2. The advancement of science and the general diffusion of knowledge are much looked to as the promise of a better future. Much stress is laid upon the marvels of scientific discovery and their application to human uses during the last fifty years.

That human life in all its departments has been blessed by these cannot be doubted for a moment. They are indeed the marvel of the age. We can but stand in wonder and admiration before them. And no doubt this is but the beginning. Science will continue to bless so long as she recognizes Nature as a great temple built by the Almighty Father's hand, and seeks her light from Him. But science has no promise of bringing men to a perfect

state, for she, too, has lifted supplicating hands to God for light in which to walk.

As to the general diffusion of knowledge—it must be remembered that knowledge is a power for evil as well as for good. Light in the head is not always goodness in the heart. Both observation and experience abundantly prove that our goodness has not increased with our knowledge. Some of the highest sources of human knowledge have become hot beds of atheism. Perhaps not openly, but Judas like, they betray with a kiss. While the mob is dangerous, that danger is increased manifold when a trained mind guides its madness. This is generally the case, for, as a rule, it is the learned who plot to overthrow governments and enthrall the liberties of mankind. It was this same crowd that robed Christ in purple and scoffed into momentary silence His Messianic claims. It does not follow from this that ignorance is the parent of devotion. But we must beware of expecting the regeneration of human society from the mere diffusion of knowledge. Unless permeated and actuated by higher influences the widest diffusion of knowledge will only make society less wise in what constitutes real perfection and true welfare.

Then again that which is imperfect cannot produce perfection. We cannot impart to others the qualities we do not ourselves possess. In the long ago an old nation imagined that the sum of all was known, and consequently engraved on its coin the twin pillars of Hercules with the motto above them: "Ne Plus Ultra." The wise old king of Israel had pretty much the same idea; for he considered the man who should come after him almost entirely out of a job. Soon, however, the old nation had cause to change her motto; for one of her own sons, sailing through those gates, discovered a new world, whereupon she re-engraved her coin: "Plus Ultra." No man since that time has dared crown the present. Every scientific text-book in our schools to-day which is over ten years old, is practi-

cally useless. Old entyclopedias are classed with the almanacs of last year. He who anchors to the present bids success adieu.

3. But to whom shall we go? To christianity, of course, says one. Very true; but all depends upon what you mean by christianity. To some men it means no more than budhism. A large body of professed christians see no more in it than a body of doctrines and ethical precepts with a visible institute of worship and moral discipline. Such a christianity has no power to bring the life of a fallen race to perfection. Our present condition demands more than rules of conduct. Without the revelation of power revealed knowledge could be of little worth. We want the ability to obey these doctrines and precepts, and that power is not in the human race.

It is no longer a quession as to whether christianity is to become the religion of the world—it would become such through social and commercial causes alone. There can be no hope for the salvation of man in the mere establishment of christian institutions.

Not all are angels who look like angels; neither is every thing christian which assumes its guise. Far more important than the number of missionaries we send abroad is the message they carry. Christianity is the interference of God in human destiny. It is divine power incarnated in the life of humanity. It is the incorporation of a divine principle into the corrupted life of the race, through the incarnation of the eternal Word. It is the indwelling of God in man by the Eternal Spirit of life. The union of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ is therefore the central fact in the history of the universe. Here is the only ground upon which a philosophy of human history can be predicated. No other principle can be found upon which to unite all rational creatures. It may be regarded as a stumbling block and foolishness, but you cannot get around that stumbling block or avoid that foolishness.

Just as Christ becomes a part of the corporate life of humanity will the world approach perfection. The old prophet spake truly in declaring that the babe was set for the rise and fall of many—a truth which perhaps he did not fully grasp at the time. But each passing century has been a comment, and now the world is beginning to awake to the fact that the Nazarene has a voice in the conduct of its affairs. The reign of a personal Christ must be established over the hearts and lives of men. If christianity is nothing more than a fine ethical code, it is scarcely worth the heathen's while to tear down the temples of his gods to make it a place. "Christianity without Christ cannot save." When such a reign is established, a superintending God is placed over human history. As well divorce creation from Divine wisdom and power, as to sever human history from Divine providence.

It is not to be inferred from what has been said, that we would dispense with institutions and the general dissemination of knowledge altogether. Their utility depends entirely upon their character and aim. All means are to be valued just in proportion as they contribute to the best interests of the race. It may be safely asserted that only those institutions which are based upon and draw their inspiration from the incarnation as stated above can worthily stand for God's truth, and prove a blessing to the world. Such institutions are useful in bringing men to a knowledge of the truth, and must therefore continue to the end of time. More to be feared than the avowed enemies of god, are those institutions which refuse to recognize the Divine hand in human destiny.

It is not without good reason that I assert this to be the only solid ground upon which humanity can stand. Here we learned our true dignity and worth—created in the image of God, and destined for an eternal career. Until this great truth dawned upon man he was regarded as only a little better than the cattle upon the hills. The force of

these great truths in determining human progress will be clearly seen if we compare the civilization of the valley of the Nile with that of the Hebrew nation. History does not bear upon its pages the record of any nation having arisen to true greatness that did not embody these great truths in its constitution, and live them in the lives of its people. Without them learning is dangerous, and power is a monster. The old prophets found the fittest types of certain great powers in the jungle; and the same is true of many to-day. Let others build on their little sandbars if they will, but the incarnation is our Gibraltar; let us build upon it.

But strange to say, the world calls the man who occupies this position narrow. On the same ground, the man who built upon the rock might have been called narrow, because he rejected the broad plain for the one impregnable spot. Call it narrow if you will, but here is the only foundation sufficient to bear up the destinies of immortal beings. Here is love as broad as the needs of sinful man. Here is expiation as efficacious as the love that inspired it. Here is a power sufficient to lift man to glory and dignity undreamed of by the creeds and philosophy of the ancients. Here is the soul of every good thing. Oh, that we might learn with Paul, the weight of the great truth: "Other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid—Jesus Christ."

So I call you to record that here is a fact that the builders of states must reckon with, and it is going to occupy a more prominent place in the future than it has in the past. When I first saw advertised the little book called The Larger Christ, I thought it was the production of some crank; but now I begin to realize with the author, the magnitude of the truth he labors to assert. And let me say here that this is pre-eminently a lesson for the future statesman to learn; and one that he must learn except his fabtic be consumed. "The nation that will not serve Thee shall perish."

II. Now let us note briefly the last question—When? I think the mistake we too often make is that of expecting a temporary destiny for the race. That improvements have been made in the past and will continue to be made in the future cannot be doubted for a moment. The world will continue to grow better. Our faith must stand firm in the belief that the good will finally predominate.

Yet we must not expect to find the end here. When Abraham left home at the call of God it was for the land of promise, but when his feet stood on the hills of Palestine, his desires were broader than ever. The promised land was sufficient to tempt him from home, but not to satisfy him. Looking far into the future he declared himself a pilgrim and that he sought a city whose builder and maker is God. God never intended him to rest here, but did not tell him so in the beginning. The promise of a spiritual seed and that of a heavenly Canan were reserved for a broader understanding to appreciate.

Earthly millenniums may tempt an infant race because it cannot understand anything better, but they cannot bring satisfaction. Their chief good lies in that they open to the eye of vision spheres of activity and enjoyment beyond. At each vantage ground attained hope sings to the human heart: "It is better further on."

In young life, when there are no shadows to darken and no clouds to lower, we may dream of earthly bliss, but these dreams are soon dissipated and the hard cold fact presses itself upon us that, strive as we may, there is no completeness in this life. The mysteries which then gather around us cannot be dissipated except we view this life in connection with the life to come. The best are ready to say with Jacob: "Few and evil have been the days of thy servant."

So it is with the life of the race. He who expects to find in this world anything answering to the promise in man will be sorely disappointed. The promise is more

than appears in the fruit. God has given those buds of promise an eternity in which to unfold. Therefore we see the fruit here in a state of immaturity. Does the life of man, as we behold it now, answer to the elaborate preparation God made for it?

Suppose you God made this world, girdled it with oceans, carpeted it with green and arched it with flaming skies as a place for man to eat and sleep for a few days and then die? If so, you might well write across the heavens in letters of fire: "Much Ado About Nothing."

Take the history of the world. Have the many millions of earth labored and fought and died that we might enjoy the pittance of blessing that falls to our lot to-day, and nothing more? Can we imagine the temporary destiny we now enjoy a sufficient compensation for six thousand years of suffering and toil? When the angels shouted for joy over a new made world was it in view of what we are to-day? If so, all rational creatures would unite in pronouncing it a gigantic farce. But such is not the case. An allwise God would do better than that. Nothing has yet appeared in the church which could in any sense constitute an adequate result of Heaven's great sacrifice and the awful tragedy of the cross. If this were all, Christ could not be satisfied with the travail of his soul. There can be no significance in Christ's resurrection if man is to find his perfection here.

This is not the end; all things point to something higher and better. We should remember that man's life on earth is but one act in the drama of that life which shall never end. This act cannot be interpreted until the entire play is unfolded. No single transaction in this life can be rightly understood except viewed in the light of eternity. God has in prospect for man fairer Edens than even that of his primeval home.

As christians we are not discouraged when earth's fairest flowers are blighted, for He in whose hands is our destiny

hath declared that all things work together for our good. We build our hopes upon the Incarnation rather than upon philosophy of human institutions. We look to the Church of God rather than to politics. The universe is our home rather than these sectional limits bounded by narrow minds. Our ambitions prefer God's good time for their realization to selling themselves for a mess of pottage to-day. I believe that our ship will have a landing safe, triumphant, glorious. Though the earth be moved we will not fear, for God is our refuge. Since Christ is the determining cause in the history of the world, eternity must necessarily be its goal. Though earthly millenniums come they will not constitute an end of human progress or satisfy human desires. Let no man forbid the hope they inspire, however, for christianity is abundantly able to produce all we expect. Let the universal heart of humanity lift up the prayer to the world's restorer: "Thy kingdom come—Thy will be on earth as in heaven."

JOHN ABBOT.

BY RUFUS TIRO.

"There'll be a tide in the river by morning," said George McCray to his wife as he came up the steps of his handsome residence, stamping the mud from his feet. It has been raining three days and the Holston has already begun to rise."

"I am sorry we let Gertie go to see the Holts, said his wife. "She was to return by morning, and, though she well knows how to manage a canoe, I hope she won't attempt to cross the river as high as it will be by morning."

George McCray had for several years been owner of the ferry across the Holston river, and by careful econemy he had saved enough to purchase a well-stocked farm. He had remained a bachelor until about five years ago, at which time he met, while in Morristown, Mrs. Mary Edwards, a widow of remarkable beauty whose husband was said to have been drowned off the coast of Porto Rica. In a few months he married her and brought her and her ten-year-old daughter, Gertie, to the handsome residence which he had just completed. Gertie had now become a tall beautiful girl of fifteen.

"I hardly think she will do so," replied George. "It will be too high even for her daring spirit. I saw John Abbot just now and he said he had never seen the river rise so rapidly before."

"Poor old John Abbot," said his wife, how disagreeable it must be in his cave during this awful weather, George."

Couldn't you persuade him to seek better shelters?

"No," said the husband, "I offered him a tenant's place on my farm; but he only shook that proud head of his and said he preferred to remain where he was."

Meanwhile the object of their conversation was climbing that rocy path that led to his cave, carrying a fine string of fish which he had taken that afternoon. He stopped in front of the cave and, turning, looked long and earn-

estly at the river whose waves were splashing against the sides of the cliff far below. His tall athletic form was as motionless as though it had been carved from the rocks among which he dwelt. A thick beard covered his face and his long grey locks hung about his shoulders, while from beneath his tattered hat shone two eyes that revealed a spirit of fire. Such was John Abbot. He had come to the neighborhood some three years before, no one knew whence, but there were rumors that he had seen service in the Indies, and he once told Tommie Taylor, the blacksmith's son, a story of how he had been captured by pirates, and had been forced to serve them many years. Since his arrival in the neighborhood he had occupied the cave where he now resided, living by hunting and fishing.

"Yes," he muttered at length, "the Holston will steal timber to-night."

The river of next morning fully realized the expectations of the river-men. By sun-rise a large crowd had gathered to watch the rise of the tide. It was now a mad rushing torrent of muddy water. Huge masses of drift would come down, strike upon the half-submerged trees which marked the usual banks of the river, and break into a thousand fragments with a crash almost deafening, while the boiling waters would hiss as though in triumph for the destruction which they had wrought.

"No one will cross to-day," said Job Taylor, the blacksmith.

"There's where you are wrong," said Jack Smith, who stood near, "for I see some one putting out now from the other side."

Indeed it was so. The watchers saw a canoe leave the opposite shore propelled by a single occupant—a girl.

"It's Gertie," said George McCray, turning pale.

Immediately recovering himself he rushed to the water's edge and shouted: "Gertie! Gertie! Go back! Go back!" But in vain the mad roar of the water drowned every sound.

On came the boat. The dexterity with which Gertie used her paddle showed that she knew the danger of her position. She had now gained the middle current and was almost assured of crossing in safety, when a whirl-pool broke under the very bow of her boat. The canoe gave a sudden twist and, hurling the girl from the boat, turned bottom upwards. Gertie was a good swimmer but the water washed her down. Just as, almost exhausted, she was using her last strength to keep above the water, her hand struck something which she grasped and clung to with all her remaining strength. It was a snag projecting from a tree lodged in the bed of the river.

"Hold fast Gertie," cried a voice that rose above the roar of the torrent and at the same time a man rushed through the crowd and plunged into the water.

It was John Abbot. With a strength almost superhuman he fought his way through the waves and reached Gertie, just as she was about to faint from exhaustion. He placed her light form on his back and began to make his way back to the bank. He had made about one-third of the way, when, attracted by the shouts of the onlookers, he looked and saw bearing down upon him a huge tree. He tried to avoid it, but too late; a large limb descending struck him upon the head and with his charge he sank beneath the surface. In a moment, however, they rose again a little distance below, and John Abbot with a strength born of desperation fought his way inch, by inch, to the shore.

"Thank God! I have saved her," he exclaimed, as dripping with water he laid the unconscious girl at her mother's feet.

He then turned to walk away, but had proceeded but a few steps, when he fell dead, the blood flowing from the wound in his head.

Mrs. McCray and her daughter were taken home where for many days they suffered from sever illness. They

regretted very much that they were thus prevented from attending the burial of John Abbot.

On the body of Abbot was found a gold locket, containing a lock of hair and the picture of a dark-haired girl, who bore a resemblance to some one the by-standers had seen, just who it was they could not remember. Within the locket was engraved the name, "Philip Edwards." They buried the locket with its owner, wondering what had been the history of this strange character, and what connection his life had had with the fair girl whose portrait he had so carefully preserved. Some thought perhaps she had died, others that she had proved untrue to him, but only Mrs. Mary McCray could have told who the strange man was and why he had given his life to save her daughter.

M'PHERSON'S CODE.

BY J. R. C.

Poor Tom! I always liked Tom. He got mad sometimes and his face would turn black and red by turns. When he could not longer control his temper he swore and cursed, as it always seemed, to keep from choking to death. Aside from the little fits of wrath, which did not occur often, he was the best fellow you ever saw. His was a lazy, good-natured, indifferent sort of a disposition, but still his Southern blood might justly be aroused to violence.

Old Judge McPherson lost his political followers and retired a defeated candidate. He had just married a few years before his political downfall and now settled down upon a large farm to build up the hopes of his latter days. There he prospered and lacked not for the comforts of life. He had a large library of such books as you would find in the old Southern homes, the old histories with their strong yellow bindings, the old eighteenth century literature and so on. Tom was the only child of Judge McPherson that lived to be grown. Tom was now growing up a strong healthy boy and was day by day becoming the centre of all the old Judge's hopes. But matters wouldn't move along so well always. The Civil War came on and with that at last over the story of the Judge's fortunes was that of a thousand others. He was ambitious that Tom should be elected and had by his foresight saved enough to complete his son's college education after the war.

It was at college, then, that I first met Tom McPherson and became his life-long friend. There I studied and learned his prevailing good nature and noted the dark spells which came only once in a long while. At last we had to leave college and were separated, he to his native state and I to mine. The old Judge died after this and I never heard much of Tom for eight years. My health

was in a very bad state and for a beneficial change of climate I resolved to visit my old friend. He had just written for me to come and spend several months with him at his old home and I accepted the invitation. Two miles from Keysport, the dead, sleepy old county town, on a certain May afternoon I reached the old McPherson farm. I found Tom, just as I should expect, lounging on the grass with a book and the giant shade trees around. The very surroundings seemed to suggest for me physical rest, and I might say now that is a wonder I ever did get away again.

"Satisfied with the way I am living? Well, in a sense," said Tom, "it seems that I ought to be, but when I consider everything fully I don't see how I could be. If to be satisfied means to have all one's bodily wants attended to, to have some one else to do all the work for you and to have nothing to do with it yourself, certainly then I have no right to complain. But feeling that others have shaped out for my life a fitting course of action, within the bonds of which, somehow, I have never been able to act of my own accord, it seems that I have every reason not to be satisfied. Poor Father! He sent me to college and got me to studying law. I have studied law realizing from the first that it wasn't the thing for me. Everything I did to please him, just because he told me how he had dreamed of my becoming a judge or of representing my district in congress. Above all things he would charge me to take care of the old place. 'Whatever you do Tom, hold on to this home of ours, take care of the old books in the library and add more of your own. Sometime you will marry Maggie Summerson as you said you would when you were a little boy.' These and many other similar commands go to make up McPherson's code of conventionality. It seems inevitable that I should live by it, though it will never work out the results poor Father dreamed of. Keysport he thought would soon be a city

which would require my professional abilities. If I ever am to be anything else than a farmer I shall have to seek some other field. I have been pausing in doubt for the past five years whether to marry Maggie and settle on the farm for the rest of my life or to give up the old place and seek my fortunes in the West. I lose courage every time I think of turning my back on my old home, so this is the only place I could be happy after all."

A more contented look settled over Tom's face. He got up with a yawn and changed the subject. In a few days I learned how Tom had been spending his time since his father had died and learned of the different turns and reverses at the McPherson home. Two old darkies, Wesley and Henry, had never deserted the household, but still lived on the farm with their families. They seemed to think the only thing for them to do was to abide by McPherson's code, they were body and soul for restoring the house to its former fortunes and gloried in the perpetuation of the name of McPherson. They did everything they could to prevent Tom from having to work, in short they had had all the farming in their hands for years.

"You mussent work Marse Tom, better gwon to de house an' read yo' papey's books you'se made ter larn outen books, you ain't never gwine ter larn ter do eny farmin'." This is what the old negroes had always told him, so Tom knew very little about farming. He had read the books in the two old-fashioned book-cases in the library until it seemed that he couldn't get away from them.

Tom's mother died during the war and the Judge's marmied sister came to live with him. When this sister had followed her brother two years later, her husband survived as the only relative of the family. The Judge had always considered it 'a blot in the 'scutcheon' that this man was united to the McPherson family. That Wilson Wratchet was a notorious failure the example of his daily works left no room for a doubt. Tom always said that his Uncle

Wilson had been from his childhood up the sole incentive toward the development of his ill temper. The earliest recollections of this relative was of his puffing smoke in his face from a very strong pipe and in a very tantalizing manner. A later development of uncle versus nephew records that the nephew threw a rotten potato over the garden wall, which potato was mashed to pieces over the uncle's face. It was all unintentional on the part of the nephew, but the uncle would accept no explanations and left off with nothing less than a sound thrashing. Later on in life it seems that the nephew got the better of the uncle who got drunk and was locked up all night in a greasy smoke-house. Tom came back from college a little more dignified and avoided if possible anything in the shape of a quarrel or misunderstanding with his uncle.

When Tom's aunt died he seemed to have more fully realized that he ought to take matters in his own hands and learn the different steps toward the management of the farm. If he was going to pursue a rural life and enjoy rural happiness the one thing for him to do was to get married. The whole community understood that Tom would marry Maggie Summerson. She was the only young lady that Tom knew anything about, he had hardly had anything to say to any other for the five or six years past. If he sometimes got angry with himself and dreamed of another course of action beyond his prison of conventionality it was just beating against the walls in vain. There was nothing else to do. So Tom began to go with the negroes to the fields. When Tom went to the fields his Uncle Wilson seemed to think that duty called him along, if the nephew kept out of the fields, then, the uncle was satisfied with other quarters. In the long run Tom would get worried as the temperature ran high and the sun became scorching, or else his uncle would make him very angry by disputing and quarreling with him. Then poor, mad,

vexed Tom would pant to his favorite shades to cool his temper and lose himself among some of the faded and yellow pages. The books, the trees, the birds, the grass and the flowers, these it would seem were his only friends. These indeed seemed to be the only soothing influences. Farming wasn't congenial with him. The horses seemed to try to keep him from bridling them or attempt to bite him as he labored to buckle on the harness or perhaps switched their tails into his eyes until they were blood red while he was fastening the traces. Every passer-by had to tease Tom or comment on his doings. On one occasion a little squint-eyed countryman clicked the latch to the gate and came upon Tom almost before he knew it. Tom was sitting in his stocking feet shielded by the dense shade from the mid-afternoon sun and was quite peaceably absorbed by his reading.

"Hey, mister," said the little man, "I broke my wagon back here. I want ter git yer ter fix it right straight."

"I am no wagon-fixer nor blacksmith, what are you talking about," said Tom.

"I know durn well you air a good blacksmith. Git yer lazy self outen here and fix my wagon. A feller back here says ye air the very one what can fix my wagon, but he says I'll haf to cuss yer 'fore ye'll fix it. So, d—n ye, help me git my wagon ter yer shop and git ter work."

"Anybody that says that I am a blacksmith or that I know anything about your d—d wagon is a liar, and if you don't hustle away from here, I'll break your ugly crooked little back with this chair," vociferated Tom.

The little man took Tom at his word without any further persuasion. The neighbors teased Tom so that he resolved to do something or give up the farm and go out into the world.

The summer I visited Tom had found him sitting about a greater activity than usual. He frequented the fields, looked over the work and began to study farming from a

business stand-point, how he might bring about greater results when he managed everything himself. On a certain June day, Tom had got started to mowing his clover. Early in the afternoon, the mowing-machine got out of fix. Tom knocked, shook and jerked for an hour and a half. One of the negroes came up to help and Tom's uncle made various suggestions.

"I'll swear I can't do anything with the durned thing," said Tom, as he wiped the sweat away and stamped the ground.

"Anything 'ud git out o' fix and stay out long as you had had anything to do with it," sneered the uncle. This was more than Tom could stand. Every bit of the warm blood that circulated in his veins sought a higher level, that very moment he was choking with indignation. Tom slapped his unworthy relative sharply across the face, they were locked one in the grasp of the other, and it seemed that a lively contest could not be avoided.

"You meddlesome old dog, you," said Tom. "Do you think I am going to stand around and take gibe after gibe from you? I'll wallow the earth up with you, if you are nearly twice as old as I am. How does that feel," said the proud young man as he struck his bullying uncle again.

Old Wilson, for once in his life showed real fight, and it took all Tom's energy to keep from falling under the weight and the greater physical proportions of his adversary. The contestants were carried over a large circle of earth. The two old negroes stood back wriggling with amusement, they enjoyed the situation hugely and were willing for the contest to move on. I came up too late to interfere. Two struggling human beings reached a briar patch hard by from which they emerged two minutes later torn and bleeding. As they had been rolling among the tangled briars in a very uncertain manner, first one face then another being upturned, and as either party was now

inclined to a truce, there was no way of deciding, then, who had won the day. Tom was still very much excited but upon finding that I had probably been an eye witness, his countenance fell; no doubt he was becoming deeply ashamed of the whole affair. Tom's uncle pretended to be very cool and came forward with some comments on the situation which made the proud nephew angry again. Feeling that a change from the topic then under consideration would be quite the thing to do, one of the negroes addressed the young farmer: "Well, Marse Tom, reckon it's 'bout time to be doin' sumpin else. What mus we wuk at de res' dis evnin'. Specs we better thin corn, musent we?"

"Yes, you can go to to thinning corn; or you can go to H—l, I don't care which, that's what you will have to do if you fool with that uncle of mine. As for myself I'm going to Texas this very night," and Tom without another word, turned and walked away.

The last we saw of Tom that hot June afternoon was as he disappeared from the field carrying his hat in one hand and wiping the sweat, dirt and blood from his face with the other. His uncle suggested that he only needed to get off alone and cool himself. But weeks past and nothing was seen of poor Tom, neither in the fields nor in his shady retreats. Two days after his sudden departure, I received a postal card in which he urged me to stay my visit out, that he was sorry that he had to leave so abruptly, but even though he were absent he would be glad for me to remain at his old home. I learned from other sources that he had borrowed money at Keysport, so he must have really carried out the final threat of leaving everything behind and going to Texas. Not another communication did I receive for three months. The old negro housekeeper did her part. The negro men were moving on with the farming. I was enjoying myself, gaining in health and having no difficulty in my dealings with Tom's

relative. We all looked for Tom to turn up some time. Home ties and financial interests, it would seem, would eventually demand a return. I visited at the home of Maggie Summerson who would, from a conventional standpoint, some day be Mrs. McPherson. I became so infatuated with everything that one time I actually went to sleep and dreamed that Tom had surrendered all his rights to me and that the McPherson farm and Maggie Summerson were mine.

Two months after the episode in the clover field I received the long-wished for letter from Tom. He was carried away with everything in Texas, he had never had better prospects of success in life, he really thought it might be a very long time before he could return to the old home. Tom said he did feel the least bit mean about tearing himself away from the old home, but the business interests were all now for which he was concerned. What he really did feel mean over was his leaving Maggie behind, and it was a little strange, he thought, that he should think of her ten times now to where he thought of her once before. Tom requested that certain articles be boxed and shipped to him sometime soon.

Three more weeks passed and I was soon to leave for my native state. One morning I was directing the negroes to get together the things which Tom desired shipped to that point he was located. It was a painful sorrow to me that I should probably never see my friend in his old home again. Walking around in the yard I heard the latch click to the old front gate.

"Tom McPherson or his ghost," I exclaimed. "What can this mean."

"It means that I am back home once more, it may be for good, I hope so at least," said Tom, for he it was soul and flesh.

"Never mind your packing up," said Tom, when he had found the old negroes. "Put the things back in their old places, they wouldn't look right anywhere else; and it

does me good," he added with emotion, "to realize that once more I am back in my old place."

"Say, Marse Tom," said old black Wesley, "what you bliebe? You ain't 'smuch 'spected yo' Uncle Wilson done gone clean off. Aint seen him fur nigh onto three weeks. Looks like he dis'pinted when he see you ain't comin' back. Reckon hit orter upsot his min' when he see he aint gwine ter git ter quarrel an' devil you eny mo'. He'd bin talkin' mighty heap 'bout his boy what libes out West summers. So he set out all of a suddent one mawnin' jus' like yo did. Only he doan let us know 'bout he goin' an' sides that slips off de old black mare wi' him."

"If that old mare carries that ugly old scamp off where she can never bring him back she shall have fully served her day and generation," said Tom. "Come now," he continued, addressing me, "we'll go talk awhile, I want to rest this morning. This afternoon, or else to night, I am going to see Mgggie Summerson. Uncle Wilson Wratchet's lamented companionship, is, I hope, a thing that I shall be deprived of for some time to come. I am going to tell you now how I think 'McPherson's code of conventionality,' which I talked to you about three months ago, is going to be the best and only thing for me. I am going to marry and settle down right here and live by and make McPherson's code my own. And in the future I hope to revise that code and make it something better."

We talked on there in the old library. At last Tom took down a favorite volume, placed his feet at the open window and tilted back his chair. He opened the book at random and placed his thumb on the page. But he did not read, he was thinking, dreaming. My old friend never seemed more contented and peaceful. Those thoughts and dreams were not for me and I walked out. Ten minutes later I quietly passed the window. The negroes were singing at their work in the fields, but dear old Tom, he—well, he was asleep. May never again that countenance grow troubled nor be fired with wrath.

SQUIRE BOB'S VICTIM.

BY JAS. M. CULBRETH.

Old man Bob Brinkley was known as the shrewdest, the stingiest, and, consequently, in a sense, the most prosperous farmer in his county. It would be hard to determine which of the two first named qualities predominated in "Squire Bob," as he was universally called by those who knew him or had ever heard of him. The first named quality had brought into his possession a really valuable farm, lying some eight or ten miles from a very prosperous town in the same county. It had also enabled him to accumulate a goodly number of live stock, and the "Squire" had for his driving horse one of the best thorough-breds that money could buy. For all this, the "Squire" was not thoroughly respected everywhere he was known. His neighbors would shake their heads portentiously when they saw him ride by driving his fine steed, and declare that "every dog will have his day." By this they must have meant that the "Squire" would one day reach his day of reckoning and be found wanting. For had he not built up his fortune at the expense of his own flesh and blood? He had not scrupled to take the advantage in a trade, whether it could be taken honorably or not. The more simple hearted farmers had learned by sad experience that the "Squire" was sure to pull the wool over a fellow's eyes every time he had a chance.

The statement that the "Squire" was stingy ought perhaps to be modified somewhat. He was not stingy when it came to a matter of his own selfish gratification. But his home and children plead silently and eloquently against him. He still lived in the large, shed-like frame house to which he had taken his pretty bride eighteen years ago. There were no carpets on the floors, no furniture, except the rudest sort, and the cooking and eating was all done in the same room. The two children had not

been sent to school, except in those seasons when their services were not needed on the farm. Consequently they were ignorant, were already becoming shrewd like their father, and the indications were decidedly in favor of their becoming as stingy as he was.

"Squire" Bob had bought his farm twenty years ago for $20,000. He had got rich on it. He had turned the stiff land over and over and broken up the clods so many times in the same place successively that the dirt refused to sprout peas any longer. Then one day a great idea struck "Squire" Bob. He would sell his farm, and for a small sum, too. But there was not a man in the county who would offer to buy the Brinkley farm at any price. There was left only one thing now to do, and "Squire" Bob did that thing. In one of the leading State dailies the following week there appeared this advertisement:

FOR SALE!

A well stocked farm of 1,000 acres, situated in easy distance of the growing town of W——, N. C. Address, J. B. BRINKLEY, W——, N. C.

"Squire" Bob waited several days before he received an answer to the advertisement. The dainty envelope was post-marked New York, and the address was written in well-formed feminine characters. When he broke the seal and opened the letter before his eyes, a soft, peculiar fragrance was emitted from the written page. "Squire" Bob chuckled softly to himself as he read the letter. It was from a widow in New York, whose husband had recently died and left her with a large fortune. She had been brought up in the South, and now that the strongest tie that had bound her to the North had been severed, she was determined to buy a home in her native State, that she might spend most of her time in a more pleasant climate. She would like to see the farm before she bought, and if Mr. Brinkley would meet her at the nearest railway station one day that week, she would be pleased to come and see the property.

"Squire" Brinkley bought a stamped envelope and a sheet of paper on the spot, and hastily wrote to the widow, who signed her name Mrs. Elizabeth Knight, appointing to meet her at W—— on Thursday of that week.

"Ah!" thought the "Squire," "fortune haint deserted me yit. This woman 'll be easy to fool into payin' me $20,000 fer my plantation. Wimmen haint got no judgment 'bout sich things no how. I must keep quiet 'bout this tho', fer some of these folks that don't like me wouldn't want anything better'n to break up my trade with Mrs. Knight."

So mused "Squire" Brinkley as he drove home late in the afternoon. When he came in sight of the splendid grove of trees that sheltered his rude home, he exulted over the prospects of leaving it, with $20,000 in cold cash to add to his hoarded thousands.

Soon after supper, the family gathered around the large fireplace to talk over the news that "Squire" Bob had brought from town.

"Won't we go to town, then?" timidly asked the buxom girl, Jane. "I want so much to go to the High School."

"Na," growled the miserly father, "you've had 'nough of schooling a'ready. More'n me or your ma ever had. I don't want my children to be town folks no how. Na, we're going to buy us another place in the country, where we can make more potatoes and raise more cows and hogs and corn and fodder'n this poor place'll ever yield again."

With that the conversation lagged, and presently "Squire" Bob's head dropped heavily forward on his chest, and he snored heavily. The mother sat in a corner knitting away very patiently on a pair of socks. The brother and sister went away to their beds to go to sleep thinking about the new farm.

Thursday morning was dark and gloomy. A very persistent rain was falling lightly but steadily when "Squire" Bob drove out of the big gate at the end of the lane, and

turned his horse's head toward W——. The "Squire" was uneasy. Mrs. Knight might not come after all, and perhaps he had been indulging an idle fancy since he received that letter. The very thought was so irritating that the "Squire" struck his horse a smart blow, which caused the animal to plunge forward in an effort to run. When "Squire" Bob had finally succeeded in getting his steed under control again, he found that he was not very far from the town, and what was still better in his mind, the sun was shining bright through a rift in the dull, lead colored clouds. With this the "Squire's" spirits went up rapidly, and by the time he had reached town and put away his horse, he entertained no fears that Mrs. Knight would fail to make her appearance.

When the train rolled into the station, "Squire" Bob was standing on the well elevated platform on the look-out for his victim. A small woman, dressed in black, with a thin dark veil over her face, alighted from the train, and looked around as if expecting some one to meet her. The sombre hues of her clothing, together with her behavior, which marked her a stranger, was proof enough to "Squire" Bob that the little woman was Mrs. Knight. He approached her, told her who he was, and on being assured that he was speaking to Mrs. Knight sure enough, the "Squire" extended to the little woman a most hearty welcome to "these diggings." "Squire Bob could be very suave and "takin'" when the occasion was worth the trouble. This time he thought it was worth the trouble.

The sky had cleared up beautifully, and Mrs. Knight said she would be ready to ride out to the farm with "Squire" Bob as soon after dinner as would be convenient to him. They agreed to start at two o'clock. It was only six miles from town, the "Squire" had informed her, and they could easily drive the distance in less than an hour. In reality the plantation was fully eight miles away, but "Squire" Bob trusted in the swiftness of his horse to deceive his timid little victim.

Before they had got to the Brinkley place, the little widow was so carried away with the wonderful performance of the "Squire's" horse, that she had bargained for him to be included in the sale of the farm, in case she should buy the property. And of course "Squire" Bob had set the price of the animal far above its real value, experiencing a glorious satisfaction when the little woman at his side made no objections to his demands. The incident augured well for the success of his plans concerning the farm.

When the shadows of evening had lengthened and finally lost themselves in the distance, Mrs. Knight had seen the best there was of the Brinkley farm, and she had agreed to take it as it stood for $20,000. In the morning they would go to town and have the proper papers drawn up.

The little widow was put in the best room the house afforded. After the family had dispersed, "Squire" Bob sat a long time before the slowly dying flames on the hearth, meditating on his wonderful success in the world that so many people declared was hard and cruel. He had not found it so. And since his latest bold stroke had so far succeeded so admirably to his notion, he was inclined to be more than usually optimistic. But the "Squire" was not the man to let a momentary gain blind him to the chances of possible failure in the end. As he thought over his past policy, and went over again the steps that he had advanced toward getting rid of his dilapidated farm, he was suddenly seized with an apprehension that, if he took Mrs. Knight into W—— to have the deed drawn up, some of his enemies might persuade her that she was doing a foolish piece of business in giving $20,000 for a run down farm, and so break up the sale.

The next morning it was raining again. This was "Squire" Bob's opportunity. He protested to Mrs. Knight that she ought not to expose herself to the inclement weather, and assured her that it would put him to no

inconvenience to go and bring a lawyer from town, and the papers could be drawn up and signed right where she was. The widow yielded. The lawyer came, and the Brinkley farm was legally transferred to the hands of Mrs. S. C. Knight, of New York. Then the wily "Squire," in order to preclude all possibility of Mrs. Knight being influenced to go back on her bargain, quietly proposed to take the widow to a railway station ten miles distant, instead of to W——, giving as his reason for doing so that thus she would have an opportunity to see the country adjacent to her property. The little woman readily consented to the proposal, and "Squire" Bob chuckled wickedly to himself.

A month passed by, and the first payment on the debt of $20,000 had not made its appearance to the famishing eyes of "Squire" Bob. Feverish impatience finally gave way to a very impulsive action on his part. He boarded the train to New York, swearing by all the wealth of Crœsus to get his money or recover the deed for his plantation. There was no room for such hasty judgment, as the "Squire" found out when a liveried servant ushered him into a handsomely appointed apartment, and he found himself face to face with his victim. She was taken entirely by surprise, and her absolute frankness and cordial greeting at once disarmed the "Squire." With many an "a-hem—and-a—er-a," he managed to stammer out some sort of plausible excuse for his being in the city, that was in reality false.

Before he left her, the little widow had promised to take "Squire" Bob out driving in the afternoon, and give him a glimpse of her magnificent city property. If he had had any doubts that morning that the widow's explanation why she had not sent the payment at the proper time was the true one, those doubts were all dissipated when he gazed on the tall magnificent buildings that the widow pointed out to him as hers. During the ride, the charming little widow told the "Squire" that she owned a zinc

mine in a Western State. Adjacent to the mine was a tract of land, on which valuable zinc ore had recently been discovered. The mine itself was worth $125,000. The property adjacent to it could be bought for $10,000, and the widow was sure that she could dispose of the entire piece of property for $150,000. Now she would make this proposition to the "Squire." She had only $5,000 in available form just at present. If the "Squire" would lend her $5,000, she would purchase the tract of land for $10,000, sell the land and her mine for $150,000, and *give* him $5,000 as his share of the profits.

"Squire" Bob thought very intently for the distance of four blocks, then he told the widow that he would take her up on her proposition. As soon as they reached Mrs. Knight's residence, the widow and "Squire" Bob closed the trade. She gave him a mortgage on some of her best real estate, and he placed in her hands a check for $5,000. Then with many assurances that, as soon as she could get her large business interests in shape she would make a double payment on her debt, the very charming little widow parted from "Squire" Bob Brinkley.

"Squire" Bob returned home very much pleased with his trip. In the first place, the old farm had been taken off his hands. In the next place, he had made an investment on good security that would bring him a clear profit of $5,000. And in the third place, he had seen the great city of New York, and had been through the delightful experience of being rocked on the blue ocean. "That little woman was so easily taken in," thought the "Squire," as he rode leisurely toward his old home. He even had something like a feeling of regret that he had dealt so unfairly with such a delightful, innocent little woman. She had treated him right royally when he was in New York.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you again." His neighbors had often quoted this, having in

mind "Squire" Bob Brinkley. One morning the "Squire" awoke to face the stern truth of that statement. His lawyer rode up to his place that morning and told him that he had been unable to discover any property in New York to which Mrs. Knight had any legal title. "Squire" Bob was frantic with rage, and a sickly dread clutched at his withered heart. No time was to be lost. John was sent to harness the thorough-bred to the road cart, while the "Squire" made hasty preparations for another trip to New York.

On his arrival in that city, "Squire" Bob Brinkley was unable to find Mrs. Knight or any trace of her. He found a policeman and told that officer his troubles. The man in uniform offered the "Squire" no sympathy beyond telling him that he had made a fool of himself. The "Squire" had begun to realize that himself.

A sojourn of a week in New York, with the expenses incident thereto, made "Squire" Bob a sadder and a wiser man. It was discovered that the so-called Mrs. Knight was an escaped convict from the New York penitentiary. Her business was to swindle, and she had swindled "Squire" Bob. She had obtained a deed for his farm, and still held it, and she had $5,000 in cash of his money. She could not be found. And "Squire" Bob returned home broken hearted, ashamed to walk in the daylight before his neighbors whom he had been swindling for twenty years. Fit retribution!

"FATHER" ABNER'S TURKEY.

BY W. A. LAMBETH.

Abner Abbot was sawing wood. He was at one end of the saw and Jake, the hired boy, was at the other end. According to his invariable condition when doing such work, Abner was not in his best humor. Several times he stormed out, "Jake, I wish you'd pull your end of the saw a little livelier." Abner had a rule when sawing wood which he never failed to apply. His rule was never to allow any "playing off" by the fellow at the other end of the saw.

Jake had been a member of Abner's household for several years. The truth is the household was composed of no one but Jake and Abner, and Abner was a bachelor of sixty-eight years standing. Jake had come to know, by actual experience, that at certain times it was safe to talk to Abner and at other times it was safer not to talk. There was, however, a guage on either side of Abner's head, which registered absolutely the condition of his mind. Nature had endowed him with two very large ears. Owing to their uncommon shape and size, they showed Abner to be rather uncomely when not viewed in the darkness. Strange to say, Abner could, like a horse, turn his ears in various directions. Their natural position of rest was well out from his head. Whenever their position was well in front, Abner was either getting hold of a new idea or watching the effects of an old one put into execution. Jake's advice was beware of Abner, as you do a mule, when you see his ears flat against his head.

Abner's ears took a slightly forward position when he saw his neighbor, Andrew Hepler, entering the back-gate. In fact he was always glad when his neighbors came in, and entertained them in the most pleasant manner by invariably putting them to work. "Hello, Abner," said Andrew stepping up to the pile of logs, "I heard your new saw a-running, so I thought I'd come over and see it."

"Yes, it's a dandy," answered Abner looking up, but not stopping his work. "It goes just a-singin' through these logs. Take hold here in my place and try it." Abner took his seat on a neighboring log and began to talk rapidly, fearing that Andrew might stop sawing. "When you get tired, Andrew, I'll grunt for you. But it won't take much gruntin' for that saw. I don't s'pose you ever had your hand on such a saw before. Besides that, you're sawin' with a master-sawyer. I trained Jake an' I know there ain't a better hand in this country." After a short pause he continued: "What do you think about all this talk of hypnotism? They say Mr. Bray can do a sight of strange things."

"I ain't got no faith in it," replied Andrew.

"If there is anythin' in it," resumed Abner, "there ought to be somethin' practical and"—

"Well, Abner," interrupted Andrew, "I'll listen to your thoughts about this subject some other time. My folks said they are goin' to have an early supper." As he was going out of the gate he turned abruptly, as if he had suddenly thought of something. "Kate said tell you not to leave home because she's comin' over right after supper."

Abner was a little eccentric whenever he was wrought up to a high state of feeling. There was in him, however, an undercurrent of love and sympathy. He directed this towards Kate, the only daughter of Andrew Hepler. The people of the village often said that he took more interest in her welfare than even her father did. She loved him almost as her own father, and from her childhood had called him Father Abner. She had now come to be a grown young lady, but still continued to carry her joys and sorrows to "Father" Abner.

After supper Abner took his seat on the veranda. It was nothing unusual for Kate to come over after supper, but it was unusual for her to send word that she was com-

ing. For this reason Abner felt a little restless and was glad when he saw her coming up the gravel walk from the gate. "Father Abner," said Kate coming up the steps, "I've something to tell you this evening that may surprise you." For two years George Godwin had been making occasional visits to Kate. She had also received several letters from him during the last year of her college course. They were simply friends, as she repeatedly assured Abner. "George was over again last night," she continued, "and stayed till almost 'leven o'clock. He asked me a question which I haven't answered yet."

"What did he ask you, Kate? Maybe I can help you answer it?"

Kate gazed out in the twilight a moment and then said softly: "He asked me if I would marry him."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that he would have to get father's permission and I would have to get yours."

This little interview touched a tender spot in the old fellow's heart. He began to speak at first slowly, then hurriedly, his voice full of emotion. "I knew that this hour would come. You haven't surprised me much, because I've been expectin' it to come for a whole year. When you went away to college I spent a lonely life. The summer months that you spent here at home were the happiest of the year for me. You've been home from college one year, and it has been the happiest year of my life. And now you've asked permission to leave me, to leave me all alone." As he spoke the tears began to trickle down the wrinkles of his face. "You don't know what you've been to me. But I'm too selfish. The time must come sometime. What else could an old old bachelor like me expect! I know I'm a rough old fellow—I got it in the war—but you've smoothed out so many rough places in me. And now the time has come when I must give you up." Kate's handkerchief now went to her eyes. "I

ain't a-goin' to say one word 'ginst it. I've made it a rule never to discourage such things. If Sarah Phillips hadn't have misunderstood me, I might have been a different man myself. That's been just forty years ago. Yes, Kate, you may have my permission if it'll make you feel any better 'bout it. George 's a manly young man and I don't think your father will object.''

As Abner had surmised, George had little trouble in obtaining Mr. Hepler's consent to the marriage. The wedding-day was agreed upon and preparations were begun in earnest. At Abner's request it was agreed that on that day the whole party should go to his house for dinner. ''Kate 's a-goin' to be married,'' Abner was constantly saying, ''and her wedding-day must be the proudest one of her life. I'm a-goin' to do my part by her, if I know what it is.'' He began to busy himself with making plans for the wedding-dinner. He obtained Mrs. Parkins' consent to prepare the dinner for him. Every day, according to her instructions, Abner could be seen coming from the store with bundles of various sizes in his arms. He wrote and asked his brother, who lived in a neighboring county, to send him a large turkey at least a week before the wedding day. As that day drew nearer Mrs. Parkins made daily visits to Abner's. She prepared salads and pickles and jams in great abundance. By a week before the wedding there were seven large cakes of seven different kinds in Abner's cupboard. Bachelors, especially old bachelors, just because they are bachelors and have never known the charms and woes of married life, are likely to overdo themselves when any duty pertaining to a marriage is laid upon them. Abner grew more and more restless as the wedding-day drew nearer and the turkey did not arrive. Abner believed that a turkey was the main dish for a ''big'' dinner. His anxiety was appeased when a messenger informed him on the day before the wedding that the turkey had come. This put Abner in a rather jubilant

frame of mind. He called Jake to follow and started for the village station. "By rights," he told Jake, as they hurried along, "that turkey ought to have been hung up in the smoke-house two days ago. But he'll be sweet enough by to-morrow if we get him hung up this afternoon. I tell you, Jake, Brother Tom said he was goin' to send me the finest gobbler in his flock. I'll tell you confidentially, they say his breed of turkeys is the finest in the South. He gets orders from all parts of the country for—listen, Jake!" They were only a short distance from the station. "Did you hear that gobbler? Ah, man, he's a fine un! I can tell 'em by their gobble. No common turkey can put up such a gobble as that."

They entered the station and soon found a large wicker-crate marked "Abner Abbot." Dragging it out on the platform in front of the station, Abner began to open the top. A freight train was just passing by. "Now, Jake, run your arm in there and pull him out," said Abner, "I want to take a look at him. Get hold of both his legs and don't let him get away. Now be particular." Jake got hold of one leg and drew the turkey to the top, expecting to seize the other leg as he pulled him through the hole. Before this time turkeys had been rarely found on Abner's table, consequently Jake was rather inexperienced in handling them. At any rate there was suddenly a great flopping of wings and the loose leg began to scratch Jake's hand and in a moment's time the turkey was free. He ran a few feet on the platform and then flew quickly to the top of the moving train. "Golly Moses," cried Abner, as he ran down the platform frantically waving his arms, "stop that train, stop that train! My turkey's gettin' away." All of his efforts proved of no avail, because no one on the train saw his wild gestures or heard what he said. He turned and rushed back towards Jake, now trembling with fear. Jake saw that his ears were flat against his head. He seized Jake's throat and began to

roar like the sound of many waters. "Didn't I tell you to hold that turkey! Didn't I tell you to hold both of his legs! Now yonder he goes a-ridin' on that yaller old box-car. You've played the very ——," it was impossible to catch the balance of this sentence because Abner was talking so rapidly. Whenever he reached an emphatic word, which was every other one, Jake felt a tighter pressure on his throat. "Why don't you answer me?" Abner had apparently forgotten that Jake's air supply was about used up. "You've spoiled my whole dinner. What'll it look like without a turkey settin' at the head of the table!" Jake began to wiggle and his eyes had a far-away stare. "That dinner's to come off to-morrow at one o'clock and there ain't another turkey bigger'n a rooster, that I know of, in this whole country." The appearance of the agent upon the scene of action caused Abner to relax his throat-hold. Jake, suddenly relieved of his jugular environment, collected his wits as hastily as possible and started for home in a lively manner.

The cause of his wrath being neither present nor in sight, Abner's anger began to abate. He could see the train in the distance and the turkey still perched on the top. At length he started towards home, muttering as he went. "'Pears to me," said Abner, as he was passing the home of Mr. Bray, "if there is anything in it, here's a fine chance for showing itself." He entered the house and told Mr. Bray his whole story. Mr. Bray told Abner that he had never attempted to hypnotize a whole dinner-party, but felt sure that he could do it. He willingly agreed to come to the dinner the next day, as one of the guests.

Abner hurried home and told Mrs. Parkins his great secret. It was clearly evident that she had no confidence in such proceedings. She knew that the dinner would be "passable" even if the turkey were absent.

Abner arose early the next morning. After helping Mrs. Parkins in the kitchen for a few hours he went up-

stairs and put on his best Sunday-clothes. He peeped in the kitchen door just before leaving for the wedding, but apparently did not see a large pot which had been placed on the stove a few minutes before. "Everything's goin' all right, Mrs. Parkins? Well, I'll bring 'em all over about one o'clock. You'll have dinner ready by then, won't you?" Receiving an answer that everything was all right and the dinner would be ready on time, Abner started over to the wedding. He found many friends already gathered in. They told him that Kate had gone to put on her wedding gown. Later George drove up two prancing horses that seemed to feel the importance of their task. Soon the friends began to take their places in the parlor. Kate came down the steps and whispered something in Abner's ear. "Oh, Kate," said Abner aloud, "I wanted this to be the proudest day of your life and I believe it's goin' to be."

"Yes, Father," she answered, "it is." The preacher walked solemnly into the parlor and took his place at the centre. He was followed by George leaning on the arm of a friend. Next came Kate leaning on the arms of her two fathers, who led her before the preacher and silently gave her away. Just as Kate said "I will" to the preacher, those in front saw two large tears gather in Abner's eyes, remain there for a moment and then make a wet path down the wrinkles of his face. When the ceremony was finished Kate stepped up to the side of Abner and, placing her arms about his neck, gave him her first bridal kiss—the first he had had in forty years.

Half an hour later the whole party went over to Abner's for dinner. Abner had been so absorbed in the wedding that he had forgotten the hypnotic part of his dinner. "Now while we're waiting for dinner," said Mr. Bray, tapping Abner on the shoulder, "if you'll step out of the room a minute I'll 'suggest' turkey to the guests. If I have them expecting turkey my work will be much more easy."

Dinner was soon announced and the guests sat down at a long table, Abner at one end and Mr. Bray at the other. Abner's heart began to flutter. He saw that everybody was looking intently at Mr. Bray. He heard him say "turkey" two or three times. Then they all seemed to be in a dazed condition. Mr. Bray snapped his fingers as if to arouse the party from its stupor. It all took place in a minute's time and then Abner saw Mrs. Parkins bring in a dish on which appeared to be a large, smoking turkey. Abner felt bewildered. He knew that Mr. Bray had promised to furnish the turkey part of the dinner by hypnotism, but it seemed so strange that he could hardly believe his own eyes. Abner was one who believed in taking things as he found them or as they seemed to be. He took up the long carving-knife and began to take off large slices of the smoking breast. He believed that he was hypnotized himself. He saw that everybody was talking gayly but him. He pinched his arms to assure himself that he was not dreaming. His ears stood so far in front that they almost reached his eyes. "If this ain't sure 'nough turkey," thought Abner, as he took a second piece, "it's the best imitation I know of." The chicken and salads had little charms for Abner. He knew that they were real things. He was partial to the turkey because it was a new dish or an old one served in a new way. "I've heard about incubators," continued Abner in an inaudible way, "but here's somethin' that's quicker 'n them things. This turkey was hatched, raised, dressed and cooked since I sat down at this table." Mr. Bray's eyes had a merry twinkle in them as he watched Abner and exchanged significant glances with the other guests. Mrs. Parkins looked as if she knew more about the hypnotic part of the turkey than did Abner. "I wish I hadn't have taken so much pains in fixing up this dinner," thought Abner, his imagination suddenly taking a constructive turn. "I've said all along that if there is anything

in hypnotism it ought to be used for practical purposes. Mr. Bray can fix up a whole dinner just as well as one turkey. I'll be for givin' ice-cream parties and all sorts of city receptions from now on. I'll get Mr. Bray to furnish the refreshments by hypnotism."

* * * * * * *

Later in the afternoon, as the shadows began to lengthen and the crows were flying home and the crickets were chirping in the meadows, Mr. Bray might have been seen with a basket on his arm. This basket might have been the same one in which a turkey was carried to Abner's kitchen early that morning.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

Each age possesses a peculiar form of literary activity or more exactly, of literary influence. In the middle ages, the principal part of the literature consisted in romances; in the Elizabethan era, the drama flourished; in the next century, scholars took delight in poetical forms of expression; but in the present age, where story-telling reigns supreme, we see the consummation of the novel. Even in the eighteenth century, the novel was not regarded simply as a trivial thing, of no particular worth, but in our day it has the most prominent place in literature and culture. It has thus come to be the prevailing type of expression. The strictest rules of ethics are now couched in the smooth language of the novelist. It has taken the place of poetry, more especially, in narrative description.

Having seen the extreme importance of the novel in literature, let us now look at its origin, scarcely more than a century ago, and trace its development until the present time. It is generally conceded, though not universally, that the novel originated in the eighteenth century, for, in 1740, "Pamela" was published by Samuel Richardson, and this is regarded as the first English novel. Notwithstanding this fact, still there are many scholars, who claim an earlier origin for the novel. However this may be, it cannot be denied that, before this time, there were several different types of literature, out of which our fiction developed. In other words, there were several forerunners of the novel, and all of these combined, formed a nucleus, that necessarily culminated in the novel, as we see it. This form of literature could not have appeared in the sixteenth, or even the seventeenth century. The time was not ripe for it. Then much stress was placed upon superficial forms of expression. They looked in literature for far-away things. The novel cannot thrive in this kind of

atmosphere. In the eighteenth century, this tendency was checked; the romance decayed, and thus the novel was made possible.

The first forerunner of the novel, of which I have just spoken, was the Mediæval Romance. The most important of these were the Cycles of Romance, and these embraced stories connected with Arthur, Alexander, Charlemagne, and a legend of the Siege of Troy. These romances were spread over England by the wandering friars, and became an important addition to English Literature. The distinguishing feature of these romances, at first, was the mythical side of them. Men looked in literature for impossible things. Literature was not regarded as the form of expression for the affairs of daily life. In other words, they sought the supernatural. Amid this host of romantic writers, one poet rose supreme, and laid the first true foundation of the novel in character-study. In the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales are some of the best character sketches in literature. And it is not easy to overestimate the value of this type of writing in preparing for the novel, for character study is one of the principal charms of fiction.

In the Elizabethan Age, we see a great number of prose Romances, most important among them being Lodge's "Rosalynde." Now, however, we find the drama as the overshadowing form of literature, but beneath this, we can still discern the impress of the romantic writer. The development of the drama brings us a step nearer the novel, for in them, we see some attempt on the part of the writer to make the study true to life. It is in this period, as I said above, that the prose Romance is developed. This began in Italy with Bocaccios "Decameron" or "Novella," and this work, coming to England, found any number of imitators.

The beginning of the seventeenth century was barren, as far as literary activity was concerned, and did not add much to the increasing store of fiction. The first part of

the century was the day of the Puritan in literature, and in the latter part, didactic poetry was the prevailing form of literary expression. The only work in this age that bears any relation to the development of fiction was "Pilgrim's Progress," an allegory of much importance. This is the first attempt to couch morality in the form of a story.

As we approach the eighteenth century, the Romance is fast decaying. In its strides we notice first the beginning of diaries, by Pepys and Everlyn. Biography also appears now in Walton's Lives; history is written, Clarendon's History of the Civil War, being the most important work in this department of literature. The letters of Lady Winchelsen and Duchess of Newcastle also bear an important relation to development of fiction. All these influences combined, in the beginning of the eighteenth century to furnish a study of life.

Perhaps the most important of all these influences was the development of prose. In 1710, appeared the Sir Roger de Coverly papers in the Spectator. This is extremely important, in that we have here a character true to life. There are three requirements for the successful novel character, incident and plot. We have the first of these in Sir Roger de Coverly.

In 1719, Robinson Crusoe appeared, followed shortly by Moll Flanders and Memoirs of a Cavalier. The appearance of Robinson Crusoe was important, for here we have an attempt to make a story true to life, or as someone has expressed it, we have an example of "lying like truth." This is indeed, the test of all novels. In reading any book, the first question that presents itself—"Is it true to life." Here we have the first book that could fill this requirement. In 1726, Swifts Gulliver's Travels appeared, and this is a further preparation for the novel.

Now we are ready for the novel. The preparation is complete and in 1730, Samuel Richardson published Pa-

mela, followed in 1748, by "Clarissa Harlowe," and in 1754, by "Sir Charles Grendisone." The first of these is written in the form of letters. Richardson was the first man to attempt a thorough understanding of the inner life of woman. He is intensely religious, and all his works breathe this religious fervor.

Henry Fielding is perhaps the greatest of the eighteenth century novelists. In 1749, he published "Tom Jones," one of the greatest productions of English fiction. This is the fore-runner of Thackeray's novels. Fielding's latter works were, "Amelia" and "Jonathan Wild." He has created several famous characters, that will always live in literature.

The other principal novelists of the eighteenth century, were Smollet and Sterne, and these were the fore-runners of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and the other principal novelists of the present century.

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The rapid disappearance from the best college magazines of that particular form of literature called essays is very noticeable and significant. Every age has peculiar ideals and desires which it embodies in a peculiar form of literature, and our magazines in so far as they keep abreast with the times become reflective and fill their pages with that class of material which best meets the prevailing demand. The best college periodicals are no longer filled exclusively with dry essays upon *Beauty*, *Honor*, *Purity*, nor with lengthy treatises upon the genius of Shakspere, and Milton and other similar subjects. Papers of this nature of course are still well enough, but volumes have been written upon such subject, and the chief reason why they are now rejected by college magazines is that they rarely ever are more than superficial condensations of what the student has read elsewhere and do not, therefore, show any originality of thought or investigation on his part. We are glad, consequently, to note the partial disappearance of this class of contributions, and welcome as a healthy sign a change to a line of work in which the student has broader opportunities to show or to develop originality in both subject-matter and style.

This change of course has been in favor of the short story, of which this year has brought forth an abundant variety—good, bad and indifferent. It has recently been objected by

some editors that short stories are of no permanent value and are, therefore, worthless—an objection that would apply with equal force to some magazines not published by college students. Whether or not a story has any lasting value depends entirely upon how it is written. A college magazine, together with others, owes it to its limited number of readers to furnish them with something worth the money, but its first and chief duty is to lead in that line of work which will bring the best results to the students of whose literary life it is the representative, and in our opinion the short story, taken all in all, is the best test of the student's literary taste and his ability to execute.

A highly readable and instructive editorial appeared in an exchange of recent date showing the different peculiarities of all stories coming from different sections of the country. Magazines of southern colleges, it was pointed out, publish stories in which is to be found too much irrevalent and non-essential matter. This criticism is timely and the ARCHIVE readily acknowledges its justice. As an illustration of the truth of this friendly criticism we may cite a particular story which also appeared in an exchange of recent date. It was a story of a pair of lovers shipwrecked on a lonely island and of their accidental rescue. The latter part was told very effectively, but of the eight pages which it covered over three were taken up in a rambling introduction which had absolutely nothing to do with the story in hand, and its beauty was greatly marred thereby. The writer evidently lacked the art and ability of going at once to the essential part of his story. It is thus with the most of us who are just beginning to write—we consume space with minute and irrevalent details which ought to be deftly and slyly suggested. If it were as easy to do as it is to advise story-writing, like everything else, would be done differently, but this is a defect that can be corrected and it is well to keep it before the minds of those who are writing.

In this connection it might be well to add that too many stories are made lifeless by too much plot. A very meagre plot artfully developed and filled in with suggestions is much more effective for a short story than a heavy complicated one whose incidents are brought forward one by one in solemn procession at the expense of the style.

In order to keep up with the times and, to some extent, for idle curiosity we read over very carefully all the editorials in our exchanges for last month and out of the goodly number which composes our list at present we found only two editorials written upon any subject other than matters of purely local interest. Every one to his own tastes and opinions, but we believe that college monthlies would be more successful and instructive if their editors would occasionally express themselves upon subjects in which we all, regardless of locality, are interested. It makes a magazine more interesting to strangers to raise its opinions and ideals above local surroundings.

Literary Notes

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Ruskin is to have an authorized biography. The provisional biography by Mr. Collingwood answered its purpose well, but much was necessarily withheld from it. Among the abundant materials for a new biography is a series of letters written by Ruskin to his parents, which has never been drawn upon. The biographer has not yet been selected, but Mr. Wedderburn, Ruskin's intimate friend and pupil, may possibly undertake the task.

It is said that Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *Lying Prophets*, which was published by the Messrs. Stokes some three years ago, is to be revived in a new edition shortly. In some respects it is considered a much greater novel than *Children of the Mist;* more dramatic, stronger in human interest, and notable for one of the most compelling and sympathetic studies of womankind that recent fiction has afforded. Mr. Phillpotts has been a hard worker and has had to struggle against ill health, but in these last two novels he seems to have found his *metier*.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, *Paolo and Francesca*, is to be produced on the American stage. Mr. Phillips has also had a proposal to translate and produce it in Paris. It is said that he is to write another play which Mr. Richard Mansfield will produce in New York next fall.

The French poet and critic, M. Henri de Regnier, arrived in this country the last of February and, after a short visit to friends in New York, went to Boston and began his lectures

at Harvard University. He has planned quite an extended tour in America. Besides the series of "confessions" to be delivered at the universities of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, and Chicago, he is to lecture in San Francisco, as far north as Portland, and as far south as New Orleans.

"The author of the present day certainly has much to be thankful for when his condition is compared to that of the author of the early half of the century. In the first place masterpieces don't go begging very long, and any good bit of writing is practically certain of publication. In the second place the modern methods of pushing the sale of books have multiplied many times the money value of a piece of literary property. Thackeray, then at the height of his popularity, received one thousand pounds for *Esmond*, and was delighted with the bargain. Under the conditions of the present day the book would have been a property worth to the author fully ten times as much. And yet had these conditions prevailed *Esmond* would very likely never have been written." *The Bookman.*

After Mr. James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible* was published it was announced that he had begun work on a new novel to be entitled *The Mettle of the Pasture*, which would treat of the yeomen of old England who had planted themselves in Kentucky. But while engaged on this novel another subject which had long been in his mind pressed itself upon him so as not to be resisted. He allowed his mind to follow its bent, and began work on the novel which is to be published this month under the title, *The Reign of Law; or, A Story of the Kentucky Hempfields.* A critic who has read the story declares it to "contain by far the finest and noblest work Mr. Allen has yet done, and no whit deficient in that beauty of human passion and interest which characterizes his former work, and which has given him an accredited place with the foremost living authors."

Mr. Jacob A. Riis has written another book, *A Ten Years' War*, a sequel to *How the Other Half Lives*, and *The Children of the Poor*, telling what has, and what has not, been done toward the relief of the conditions these describe. Mr. Riis is a Dane by birth and a carpenter by trade. He came to this country when a boy eighteen years old, and worked at all sorts of jobs till he learned the language. His first work as a newspaper reporter was done on the New York *Tribune*. He has since continued in newspaper work and is now reporter at police headquarters for the *Sun*, which position he has held for ten years. He has had much to do with many of the tenement reforms in New York, and his books are the product of the untiring interest of a man who not only writes about, but strives for the improvement of the condition of the poor.

When Knighthood Was in Flower, published by The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind., has for some time been included among the six best selling books. It is an historical romance of the time of Henry VIII. dealing with the love, courtship, and marriage of Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon. The author, Mr. Charles Major, of Shelbyville, Ind., represents Edwin Caskodin, the Master of the Dance in the court of Henry VIII., as telling the story. It was a good stroke that he did this, for it throws an air of quaintness about the style of the story that draws the reader into the age in which the characters lived. Caskoden is a garrulous, clever fellow with no little humor, and he gives a zest and interest to the story that could not well be secured otherwise. King Henry VIII. figures sufficiently in the story to show himself up in his true light, and his ruling intellect, Wolsey, is drawn by a few points that suffice to show the original cardinal. Mary Tudor is the heroine, and Jane Bolingbroke her first maid, with whom Caskoden is in love. The literary style of the book is not of the highest, but the portrayal of character and the quick and lively conversation compensate for any defects in style. The author has represented to us a

set of characters in such a manner as to take them out of the statuary of the past and breathe life into them. They are real flesh and blood people. Mary Tudor is a beauty with the haughtiness of a princess, and yet the simple girl-like passions and whims characteristic of her sex. She is a genius, and her inseparable companion, Jane, is tender, truthful and sweet; to all which, especially the last, Caskoden gives his undying oath. We know of no recent book that surpasses this one in interest. It has been dramatized by Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, who, it is reported, has succeeded in pleasing both the actress, Miss Julia Marlowe, who is to play Mary Tudor, and the author. The play may be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

Editors Table

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The issue of *The University of Virginia* magazine for March is full of fiction and verse, but has nothing in the way of essays. In an editorial, the editor says that a few years ago the make-up of the magazine was the other way about, all essays and no short stories. The happy medium should be the ideal, some solid matter in the shape of essays, some fiction, and then as much good verse as the college poets and the Rhyming Dictionary can together grind out, either interspersed with the other matter or published in a special department devoted to the poetic productions. The first part of the editorial above-mentioned will probably be appreciated by the students of the University, but it is rather too boastful to please the outside readers.

The fiction of this number is espeially good—above the average. The first story, "Seventy-six," is probably the best, though it is closely pushed by "The Making of A Man." Both are cleverly conceived and well told. The tragedy is the centre of interest in the former, and the escape from tragedy of the latter. The negro dialect in "The Legend of Lover's Leap" sounds as if the writer had it more from "Nights with Uncle Remus" than from life at first hand.

The Southern University Monthly is badly lacking in its Literary department in the March number. The affirmative and negative sides of an old question are presented; these and one poem fill the Department. This magazine devotes nearly five pages to locals and so-called jokes which should be labelled

such. Of course *The Monthly* sees how this must appear to other magazines and must understand that these five pages represent nothing of literary value. We hope to see them give more space and material to the Literary Department, and if they do so at the cost of the Joke-Department the better.

In sharp contrast to the magazine whose material is largely dispersed over many Departments is a magazine like *The Columbia Lit.* or *The Inlander* which devote almost their entire space to the literary productions and disregard the minor departments. We do not favor the abolishment of the minor departments as long as they are kept minor, and think that a magazine should have them.

The Columbia Lit. is content to give us good matter in small doses. In the March number the author of "The American Qualities of Walt Whitman" shows that he has a fine sense of appreciation for American characteristics in general and especially the American qualities of Whitman. "A Matter of Belief," belongs to the modern type of story. "How We Crammed for Philosophy," is full of actual life—nobody but a college man could have written it. It is told in a flowing and attractive style.

The writer of "A Strange Inheritance," in *The Inlander* has a splendid style. The story is imaginative, and reminds us somewhat of *Amos Judd.*

"The Beginnings of English Literature," in the *William and Mary College Monthly* is of course not exhaustive, but it brings out some of the essential characteristics of the beginning of our literature and also mentions some of our earliest writers. In our opinion the "Letters from College Men" that appear in this magazine are hardly worthy to occupy space in the Literary Department. If such things are to be published, they should occupy a special and labelled department so that the innocent reader may not be imposed upon.

The Buff and Blue for March has its matter divided up and distributed in a fashion worthy to be followed by other magazines. It has good space allotted to the regular literary department, and solid material, intermixed with fiction, occupying this space. Other departments are well managed also, noticeably in this issue, the Exchange Department.

The Wake Forest Student is the most voluminous of this month's exchanges that has reached our table.

CLIPPINGS.

Oh, heart, that strivest for speech,
  Is not silence meet?
Wouldst have all sung and said—
  Wares hawked on the street?—
What were the charm of the woods,
  Without hidden dells,
When we may come unawares
  On ferns or bluebells?—
What were the spell of the sea,
  Its treasures all told?—
Their glory were less if the stars
  Did not secrets hold,—
Ever the seach for the unknown
  Spurs man to his best,—
Oh, heart, hide thy sweetest thoughts
  For a loved one's quest.

—*M. M. in The Buff and Blue.*

INSPIRATION.

My heart leaps up with an estatic thrill,
  Emboldened by a courage heaven-sent!
A potent spirit moves my will
  And leaves me filled with great intent.

—*J. B. H. in Georgetown College Journal.*

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

At this writing, a splendid revival is in progress in our college. Bro. S. B. Turrentine, the well known Presiding Elder of the Chrrlotte District, Western North Carolina Conference, is conducting the meeting in a very able and successful manner. It is safe to say that there have been eight conversions since the meeting began, a week ago tonight, March 24. The attendance on the services is good, but there are a few who have not manifested enough interest in the movement to appear at any of the services at all. The many who have attended these services in sincerity of purpose have been strengthened and very much encouraged. Those who have gone into the chapel from night to night with no purpose to reform their llves have been so impressed with the earnestness of Bro. Turrentine and the anxiety of the Christians for them that they have become interested in their own salvation. We have never seen so large a number of men get so serious and thoughtful about matters of religion wituout having been personally influenced to turn their thoughts in that direction. Some very effective personal work has been done, but the presenre in the evening services of the Holy Spirit has wrought the good work. It is not known at present how long the revival will continue. If the interest justifies, it will probably run on well into next week.

The pastors of the churches in the city, have on several occasions, encouraged us by their presence and fervant prayers for the triumph of the meeting.

Mr. Knebel, our State Secretary, is on the Park greeting his friends and co-laborers. For one thing he is here to ascertain what kind of a delegation our Association proposes to send to the Convention, which convenes in Greensboro, April 5. We hope to send twelve men, and the prospects are bright that our hope will be realized.

* * *

At a business meeting of the Association, March 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. D. D. Peel; Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Brown; Treasurer, Mr. J. C. Blanchard; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. M. Ormand; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. W. A. Bivins.

Those who are acquainted with these men need no assurance in words that the Association has fallen into good hands.

* * *

Mr. J. E. Holden spoke before the Association Sunday, afternoon, March 11, on "Paul's Conception of Salvation by Faith." Mr. Holden handled his subject in an earnest, clear manner, and there can be no doubt that he helped his hearers to get a better conception of what Faith means.

* * *

"How good is man's life, the meare living! how fit to employ,
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever enjoy!"
—*Robert Browning.*

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Meetings of the month: March 3, Current Topics Club at which the English-Boer was discussed by Messrs. Flowers, J. M. and Stewart, S. A., Flowers the English, Stewart the Boer side. Both these powers seemed to be right when the speakers were through. March 10, Science Club: Mr. M. L. Hendren read a paper on The Transmission of Power, and Dr. Hamaker discussed the Germ Theory of Disease. March 31, Dr. Few, delivered the sixth of the Faculty Lectures, on Education in the South. In connection with the lecture a number of relics were presented by the Historical Society to the Museum.

Last year the Hesperian Society, finding that the inter-society debate created unnecessary rivalry and disturbed the spirit of brotherhood in the student body, decided that they did more harm than good and so were no longer desirable. This year the Columbian Society presented a challenge which the Hesperian, in same spirit of previous year, declined. Thereupon the Columbian decided to give a public debate through their own Society. This will be given April 27, at Conservator of Music, Durham. The orators for the occasion are Messrs. S. A. Stewart and J. M. Culbreth. Query: Resolved that England has not been unjust with her war with the Boers. Affiirmative by Messrs. W. A. Bivins and F. S. Carden. Negative by Messrs. E. W. Cranford and M. C. Guthrie. These are all good men and will make things lively.

Base ball is "all the go" now. The Managers are very hopeful of a successful season from present prospects. The team is not yet fully organized but has begun to play. First game was with Horner School, March 23, resulting in 8 to 0 in favor of Horner. Next was March 29, and 30, with Lafayette, 6 to 4, firsd day in favor of Trinity, 10 to 3 next day in favor of Lafayette. Following is the program for the season:

March 23, Horner School, at Durham.
March 29 and 30, Lafayette, at Durham.
April 3, Cornell, at Durham.
April 7, Wake Forest, at Durham.
April 10, Horner School, at Durham.
April 13, Lehigh, at Durham.
April 14, University of Tennesee, at Durham.
May 2, University of Maryland, at Durham.

Game with Bingham School, Oak Ridge, Guilford, Agricultural and Mechanical College, and another with Wake Forest will be arranged, also Northern trip, on which Norfolk, U. S. Naval Academy, University of Maryland, Georgetown and University of Virginia will be played.

Mr. D. W. Newsom leaves us, April 6. He goes to take a position as stenographer for the Controller of Customs, in Havannah, Cuba. His salary will be $1,600.00 per year. Mr. W. H. Adams will take his place here. No one on Trinity Park is more highly esteemed than Mr. Newsom. We all love him. And it does not seem to be an exaggeration to say that no student has ever gone through Trinity College with less reproach and criticism, both on the part of faculty and student body than he has. We shall miss him, for no one else can take his place in the life of the student body.

Mr. Luther Carlton is practicing law at Roxboro. His firm is Merritt & Carlton.

Mr. P. Stewart, '94, is now in charge of the Monroe High School, which, through his influence, will become a graded school.

Mr. Dowlas, who left college in '98, is in Hornersville, Missouri, preaching.

Dr. Kilgo's house will soon be completed.

The young historian, Master Bassett, is growing.

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MAY, 1900.

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All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication

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R. P. READE, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

A STORY OF KIPLING.

BY ISABEL ELIAS.

Kipling stands foremost among English writers of to-day, not as a college bred man who has us to "sit at wine with maiden's Nine, and the Gods of the Elder days," but as the observer and portrayer of "things as they are." He was born in India, "between the palms and the sea, where the world-end steamers wait," but, instead of spending long years studying the classic models in literature, he has lived among men, observing them with a keenness of scrutiny that has never been equalled. Yet his present eminence in the literary world has not been reached at a single bound. Ten years ago the name of Rudyard Kipling was unknown in England or America.

In British India, where he had worked on the editorial staff of two newspapers, he had made a reputation for himself by his satirical poems and short stories, and with the publication of his "Plain Tales from the Hills" in 1888 came fame, but fame that did not extend beyond Anglo-India. His stories were readable and entertaining, marked by touches of humor and a good deal of cleverness, but marred by the crudeness natural to a young writer. At this time he had absorbed those impressions of India and her people that later on were to give him world-wide fame as a painter of the East. In 1889 he was sent out by the Pioneer for which he wrote those piquant letters of travel, since published under the title of "From Sea to Sea," and after seeing many people and places he landed in England. There his struggle for literary recognition began, and so successfully did he fight his way that to-day his fame is international.

He has been in England, America, India, Australia, South Africa, China, Japan and many islands of the sea, and, what is more important, he seems able to portray life in any country where he has been or has not been, with marvelous accuracy and precision. Whether it is life in the Jungles of India or a Chinese opium den, in the far North among the Esquimaux, or the East end of London, along the Newfoundland Banks or in mid-ocean, he seems equally at home and able to picture the scenes most vividly for his readers.

As in countries, so in people his range is great. The tricky fawning natives of India who addresses the white man with such appellations as the "Heavenborn," "Protector of the Poor," and other flattering names, the Anglo-Indian society people, the Gloucester fisherman, the California millionaire and Tommy Atkins of the barrack room, all seem equally well known to Kipling. He does not make that minute analysis of the mind and heart so essential to the modern novel, but in his stories he

describes men of every nationality, children, animals, engines, "the livest things that man ever made," and ships that find themselves; all in a way that makes the reader marvel at the author's universality.

Whether his scene is laid on board a ship or in an engine room, he brings his vast amount of special knowledge to his aid until his technical terms are often a burden to the lay reader, who knows little or nothing about the component parts of a vessel or an iron horse, while Kipling knows the name of everything on any sort of craft, from a fishing schooner or a Greek galley up to an Atlantic liner, and is never guilty of "miscallin' technicalities" about an engine. It has been said of him that he knows every dialect under heaven, and we believe it when we remember the strong local color given his stories by the language his charactures use. His Irish never drop their brogue for an instant, his typical English are *so English you know*, while his people from the lower classes are always true to their own peculiar vernacular.

Kipling's style combines force and precision. Description is his strong point as characterization is his weak one, and while drawing the thing as he sees it the reader is made to see it as the writer did. He is a world painter who excels in shading, yet his discriptive words are often of his own coinage. Many of the most effective terms can be found in no dictionary, but still they make the picture doubly vivid and clear cut, as he has the happy faculty of using the right word at the right place. Brevity is one of his characteristics and in one sentence he can give a comprehensive view of the situation, as when he says in "The Three-Decker,"

> "I left 'em all in couples akissing on the decks,
> I left the lovers loving and the parents singing checks."

After Mulvaney's remarking that the Colonel's daughter was "wan av thim lamblike, bleatin', pick-me-up-and-carry-me-or-I'll-die-girls, such as was made for the natural prey

av men like the Capt'n," we need no further description of the heroine of the story. This stringing words together is a device much used by Kipling.

He tells of a place in such a way that the sights, sounds and smells of it are in our eyes, ears and nostrels, whether it is on the ocean with the salt spray dashing in our faces or the languor and enervation of a night in India in midsummer. This power Kipling possesses in an unusual degree and it seems due to his wonderful accuracy; not a detail escapes his keen eyes. He sees "the blue in the white of the mist, the violet that is in gray palings and all things else as they are,—not of one hue, but a thousand." Whether he uses delicate or gorgeous colors in a scene the completed whole is exact, strong, vital and full of movement, so that accuracy, force power, and motion may be said to be the characteristics of his style. In his literary career up to this time, short stories have been his specialty, "The Light that Failed," "The Naulahka," which was written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier, "Captains Courageous" and "Starkey and Co." being his only novels or rather short stories writ large." Although he has written so many short stories his inventiveness and originality seem never to have been taxed, so that we never find one story a repetition of the plot of another.

No geographies, histories nor books of travel have ever given us those lifelike pictures of the Orient that Kipling has placed before our eyes in his stories. He has made us feel the heart of the City of Dreadful Night, when the people escape to the roofs or out of doors, vainly seeking rest; where the moonlight shows us "a splash of glittering silver" as a jar of water is poured over some fevered body. With him we hear the Muezzin's call to prayers and see the men on the roof-tops beginning to kneel. We wait till the dawn wind rises and hear the whisper and then the hum of the waking city and see one, who had died of heat during the night, borne down to the burning-ghat.

It is Kipling who has shown us through old Hindu temples, dead cities of tumbling stone and the intricate windings of Oriental palaces where watchings eyes, behind screens of marble tracery, are felt rather than seen. The native with his superstitions, falseness, deceit, flattery and neverfailing revenge is presented to us, as are the shallow society people of Simla, who figure in "Under the Deodars" with the clever Mrs. Hankshee, who has always a large following of men. Married women rather than single, and often the women of forty-nine instead of the girl of seventeen receive the homage given the sex in Kiplings stories. He has been justly criticised for giving only the worst and never the best phases of Simla society. Then there are the government officials, who do their work faithfully, swearing freely the while, and are never men whom we can wholly admire nor entirely condemn. Another type, for Kiplings people are usually more typical than individual, is the man who enjoys the devotion of a native girl for a time, and then goes home and has a lovely church wedding with some sweet English girl. In India as well as elsewhere he introduces us to different grades of society until we have met them all, priest, leper, sailors, servants and native women, army officials striving for promotion, and the English born dames and damsels.

Kipling has taken the common soldier from the rank and file and interested us in the man who drops his h's, but endures the discomforts of camp and protects with his life the dominions of the Widow at Windsor. "Soldiers Three" are always interesting, particularly Mulvaney with his Irish brogue and wit, and the pathos of a life spent in the ranks because an overpowering love of drink kept him from rising. His adventures are sometimes too marvelous for belief, such as his impersonation of a god in "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," and his conquering the elephant with no knowledge of the training or management of those animals; but his comical speeches and ready wit

—for he has beyond a doubt the gift of tongue—as well as his sadder moods always hold the reader. His chosen comrades, Œtheris, the little London cockney, Learoid, the big blundering man from the northern part of England, do not interest us so much.

"The Light that Failed," which is one of Kipling's earlier works, contains some very fine descriptions. An effective Eastern scene is the one of evening when "the night-wind gets up, and the sands move, and you hear the desert outside the city singing 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" and everything is dark till the moon rises." The story is interesting throughout, but the characterization is not strong. Dick Heldar with his life in India, love of the sea and views on art reminds us of Kipling, but Dick like the young author who created him, needed to grow broader, saner and more sympathetic. Maisie was a woman who wished to accomplish something in the world instead of making love her whole existence, but, like Kate in "The Naulahka," her work came to naught.

It is in the Jungle Books that Kipling is most artistic. In these he leaves "the man-stifled town" and lays his scenes in the Jungles where Mowgli, who is the natural man much idealized, lives with the wolves and Baloo, the brown bear, and Bagheera, the black panther, and the other animals of the Jungle, learning their laws and languages. Although he is their "Little Brother" and "we be of one blood though and I," they say, yet man among the animals, living their life, hunting in the heart of the woods, swimming in the cool streams, is still superior to them; they cannot meet his eye. The place where Mowgli cries for the first time, which makes his companions realize that he is indeed not one of them, is inimitably told. There is a pathos, a tenderness, a delicacy of touch that could only be put there by the hand of an artist. As the man's nature develops, the purely animal pleasures, the delicious smells of spring, the flowers, the

intoxicating water, the life of bodily activity all cease to satisfy him, and very sorrowfully man leaves the Jungle and goes back to man. This lesson of life is given with a *naivete* and *grace* that make it exceptionally fine.

In "Captains Courageous," which is one of Kipling's comparatively late books, as it came out in 1897, the descriptions of the sea and life on the boat are so vivid that the reader, as well as Harvey Cheyne, spends the time with the crew of the We're Here, fishing along the Banks. The writer's graphic powers, however, are just as great when he tells how the millionaire and his wife "brushed the continent behind them," making the run from California to Boston.

Concerning stories like "007" and "The Ship that Found Herself" where engines and the different parts of a ship talk, using a great deal of technical jargon to the confusion of the uninitiated, critics are inclined to quote Kipling and say : "It's clever, but is it art?" Perhaps it is not artistic to use so many terms, such as garboard-stakes, link-heads and crank-throws that are well nigh incomprehensible to the average reader, but we nevertheless admire the cleverness of a writer who can talk so familiarly about these things.

In stories like "The Walking Delegate," not wolves in sheep's clothing, but the foibles of men in the bodies of animals appear. Kipling here very cleverly touches a note which is found in Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale of the Cock and Hen;" and so often does the spirit of other centuries rest upon him that he seems a man of all times. Probably not for all time, however, as he is apt to share the common fate

> "Some of him lived but the most of him died
> (Even as you and I !)"

Kipling is as distinctly the founder of a new school of poetry as Wordsworth was. Just as Wordsworth represents the revolt against the glitter, polish and emptiness

of the eighteenth century poetry and return to nature, so Kipling turns away from the subjectiveism of the nineteenth century to objectiveism, from himself to other men. Then he has succeeded in what would seem to be the impossible. He has made the barrack room vernacular poetic. No subjects seem too prosaic for this poet to immortalize and he has shown by his range in this field that he spoke his own experience in L'Enovoi to "Life's Handicap:" "It is enough that through thy grace I saw naught common on Thy earth." He has written satirical Departmental Ditties that treat of Indian official life. Then he has produced verses that have the ring of the old English ballads. He has sung poems of patriotism from a "Song of the English" to "The Absent Minded Beggar," while politics have played an important part in his "nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays." "Barrack Room Ballads" where Tommy Atkins appears again, and "McAndrew's Hymn," the song of steam and the steam-engine, are themes on which he has written much in prose and verse. In "To the True Romance" the striving after the ideal is given as the aim of the artist and the keynote of all literature, while an unusually reverential tone pervades the whole. There is a movement about the metre of Kipling's verse that is fascinating. In "Recessional" there is a reserve, an abscence of ornamentation, and spiritual touch that is lacking in much of his poetry, and even the critics admit that for this once Kipling has "attained the 'nobly plain manner' of the highest poetry."

His religion is more Hebraic than Christian. He forgets that "God is Love" and does his Day's Work for "the Master of All Good Workmen," the "Great Overseer," "Jehovah of the Thunders, Lord God of Battes," "the God of might," of whom he says "in deeds, in deeds is His delight." He believes most fervently that "faith without works is dead" and his creed is purely a doctrine of duty and work. Tomlinson, who craves admission at both

Heaven and Hell, was refused entrance at either place because he could not answer the query "what ha ye done?" There is always some good in Kipling's sinners and a little of the sinner in all his saints. He has little admiration for the people who attend Wesleyan chapels and have a settled form of religion, but his heart goes out to the man who, with an oath on his lips, does his duty unflinchingly. His religion is for "neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men."

Kipling's attitude towards women is always that of a superior towards an inferior. He is boon companion with men who do things, but he seems to underestimate woman's work in the world. He is fonder of painting her weak points than her strong ones, instead of giving both in a just proportion as he does in his portraits of men. He seems to think marriage is her only successful vocation, and yet "The Gadsbys" is a brilliant satire on the matrimonial state. To leave no doubt as to the moral of his tale he appends some verses to it, which bear the refrain "he travels the fastest who travels alone."

Criticize Kipling as much as we may, still we must admit his charm and grant him master of the short story and a poet. His writings are far the most part wholesome and he shows the dignity and worth that may characterize human action whether it be that of a "duke's son, cook's, son of a hundred kings." His ideal man is the one who "had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die." As the satirical young Kipling passes into the more sympathetic man of later years striving to attain to his ideals, his "help me to need no aid from men that I may help such men as need" comes like a prophecy of what his place will be in the world of letters.

ABRAM'S CONVERSATION.

BY W. X. Y.

"Now den, Sary, cook some bread an' be in a hurry 'bout it too fer I'm hongry." With these words Old Abram burst into his little log hut late one night and threw a bag of meal at the feet of his wife. The last assertion the old negro made was unnecessary. Sarah was fully aware of the fact and the haggard expression on his face deepened her conviction.

"I'm hongry too," said she hastily obeying her husband's command. Old Abram threw himself upon the floor, almost exhausted and looked around for something to quarrel about while supper was being prepared. He had had little success that day. Early in the morning he had left home after having divided the last crust of bread with his wife and set off as he often did to put his case before the charitable people of the community and beg their assistance. His pleadings were generally met with a liberal response—so liberal in fact, that the old darky found the liberality of the community a much more abundant and and certainly a much more satisfactory source of provisions than his own labor. And so it happened that when he started home on this particular morning, in spite of his narrow circumstances, his heart was hopeful. But it was soon saddened. As man after man was approached with no success, and time after time his miserable condition was described, each time more and more wretched, he began to lose hope. The people had responded to his calls for help so many times, only to see him spend his days in winter sleeping on his hearth and rolling in his sunny yard in summer, that they were becoming tired of his manner of procedure and were determined to force him to apply himself to some vocation.

Old Abram looked at the situation from a different point of view. He saw no reason why a man should enjoy all

the comforts of life and possibly some of the luxuries while his fellow creatures was suffering for bread. As he dragged himself along that day, tears came trickling down his dark cheeks, when he thought of the cruelty of his neighbors who seemed determined that he should perish of hunger. In his utter dejection, the old darky never thought of the possibility of thwarting their purpose, but he must yield as helpless as a lamb at the slaughter. How he wished he were rich? He would never refuse a beggar but would invite them to a feast occasionally.

After the long weary hours of the day had passed without bringing one thing, not even a dinner, to the beggar and darkness had come on, he succeeded in touching the heart of a benevolent citizen who gave him a peck of meal on condition that Abram would never trouble him again. And that is why it was possible for the old negro and his wife to have supper the night of which I write—to be more definite, that on which the Charleston earthquake occurred.

"Who gi' you dis meal? ventured Sarah as soon she dared to interrupt the mutterings of her husband who could find nothing to suit him in his condition of mind.

"Look out, Sary, de bread's burnin'! What's de use o'my bringin' some'n' t'eat home fer you to burn up?" cried Abram paying no attention to her question.

"I axed you who gi' you dis meal," and his wife knelt before the fireplace to turn the bread, showing in the tone of her voice that she too was hungry and care-worn.

"Don't ax me so many questions," returned Abram, "but I got de meal f'om Mastah Benjemin Johnson, if dat'll do yer any good."

"Ben, Ben, call'in Ben, dat's 'is name."

"Not so, it's Benjemin."

"You's a lie."

Old Abram sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing fire and

struck his wife with the poker, crying, "Hush when I tell you!"

"I'll not do it," cried Sarah, emphasizing her statement with a spider that flew across the room and lit upon her husband's head. Old Abram staggered beneath the blow, but soon recovered and, springing towards his wife like a frantic beast, began to pound her violently with his fist and finally hanging his fingers in her knotty hair settled down to a steady pull. She instinctively grabbed for his, but, alas! he had none.

By this time the shrieks and frightful yells of the combatants had aroused their neighbors, who knew immediately that there was a discord in the conjugal relations of Old Abram and his wife. Now, as they had done on many previous occasions, all came running to restore peace and amity. In the number was Parson Jones whose calmness peculiarly fitted him for peace making. He had won the entire confidence of both Abram and Sarah and consequently was always bold to take the initiative in ending their strife.

As they rushed upon the scene of action, the rickety old hut trembled with its struggling inmates. They burst the door open and there stood Old Abram and his wife, locked in an embrace, anything but loving. "What's dis fuss 'bout?" shouted the parson.

Upon hearing the voice of Jones, they loosed their hold upon each other and each, truly ignorant of the answer to his question, tried to enlist his sympathy by being the first to speak. But in spite of Abram's efforts Sarah, true to the nature of her sex, succeeded in the attempt and called out, "Looky heah whar he hit me wid de poker."

"Don't kyer," shouted Abram, "look at dis lump on my head big as a goose aig dat she made wid a griddle."

"Come now, I would'n' be a-fight'n'" said Jones.

"Yeah yo' would ef you had to lib wid Sary."

"Well p'raps I would, but ———." Let the dash represent a stick that Sarah hit the parson's head with.

"O, sistah!" screamed Jones, "you's not to blame. It's him. Now ———." Another stick that Abram used for the same purpose.

"Oh! my head, my head! Come, bredren an' help sep'rate 'em," cried Jones, meaning of course to ask them to save him from any further maltreatment. This appeal aroused the "bredren" to a sense of duty and they come trembling to the preacher's rescue. Abram was placed after much struggling in the back end of the room, which, by the way, was the only one in the house, and Sarah at the other end. "Law," she cried, "de bread's er burnin' again." At this the quarrel began with new vigor. Man and wife separated by the length of the house with a number of men walking like sentinels between them, in spite of the remonstrances of Jones, exchanged words frightful to hear. The quarrel grew warmer and warmer. They were sorry of having ever seen each other. Most of all they regretted having married. "I nebbah would 'a' had you nohow," cried Sarah, "ef you had'n' said you's gwine to buy a hoss an' buggy an' you ain't nebah done it."

"Well," returned Abram, "I jes' tuk you 'cause your sistah Sal said I couldn' git you an' I wuz gwine ter show 'er I could ef I wanted ter."

"Come, come," said Jones.

"Well you wouldn' 'a' got me ef you had'n' 'a' lied 'bout dat hoss an' buggy," said Sarah intimating that her sister was right. This statement seemed to throw Abram into a more thoughtful mood.

"Dat's a fac'," said he at last, "I did lie ter git 'er. An' I tell you now, Pa'son, dat lie's done me mo' harm dan any I ebah tole. I nebah knowd a lie wuz so harmful befo'. I's gwine ter quit tellin' 'em."

"Dat's right," said Jones.

"Yo' cain't beg widout lyin'," cried Sarah.

"I'd ruder go an' wurk dan tell anuther lie lack de one

I told to git you. Yes sah;'' addressing Jones, ''I sweah right heah I'll nebah tell another lie while I—What's dat?'' The few dishes, heaped upon the table began to rattle and frightened Old Abram from his oath. The hut was trembling. The inmates stood in blank astonishment for a moment. The roof was cracking and swinging back and forth over their heads, and the motion of the floor threatened to throw them from their feet. The panic-stricken negroes rushed from the house. ''See what yo' done, Abram,'' cried Sarah as she sprang through the window by the fireplace which offered the quickest exit.

In her haste she fell upon and knocked down the prop that supported the old clay chimney. She glanced up. The structure was tottering above her. There was no time to lose. She had no time to stand up even if she could have stood. The only means of escape that appeared to her was to roll as quickly as possible away. This she did and escaped. Once started the decline of the hill, on which the house was situated, and the motion of the earth, which was now quaking violently, sent her whirling with wonderful rapidity, now rolling, now turning somersaults, now touching the earth, now bounding a yard or more over a root, to the foot of the hill fifty yards away.

When at last she came to a stop and while she was lying half conscious expecting, as a fitting sequel to what had already happened, that the earth would open beneath her and swallow her up, the men who had escaped from the fated building by the door came staggering, praying, falling towards her. Above the hubbub of his friend's, voices could be heard an occasional ''amen'' from the parson. He alone seemed to show a little calm and self-possession. He was satisfied he would hear the first trumpet. He was a peace-maker—almost a martyr to peace. As he left the falling hut. he took his Bible, and was now thinking of how noble he would look before the great white throne with the ''Old Book'' under his arm.

"Sa-a-a-ry, O, Sary," sobbed Old Abram who was not disposed to be summoned to give an account of his worthless life with the condemnation of the recent combat resting so heavily upon him.

"What, Abram?" murmured his wife, several yards away.

"It's Judgemint!"

"Is it? O, Lawd!" sobbed Sarah, "I done'n' saw de stars er fallin' when I wuz er comin' down dat hill."

In his eagerness to get to his wife and apologize for his part of the recent fight, Abram forgot there was an old well, filled to about four feet of the top, between them and fell with a thud to the bottom of it. Then for the first time in the old negro's life he resisted the temptation to swear. Down came Jones on him and stopped the half uttered prayer in Abram's mouth.

"Oh, my Bible! my Bible!" shouted the parson, "I drapt my Bible. How can I 'pear up yander widout my Bible?"

"Come heah, Sary," cried Abram in despondency. She obeyed her husband, without raising objection, for the first time, entirely ignorant of why he couldn't come to her and of the cause of these new cries of Jones. She came rolling and crawling and in her turn was added to the mass of humanity in the old well. As her weight fell upon Jones, there was a momentary cessation in his cries for his Bible and a grunt that with the increased pressure announced to Abram that Sarah was present.

"O, Sary," he began hardly able to utter a word beneath the great mass he was supporting, much less speak loud enough to be heard above the Biblical cries of the parson, "I am mighty sorry 'bout hittin' you wid dat stick; did it hurt?"

"No," was the answer, "did I hurt you?"

"O, no, Sary, it just felt good," replied Old Abram much pleased to find his apology so quickly accepted.

"Dat's good cried Jones, "O my Bible. I want my Bible. I 'spec' de fust trumpet's done'n' blowed. O, my Bible, my Bible."

Abram and his wife were now relieved from the anxiety caused by the latest fight and all except the parson were engaged in earnest prayer. Some asking rocks and mountains to fall on them "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." At last the disturbance was all over. No one had heard a trumpet and they could not at first decide whether it was the final day and they had been forgotten, or the terrible disturbance had been sent to impress Old Abram with the importance and strength of his oath. Viewing matters in this light, the old man solemnly declared, "ef de far don't come ter rectly to bu'n up dis worl', I'm gwine to stick ter my wo'd. But, Sary, we ain't had no suppah yit," he added. They climbed out of the well and the whole party set off towards the house which was now almost completely destroyed. To-day on the same site is a neat little cottage with a yard filled with flowers where Old Abram and Sarah live happily together.

MATHEW ARNOLD'S CONCEPTION OF CULTURE.

BY M. B. C.

The popular conception of Mathew Arnold, the son of Dr. Arnold, the great headmaster of Rugby, is that "he was a high priest of the kid glove persuasion," an insincere man of the world, a destructive critic of the Bible and lastly a kind of literary fop, idling his time away on poetry and "recommending culture" as the sovereignest thing in the world for the inward bruises of the spirit. Perhaps no man has been more misjudged than Arnold—the fact is he was a man preeminently gentle, generous and enduring and had a courage and fortitude that were indeed admirable. Nature had given him a sunny temper and quick sympathy and self-denial was the law of his life. Perhaps he was never so happy as when doing some kindness to a little child, an overworked school mistress or a struggling author. He was one of the most self-sacrificingly laborious men of his time. Qualified by nature and training for the highest honors which this world can give, he spent his life in a long round of unremunerative drudgery—working often beyond his strength. Surely no one can read his letters without being impressed with the tendernes and earnestness of the man's nature—nor no one read his more significant poems such as Rugby Chapel and The Buried Life in which he has embodied the deepest longings of his own soul and still hold to the popular belief concerning him. Arnold's varied energy and highly trained intelligence have been felt in many different fields. In his work as a literary critic Arnold has occupied a high place among the foremost prose writers of his time. His style is in marked contrast to the strong imaginative style of Carlyle or to Ruskin's pure and radiant coloring. It is a quiet style—restrained, clear, discriminating with little glow of ardor or passion. By his insistence on a high standard of technical excellence and by his admirable presentation of

certain principles of literary judgment Arnold performed a great work for literature.

Through a long period of years he worked diligently, wearisomely and in minutely practical ways to better the educational stystem of England, he was persistently striving both to spread sounder ideals of elementary education and to make more effective the system actually in vogue, and thus unpretentiously and laboriously, he was serving the cause of Sweetnes and Light, as well as through his contributions to literature and in addition to all this work Arnold won for himself a peculiar and honorable position in the poetry of this century, and perhaps it is in the exquisitely refined and delicate beauty of his poetry that he means most to us.

It would be interesting to discuss Arnold as literary critic, as he has labored in the cause of education or as a poet but that is not the purpose of this study, we want especially to consider him as an apostle of *culture*. We may best understand Arnold's conception of culture if we consider life as he did, made up of four elements, namely the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty and the power of social life and manners—only in the union of all these characteristics did Arnold find the real meaning of life, only in the combination of these qualities do you get the symmetry of life the totality of man in the *harmonious* development of all his characteristics, it was for this that Arnold preeminently stood.

Arnold saw in Hebraism and Puritanism the best expression that the world had of right conduct. He saw in Greek art and literature the most perfect expression of beauty. In the French he found the social manners and in science the best expression of intellectual development, but the man that Arnold was continually holding up before the English people, as his ideal was the one who combined all these characteristics well proportioned, the symmetrical type. The

Puritans possessed the power of conduct and Arnold admitted that was three-fourths of life, but they lacked the power of beauty. The Puritan looked out upon life with a narrow view and recognized only a few of its varied interests and provided for the needs of only a part of man's nature. To Arnold the Puritans' view of life seemed sadly mistaken and the man who held it a fantastic distortion of the authentic human type, the absurdities and dangers of the unrestricted. Hebraistic ideal, he satirizes in his Culture and Anarchy, in Literature and Dogma. Still another kind of deformity arises when the intellect grows self-assertive and develops overweeningly. To this kind of distortion the modern man of Science is specially prone, his exclusive study of material facts leads to crude unregenerate strength of intellect and leaves him careless of the value truth may have for the spirit and of its glimmering suggestions of beauty. Over intellectuality like the overdevelopment of any other power leads to disproportion and disorder. These are some of the partial ideals against which Arnold warns his readers.

We want to develop the power of conduct, we want to develop the power of beauty, but only in proportion to the other characteristics that go to make up the perfect human type. Carlyle with his Hebraistic tendencies spoke with much greater force of the power of conduct than Arnold and Ruskin with his innate sense of the beautiful, spoke more forcibly of the power of art upon human life. Huxley and Spenser represented better than he the supremacy of the intellect but Mathew Arnold's distinctive contribution to modern thought more than any of these men is that he saw life steadily and saw it whole. Each one of these men was more or less narrow or one-sided in their conception of life, but Mathew Arnold plead earnestly for the harmonious development the symmetry of character. It has often been said that Arnold, Keats and Landor have more of the Greek conception and ideals than any of the

nineteenth century writers. This is true, but with an essential and far-reaching difference. The political and social questions of the time had little effect on Keats and Landor, unlike Wordsworth, Byron and Shelly, the stories of the French Revolution and the needs of their own countrymen seemingly did not touch them. Instead of meeting the questions at issue, they took refuge in the old Greek civilization and especially in its conception of beauty. The æsthetic ideals of the ancient Greeks appealed strongly to these men, and thus they reveled in this beautiful yet one-sided view of life. While Arnold was keenly alive to the Greek idea of beauty—yet it was not the one that most influenced him. The Greek conception of symmetry, proportion, poise, that what he loved and tried to make life. He was not satisfied with reveling in the charms of Greek ideals but labored to meet the needs of his countrymen by applying to modern life this Greek idea of symmetry. This symmetry that the Greeks so loved Arnold would apply to the character of the cultured man. The cultured man then must not be a fanatic on the subject of conduct, nor entirely give over to intellectuality, nor a one-sided devotee of æsthetism, nor a slave to social manners but one in whom the four elements, conduct, knowledge, beauty and social manners are unobtrusively blended.

THE RED SHIRTS.

BY J. PEELE.

In order that you may understand this paper, or at least what I shall say about the Red Shirts, it is necessary for you to bear with me while I recount, very briefly, a little of the political history of our State.

In 1876, under the leadership of Vance, the Democratic party of North Carolina got control of the State government for the first time after the Civil War. This control she held almost undisputed till the rise of the Populist party in 1892–'94. It is necessary that we look for a moment at the rise of this party.

As a result of unfavorable conditions we, fortunately or unfortunately, have never succeeded in building up much of an aristocracy in our State, yet we got enough of the aristocratic spirit to be a cause of a split in the once powerful Democratic party, resulting in its overwhelming defeat in 1896. For it was but natural that the aristocratic and Democratic elements should at some time contend for supremacy. This contention came and the results, as returned, showed a triumph for the element of the kid glove pursuasion; whereupon, the other faction, feeling that it had been unfairly dealt with, gradually withdrew, and finally became known as Populists. So you will readily see that these Populists came almost exclusively from the Democratic ranks, thereby weakening the party considerably, and allowing me to call them "truant" Democrats, if I choose. Under these circumstances it was but natural that the one uppermost desire of the Populist organization was to see the State government taken from the hands of the Democratic party, which seemed to be more odious to them than their life-time enemies—the Republicans. So in their haste and wild impatience they forgot that the Republican party, as constituted in Eastern North Carolina, is composed to a very great extent of

negroes, that if by any means the Republicans should ever come to power again the negroes would of necessity be put in office, they forgot these things and hit upon the plan of "fusing" with the Republicans in order to turn the Democrats out of office. This combination swept the State in 1896 by about 40,000 majority, electing D. L. Russell Governor of the State.

Thus you will not be surprised when I tell you that at the opening of the campaign of 1898 it took a radically sanguine Democrat to predict anything but failure for the party as a result of the campaign; for to overcome an adverse majority of 40,000 votes is no easy job, especially in political North Carolina. It was plain to the thinking element of the party that the forces of the opposition must be divided if anything like a victory was to be achieved.

The negro cry was raised all over the State, not without some show of cause, for in places he had become very offensive. Different sections of the country adopted different methods of campaigning. The leading Democrats of our community, remembering the good results of the Red Shirt processions in South Carolina in 1876, inaugurated a red shirt movement of their own. One of our best and most conservative citizens, the leading merchant of his town, and a tireless friend of education, donned the first negro-terrifying garment worn during the campaign. After him one by one the citizens put on red shirts till in a few days the red shirt fever was sweeping everything before it. Wives made them for their husbands, mothers for their sons, unless the son happened to be one of the chosen, and then Betsey Anne or Sallie Jane enjoyed the much coveted distinction. The shirts worn were of one of two styles. A plain red shirt, worn with a solid white standing collar, white cuffs, and a blue four-in-hand tie, or red shirts trimmed with blue and white braids. In both cases the object being to represent the national colors.

When enough people had put on these shirts to form a procession they began to march about over the country, and as a rule, any man who refused to "do in Rome as Rome did," was looked upon as a sympathizer with the opposition, and was denied the appellation "white man." The enthusiasm among the whites over the red shirts soon became so great that the whites were once more almost solidly allied with one party. It only remained then to see what could be done with the negroes. They were offered red shirts, but only one or two would have anything to do with the despised garments, and they remained under the close protection of the white folks. The only thing left to be done now was intimidate the negroes. This they proceeded to do in as mild way as possible. Their workings were simple and as a rule of a very mild and conservative character. The consisted in marching through the country, freightening the negroes, and, as I have intimated, by creating enthusiasm among the whites, re-uniting them once more.

Some white men were approached in regard to their political views, great processions marched through negro-ridden districts with the ostensible purpose of frightening them, and thereby causing them to be conspicuous by their absence at the polls on election day. In a few instances bands of red shirts would call out what were known as "big talking" or "impudent" negroes, and ere they were allowed to go somebody's buggy trace was considerably worsted, not to mention other damages.

Red Shirt rallies and processions were held at Laurinburg, Fayetteville, Rockingham, and Wilmington, the majority of red shirters at Wilmington being from a distance. At the Laurinburg "rally" men of almost every vocation wore the famous garments. The bills and papers announcing the time of the procession said there would be 500 cannon and 1,000 red shirters in the parade. By 10 o'clock a. m. enough men had assembled to make a pro-

cession two miles long, and they at once swung around through the country notifying the negroes of their presence. They would go by cottonfields, give a few yells, and then assemble at a cross-roads for a few moments, making a terrible sight in the eyes of the anxiously gazing negroes. Negro huts were visited, marched around, a few yells given, and then left in the quiet possession of their uneasy occupants. The majority in this procession were on horseback, some without saddles, yet bicycles and ox-carts bore many of the distinguished gentlemen.

After a few hours' march they returned to town and assembled in front of one of the leading churches to hear the speech of the orator of the day, Mr. Claude Kitchin, of Halifax county. The applause with which the speech was received was made all the more intense by the occasional roar of "Little Zeb," a cannon named after Senator Vance. The climax of the day was reached in the afternoon march, which was through that section of the town inhabited exclusively by the blacks. Here the yells were louder and more frequent, and a large banner labeled "White Supremacy" was dangled in the curious and anxious faces of the throngs of negroes who gathered at the doors and windows of their huts, and watched the terrible crowd pass by.

The processions at Fayetteville and Rockingham were much like the one just described, while the one at Wilmington was in no way connected with its riot. The Wilmington movement was really a business man's movement and almost independent of politics,—men did act without regard to partisan politics. What Wilmington did was done in self-defense; whether she acted in the best possible way will long be an unsettled question.

The red shirts were in Wilmington for only one day and their actions were much the same as at other places, except they were a little more open in their intentions to intimidate the negroes. On reaching the outskirts of town,

the procession flourished and discharged revolvers in a perfect fusillade. The air was blue with smoke, and the rapidly echoing shots reminded one of the fourth of July.

The red shirters attended the Democratic speakings of the community to "whoop it up," and then attended the fusion speakings to hear what was said and keep others from "whooping it up." Negro churches were visited, for it happens to be a fact of much renown that a negro's religion and politics are close akin. On one occasion a band of red shirters visited a church during services; they walked in without saying a word, sat down, and all at once the preacher concluded the services, whereupon the negroes seemed to try to see who could make the first escape from the building, some going through windows with as much apparent ease as if they had never seen a door.

One of the duties of the red shirts was to keep in touch with the movements and speeches of the opposition. At several fusion speakings there were nearly as many men in red shirts as there were of the opposition. The result was a very few short stammering speeches, to an audience more interested in the outcome of the meeting than in what the speaker was trying to say. In one instance a stump speaker was reliably credited with having told the negroes that they were as good as white folks, and advised them to throw their arms around white girls when driving for them. According to the printed account the orator was met the next day by "300 most determined citizens" and compelled to stand in his buggy and retract his statement, and put for home on short notice, after having promised to make no more speeches during the campaign. This man would probably have fared worse than he did had it not been for the conservative leaders of the band.

Not the least conspicuous part was taken by the poets. In the absence of a Kipling we had to put up with "just any old poet" we could pick up.

The following stanzas give the sentiments of the red shirts so well that I quote them:

Shall low-born scum and quondom slaves
  Give laws to those who own the soil?
No, by our grandsire's bloody graves,
  No, by our homesteads bought with toil!

Our rights are rooted in the land,
  Our law is written in the sky;
Fate flings the fiat from her hand:
  "The whites shall rule the land or die."

During several of the processions the best voices, and some of the poorest, joined in singing a song which is no doubt familiar to you all. I give only one stanza:

The white man went to college,
  The nigger to the field;
The white man learned the knowledge,
  The nigger learned to steal.

The work of the red shirts ended on the day of election. Whether they will operate during the present campaign remains to be seen. Having said what I have about the work of the red shirts, I would be doing the movement an injustice were I not to say a few words in explanation of their purpose and intention.

In the first place the supreme object of the movement was to carry the election for the Democratic ticket. As I have hinted this was to be done in one of two ways; first, by creating enthusiasm enough among the whites to reunite them. Did you ever stop and think how much we in North Carolina are controlled, yea, swayed, by sentiment? Under this influence individuals, one after another, yielded to that sympathetic, emotional instinct which tempts each man to fall in with the big procession.

The second way of aiding the Democratic ticket was by intimidating the negroes. How well they succeeded in their chief purpose—carrying the election—is readily seen by a glance at the election returns for the county. The Democratic majority in 1898 was as great as the fusion majority had been in 1896.

In this paper I have spoken of the red shirts as if they had been an organization; this is a mistake, for any one was invited to come and take part or leave on any occasion. It was purely a voluntary affair on the part of the individuals. 'Tis true that a few men were looked to as leaders, but they had no more power to lead than their natural influence in the community gave them. But for their presence and influence over the hot heads, who were always present in a greater or less degree, they would have committed some really outrageous acts. As it was I am yet to hear of the maltreatment of a single negro who had not first used his tongue in a very offensive, not to say unwise, manner under the circumstances. To us it seems that frightening and intimidating the negroes was bad; so does it seem that England is treating the Boers of South Africa very cruelly; yet while we sympathize with the Boers, our judgment is necessarily with the English. So while we sympathize with the unfortunate negroes, and they are unfortunate, our judgment forces us to side with the whites. To use a striking sentence used by one of our noted professors, "Civilization costs something." I fear it has not yet cost in the South what it is destined to cost. Let us hope that it has.

LITERATURE ESSENTIAL TO INDIVIDUAL AND RACE PERFECTION.

S. A. STEWART.

(Oration delivered at Columbian Debate, April 27, 1900.)

I believe it is Goethe who tells us that "The beautiful is higher than the good, it includes the good;" and with this statement, I wish to introduce what I shall say to you this evening on the subject of Literature as an essential to our individual and race perfection.

One of the deepest problems that the sphinx of fate has propounded to man is the mystery of his own nature—a nature that is at one and the same time a unity and a plurality. I say this seems a sealed mystery, a profound enigma; and yet it is the most ordinary fact of experience. It is now recognized by all educated and thoughtful people that there are four faculties of soul-life, or in other words, four powers which go to the building up of human nature. These are the Right, or the power of conduct, the True, or the power of intellect and knowledge, the Beautiful, or the power of the feelings; and the Good, the power of the will. Human nature, which is essentially a unity, consists of all these and we have need of them all; and I may say further that there can be no perfection of human nature without them all, for "perfection" in the words of Mathew Arnold, "is the harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest." In other words, the perfection of the whole lies in the perfection of all the parts.

And in this harmonious expansion of the faculties of the soul, in this supreme but never ending struggle for perfect truth clad in perfect beauty, and perfect motive finding expression in perfect action. I say in this eternal growth toward a diviner day and this never-ending quest

after ideal human perfection, Culture is a very great, yea, an indispensable aid, because it is the revealer of truth and beauty. And believe me when I say to you that the instinct for truth and the instinct for beauty are set in human nature, as surely as are the instinct for knowledge and the instinct for conduct set there—Tennyson speaks forth the inmost longing of the soul when he says:

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death for which we pant;
> More life and fuller that I want."

The study of literature answers this cry of the soul for life by calling out the soul faculties at more points, and causing us to live more by awakening in us emotions and aspiration hitherto unknown. And thus it is that literature becomes not merely an æsthetic art but a vital and trustworthy criticism of life. Edward Dowden says, "If our study does not directly or indirectly enrich the life of man, it is but a drawing of vanity with cart-ropes, a weariness to the flesh, or at best a busy idleness." Mathew Arnold says, "That literature is greatest which teaches us how to live." Milton says, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life." There may be and doubtless is a purely æsthetic side of literature, there may be such a thing as "culture for culture's sake," but I am persuaded that this is not the chief purpose of culture. It is as a criticism of life that literature has its chiefest and its crowning glory; and that literature which fails to touch life and fails to transform conduct, so that God-like thoughts, and God-like aspirations and God-like feelings find expression in God-like acts, is little worth in this work-a-day world of darkness and suffering. Such then being the blessings which culture confers, how sorely are we in need of it! We look out upon the world of human beings about us, human beings like unto ourselves, yea, human beings whom we have been taught to call our brothers, and

we see them down in the valley of dry bones, utterly oblivious to the higher and diviner aspects of the world that stretches out its beauty and harmony about them—a world stamped with the very magic of God's own handiwork. Eyes have they but they see not this beauty and harmony and symmetry; ears have they but they hear not the melodious strains of music made by the spheres as they vie with each other in triangulating the endless stretches of space which God's mind alone can compass; hearts have they but they felt not the peculiar joys of each returning season as it comes laden with new pleasures, new hopes and new life. They are dead to these finer experiences of life; and those nobler faculties of their natures by which they were to be lifted out of the realm of the groveling, the sensual, and the base things of time, into the happier realm of "high thinking and noble living," have perished for want of food and cultivation. Mr. Darwin tells us that in his early life he was passionately fond of poetry and music; but listen to the sad words of his old age: "But now for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music."

What sadder dirge can you imagine than that which sounds the death-knell of a God-given faculty of the soul? It is culture, the revealer of truth and beauty, that will re-animate, and kindle into living fire these dormant powers of the soul; and so my plea to-night is for a broader culture; a culture that encompasses the entire man; a culture that dominates the feeling as well as the thinking, and the doing as well as the willing; a culture which in Mr. Woodbury's phrase "illustrates how poetry, politics and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, having their feeding roots in a common soil, deep in the general heart of men."

I am sure you will pardon me if I pause here long enough to make a practical application of this truth. Doubtless every thoughtful person in this audience has noticed the striking tendency of our times toward the development of specialists—a tendency fraught with much ill for the cause of human perfection because it is a tendency to develop the one faculty at the expense of the many. And this tendency is assuming dangerous proportions: it finds expression in the thousands of professional and business schools which have sprung into existence like magic in our midst, and which give but few courses of instruction and therefore offer but meagre advantages for broad culture. Their chief purpose is the development of the money-making faculty and their most popular advertisement is that Mr. A, who finished our course of instruction last year is now employed by one of the largest manufacturing establishments on the continent, at a salary of $150.00 per month. I do not mean to say a word against the development of the money-making faculty; it should be developed: but not that exclusion of the higher and diviner faculties of soul-life which result in noble thinking, right judging, divine feeling, and perfect acting. Not infrequently the one faculty which is cultivated is the intellect, and we have the intellectual giant—a veritable "master of those who know," but a Huxley in faith, or a Byron in conduct. It is against such a tendency to narrowness and one-sidedness that a broad culture hurls itself with all its force, and may the conflict never cease until our educational system is so re-constructed that the training of every young man shall be laid in a broad, deep, and comprehensive culture. How loudly all professions are calling for men of such breadth of culture to-day? I would that we had more men of such culture in our pulpits—men who like Phillips Brooks, can not only discern the will of God as revealed in the Bible, in nature and in the heart of man, but who can transmit it to others in essays and sermons of endur-

ing literary worth. I would that we had more men of such culture in the business world—men who like Andrew Carnegie are able to outstrip their fellows not only in the art of money-making but in the art of book-making as well. I would that we had more men of such culture in our editorial chairs—men who like Godkin are capable of writing not only able and brilliant editorials but also pieces of real literature. I would that we had more men in politics worthy to be compared with Edmund Burke the three-fold great man, great in letters, great in politics and great in philosophy. Where are our statesmen of to-day who are real men of letters? In a recent magazine article, Mr. Ladd, of Yale, says that many of the orations of Indian chiefs came far nearer to being literature than most of the speeches of our Congressmen." I would that we had men at the helm of State in America worthy to approach even unto the pedestal of the throne where the world-lamented William E. Gladstone was accustom to sit in the calm dignity and unruffied majesty of his great old manhood. Think you that it was possible for him to have been Gladstone the Statesman, without at the same time being Gladstone, the Man-of-letters, and Gladstone the Christian gentleman? I tell you nay. Such perfection is attained only by the untrammelled few who have studied in a masterly way "the best things that have been thought and said in literature."

But this individual human perfection of which I have just been speaking is not attainable save its environment be also perfect. The tender geranium cannot thrive among thistles and brambles. This leads us to the second part of our theme. Literature essential to Race-perfection. If there is a perfection for the individual, if it is possible for human nature to be so perfected that every faculty of the soul and every nerve of the body shall work in harmony each within its proper sphere performing its proper function: then certainly there must be a perfection awaiting

the entire race, a perfection in which each individual shall work in harmony with all the rest, a perfection in which the golden rule will be the highest political economy known to man and "all men's good shall be each man's rule." It is in such a race perfection that we devoutly believe and for which we earnestly hope and pray. Has culture any part to play in the work of hastening this "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves?" Yes, for it is culture that recognizes the great fact that man is a social being—a man in a world of men every one of whom he touches and influences; it is literature that seeks to perfect this social side of human nature so that perfect thinking, and perfect willing, and perfect feeling shall be embodied in perfect acting or perfect social conduct. It is just at this point that a great many literary men themselves break down—their ideals do not necesarily control their lives. As Mr. Shairp said, "They are content to be sayers of fine things and not doers of them."

Carlyle says, "In the true literary man there is ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness; he is the light of the world; the world's spirit; guiding it like a sacred pillar of fire in its dark pilgrimage through the wastes of time." Emerson recognized this apostolic mission of the man-of-letters as but few in our county have ever done. He may have been surpassed in literary genius and brilliancy by Hawthorne or Poe, but to-day he is one of the most widely-read of our American authors and simply because he wrote directly about life—he brought us a message. The same is true of Browning and Carlyle in England. They found their fellows about them wrestling with the monster skepticism; many were torn and bleeding from the effects of the fierce conflict. These true men-of-letters, heroes, entered the thickest of the fight, and Moses-like led the people out of the darkness and gloom of doubt into the marvelous light of a faith in God and man. What a touching picture is that of the late

lamented Mr. Ruskin, when at the ripe old age of sixty, be looked out from the magnificent Palace of Art which he had constructed for himself upon the world of humanity in the valley below, beset with clouds and groping its way in the dark with no hand to guide it to light. The very sight melted his eyes to tears, and he exclaimed, "For me I can put up with this state of things passively no longer;" and out from that place he came, and down into the valley of men, there to lay down his life as one of the stepping stones by which humanity is to climb into this Palace of Race perfection. David was a passionate lover of nature, and only eternity can reveal what the hills and the mountains, the rocks and the trees, and the moon and the stars meant to his own individual life and character. But he was not content with the selfish enjoyment of these things; he embodied them in the songs and literature of his people that they too might be led to an appreciation of the beautiful and the true as it was revealed in the glory of the firmament, and the harmony of the universe. Likewise you and I as students of literature, though we have but tasted of the good things which culture has to bestow, have a part to perform in bringing about this ideal race perfection. We must recognize the apostolic mission not only of literature in general, and of men-of-letters in particular, but of the student of literature as well. If the people of our country and especially of our own State are ever to cease to despise literature, and science, and art, and nature, and compassion, it will only be when we upon whom the true shechinah of culture has fallen, recognizing our apostolic mission, and realizing that

> "As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
> So nobleness enkindleth nobleness;"

until we I say, taking with us the lamp of learning, go forth into the waste places of the earth and ignite the tabrea of those who are still walking in darkness.

Believe me my friends, when I tell you that in bringing about this state of race perfection, in the work of uniting these two worlds—the world of poetic ideality and prosaic reality, literature has ever and must ever play an indispensable part. Would you point to the grandeur that was Rome, and the glory that was Greece? You find in not in the conquests of Cæsar, and Scipio and Hannibal; not in Thermopylæ and Marathon, but in that great body of laws and literature which these two nations have given as their donation to all ages and to all peoples. Would you point to the one star that twinkles in brightness and glory from the dark firmament of the middle ages? You find it in the Renaissance. Would you point to the two men who have done most to make Scotland "loved at home, revered abroad?" You instantly turn to Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. They first taught the Scotch people and the world that Scotland had a people as well as a history —a people in whose veins coursed the some blood as had animated the stout hearts of William Wallace and Robert Bruce. Would you point to the chief glory of the American people—you point to Concord and the little group of authors centered there that have ever dominated the thought and life of our continent. I would that in our fair South-land a similar movement might be started—a movement which would mean so much for the uplifting and salvation of our people. Shall I be considered selfish if I say that I wish that Durham might be the centre of this wavelike movement of influence that spreads and deepens like the mountain river gathering ever increased momentum and bestowing ever increased blessing upon the ages as they come and go. In such a hope I rejoice, and I am made glad each returning year as I see some new sign of its fulfilment. I believe that every new enterprise that is established in our midst, every public library, every school or college, every conservatory of music, every literary club that is added to our community is but a manifestation of

our interest in individual and race perfection. And these things are permanent. About them the moss of old age never clings and upon them the dust of centuries never accumulates. They speak, through the literature which they build up and inspire, to other ages and to other peoples. Long after the politician's voice is hushed in the silence of the tomb, long after the Statesman's last words have forever died away in the halls of State, long after our church spires have crumbled to dust and our civilization is blotted from the face of the earth the ever clear and melodious voices of Sidney Lanier, Joel Chandler Harris, and Thomas Nelson Page will speak in joyous tones of the simple lives and noble deeds of our honest, industrious, and proud people.

JNO. M. FLOWERS, - - - - - - - EDITOR-IN CHIEF.
J. R. COWAN, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Our readers and exchanges have been very lenient with us this year, dealing out to us a moderate measure of commendation and encouragement. We make our best bows for the same, earnestly praying that the happy hunting grounds of editors, for which we pant and thirst, will be barred against no generous friend whose conscience has been so conveniently elastic. We have no desire, as we approach with unfeigned joy the end of our term, to afflict our readers with a doleful summary of what we had hoped to do, nor to coin plausible excuses for our evident failures. We come out of the fever and turmoil with our vocabulary of strong words bountifully increased, and greatly advanced in the art of emphatic expression.

It would probably be useless and presumptuous to attempt to pass judgment upon the general class of work done in college magazines for the year that is now nearing its close. It certainly would be unfair to the editors who, in a sense, are responsible for the character of the magazines to judge them by their actual accomplishments for, however high and worthy may be their ideals, they in common with other men are so hedged about with limitations that they are unable to measure up to the full standards which their better judgment sets up for their guidance. But, in the absence of other proof, an editor's ideals, or what he would do under ideal circumstances, are to be gathered from the tone of the magazine over which

he presides, and taking the magazines from all sections of the country as our guide we are still of the opinion, repeatedly expressed before, that a radical change in the ideals, or ends sought, is necessary before college magazines will ever perform the best possible service for the students whose life they represent. The best possible service a magazine can render students is not to advertise what they are doing or to perpetrate their stale jokes, but to cultivate among them the highest, healthiest and sanest literary tastes and judgments. To reach this high standard, which may mean much or little to different people, it is necessary that we make our magazines less local, less provincial, and fill them with something capable of being understood and enjoyed by those who are so unfortunate as to live outside of our immediate community. The failure to do this is largely responsible for the low quality and inferior position of many of our magazines which would otherwise take a high rank. We confess that a large part of some of our exchanges means no more to us than do the famous *Dots* from *Dotsville* found in every country weekly. They are filled with "college jokes," "college fun," "college sports" and all sorts of criminal attempts at wit and humor which destroy their tone and character. Nothing literary or valuable will thrive in such an atmosphere and a magazine so filled has a degrading influence.

Something can be said in favor of a magazine that tells college jokes, prints college yells and and songs, and gives long accounts of athletic contests. They would make interesting reading for us in years to come, but our magazines ought to raise themselves above this local tinge into the realm of the universal as far as may be. A magazine thus elevated becomes a source of pride among the students and gains for itself greater popularity and support among a larger class of friends. We have said all this before, and merely revert to it now for what it may be worth to our successors.

The question of supreme interest in North Carolina to-day is the proposed constitutional amendment, by which it is proposed to eliminate negro suffrage from our politics. We have here no views to express, but it is gratifying to note the high tone of the campaign which is being made in its favor. Heretofore our political campaigns have been of a low order in many instances, appealing to the prejudices and passions of the people rather than to their reason and judgment. But the supporters of this momentous question are straightforward in their statements, making no attempt to conceal its real intent. The honest consideration of a great question is valuable to any people, and whether this amendment fails or succeeds the campaign made for and against it, if it continues elevated to the end, will have a salutary influence upon the future politics of our state.

C. A. WOODARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Three Men on Wheels, by Jerome K. Jerome, is becoming quite popular. It deals with the careers of the three Londoners whose adventures on the Upper Thames provoked so much hearty laughter. The scene of their exploits is the Black Forest.

"Mr. Jerome had an exceedingly eventful life before he finally decided upon taking up literature as a profession. He was in turn clerk, schoolmaster, actor and newspaper writer. His first book, *On the Stage and Off*, was published in 1888. The following year *Three Men in a Boat* and *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* were given to the reading public." His next work in fiction was the one above mentioned, *Three Men on Wheels*.

"There is considerable mystery concerning Mr. Kipling's new story, which will begin running serially in this country in the autumn. The first draft was given to the printers in England before Mr. Kipling's departure for South Africa. In its original form it made about one hundred thousand words. The proofs have been forwarded to Mr. Kipling at the scene of war, and the author has been obliged to make his corrections and alterations under trying and picturesque circumstances. However, we hardly think this to be a drawback. We have been taught to expect more of Mr. Kipling blackening sheets of paper, by dim light, in out-of-the-way places, than of Mr. Kipling doing his work under the most favorable conditions in Battleboro or Rottingdean. The

American publishers of the story expect to have all the 'copy' by July 1. Mr. Kipling is very reticent about the title and the subject. An English literary weekly recently said that the scene is laid in Upper Burmah. It is also hinted that Mr. Kipling has gone back to the field of his early triumphs, and that Mulvaney, Otheris and Lleroyd are to be introduced under new circumstances and in a new environment. The very startling guess was recently hazarded that the story would bring the 'Soldiers Three' into the war of the Transvaal."—*Bookman.*

Mr. Kipling contributed to *The Friend*, which he is temporarily assisting in editing, the following lines on the death of the late Mr. G. W. Steevens:

G. W. STEEVENS.

Through war and pestilence, red siege and fire,
Silent and self-contained he drew his breath;
Brave, not for show of courage—his desire
Truth, as he saw it, even to the death.

"A volume of short stories which should attract considerable well-deserved attention is *The Son of the Wolf*, by Jack London, which was published about the middle of April by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The nine tales which make up the book are all striking as examples of word-painting. Mr. Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, speaking of Jack London recently, compared him to Kipling. Now so many men have of late years been compared to Kipling, or have been said to have his style, that the author of *The Man Who Would Be King* as a criterion is becoming just a little monotonous. In this instance, however, the comparison, for a wonder, seems to be very fitting. The stories of *The Son of the Wolf* were unquestionably written under the Kipling influence, but this influence has acted as a spur, and not, as is usually the case, led to servile imitation. Very few readers who take up this book will lay it down without feeling more keenly than ever before all the ghastly horror and loneliness of life in the frigid zone. The author,

despite his extreme youth, has had a varied career. At the age of seventeen he went to sea as a foremast hand. Since then he has hunted seals in Behring sea, shipped from port to port, and lived the actual life of a tramp. In 1897 he left the University of California, where he was studying, and joined the rush to the Klondike, being one of the few that crossed Chilicoot Pass that winter. He is at present living quietly at his home in Oakland, California."

"Henry Esmond, who scored so distinct a success with his comedy, *When We Were Twenty-one*, is certainly one of the most conspicuous of the younger play-wrights of England and America. As an actor, he plays mainly character parts, especially old men. Mr. Esmond was born in London, where he lives, about thirty years ago. He has written several plays of strong intellectual power, among them *Griesson's Way;* but these, though popular with the critics, had no pronounced success with the public. On the other hand, several of his plays of lesser literary worth have more wide approbation from theatre-goers."

"Is it not almost time for a return to the problem novel or the light society novel? At any rate, it seems as if the historical novel has had its share of attention for the present time, and that with Miss Mary Johnston's *To Have and To Hold*, it can with dignity step down from popularity until that time when novels of all other sorts shall have begun to pall. Of course, there is not the remotest possibility of this being the case. Spurred by the success of such books as *Janice*, *Meredith*, *Richard Carvel*, *Via Crucis*, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, and *To Have and To Hold*, hundreds of imitators are springing up all over the country, and the result is inevitable. Continual imitations will make the type tiresome and ridiculous, and by and by the reading public will see all the humbug and rush back to the erotic and frivolous."
—*Bookman.*

LET ME FORGET.

"Love, who hath granted many prayers and set
My wayward feet into thy happy ways,
Behold, I send the supplication yet—
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

"I wrought so many follies in thy name,
So many frail, false altars did I raise,
Too weak to hold thee—nay, for very shame,
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

"See, I blot out my sinning with my tears,
And ever cry my prayer with this my praise:
For sake of all the coming, happier years
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays."

Editors Table

RICHARD WEBB, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The April number of the *Converse Concept* is devoted entirely to fiction and the stories in it are unusually good. The *Last of the Race of Aidale* is an interesting narrative whose scene is in Arabia and is permeated with the Eastern atmosphere similar to that of Ben Hur. *Two Scenes* is especially noticeable for its superb prose description.

The *Davidson Magazine* comes out in a special Historical number and the contributions show careful investigation. *Flora McDonald* is a romantic bit of history well told. The *Union Library* and *Historical Sketch*, perhaps, smack too much of the advertising vein for a college magazine. While special numbers have their advantages, it should not be forgotten that variety is essential to a good magazine.

From Jones to Dewey in the *Hendrix Mirror* is a recital of the history of our navy which cannot fail to inspire the reader with patriotism. The *Education of the Negro* is full of thought and deals with a practical problem in a pleasant manner. More fiction would be beneficial to the *Mirror.*

The *Yale Literary Magazine* is one of the best we have seen. It is made attractive by a happy mixing of essays and fiction and its contributions are generally short and well written. In *Concerning the Inglebys*, the author shows good qualities for tragic narrative and succeeds in weaving something of the weird into his production.

The *Georgetown College Journal* is one of the most attractive and well edited magazines we receive. The April number is well supplied with poetry but is lacking in fiction. There is only one story found in this number and it is not of the highest order. Among the solid articles the "Development of the Ballot Box," is interesting and instructive. It shows careful research upon the part of the writer.

All the departments of the *Furman Echo* are well gotten up. The literary department contains two interesting historical sketches, one on "Benjamin Franklin Perry" and another "The History of Card Playing." The first article in the educational department is exceptionally good. The writer hits upon the weak spot in Southern Education, that is the lack of High Schools.

The *Emory and Henry Era* has improved a great deal since it became a monthly. Its pages are filled with readable matter. The best story in the April number is "A Vacation Romance." The editorials also deserve commendation.

We are glad to receive among our exchanges *The Durham Public School Magazine*, while not so pretentious as some college magazines, it contains many good articles. We wish it success.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. M. CULBRETH, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

The Convention of 1900 is a thing of the past. On April 5 the Christian workers among the young men of North Carolina began to arrive at Greensboro, where the Convention was to be held. Nearly all the delegates from the various associations in the State reached the city on Thursday, and work was formally begun that evening at 8 o'clock.

The proceedings of the Convention would not be interesting to my readers at this late day, if rehearsed. It will perhaps be interesting to note, however, that we had visitors from outside the State on attendance at the Convention. These visitors were not treated strictly as such by the Convention; they came to work, and their labors in our interest were appreciated heartily. Mr. H. O. Williams, of New York City, imparted much liveliness to the working body, besides contributing a large share to the spiritual growth of the whole movement. Such warm, sympathetic, joyful dispositions as the one he carries with him often are the means of rescuing a conference from the painfulness of tedium. The first address to the Convention was made by a visitor, Mr. W. H. Morris, of Baltimore, Md. He told us some interesting things about the Association work in the army and navy. Other visitors were, Mr. S. M. Bard, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. G. M. Smith, of Virginia.

Of course the Convention, as it was held, is not beyond the reach of criticism, but it has perhaps received sufficient in private opinion to make it unnecessary to criticize it here.

It may be said, I believe truthfully, that it was a notable improvement on the one held in Durham in 1899. There was a better attendance, in the first place, and then the young men seemed to be in a better mood to participate in the necessary business of the movement. An explanation of the first statement might be sought in the fact that Greensboro is the home of two colleges for women. One of the institutions, Greensboro Female College, tendered the Convention a reception on Friday afternoon, April 6, at 5:30 o'clock. But on account of the large amount of very important business to be transacted, the Body refused to go until 6 o'clock, when it was too late to enjoy the feast that the girls had purposed giving us. Then was the time when criticism of the management of the Convention was most pronounced.

The immepiate results of the Convention cannot be enumerated, nor can its possible results be foretold. It was an inspiration to see such a large number of young men avowedly pursuing the Christian life. Our social life is not all corrupt, and it never can be so long as there are such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association. The reports of the Chairman and the Treasurer of the Association work in the State revealed gratifying advancement against very obstinate hindrances. We are thus given another testimony to the truth that "Whatsoever the righteous man doeth shall prosper."

It usually requires about two hours to make the journey from Greensboro to Durham, but it is not necessary in this instance to consume that much time in passing from events that happened in Greensboro to events that have already happened at the Park while we were away and since we returned.

Our good and faithful friend, Prof. J. F. Bivins, did not allow the work here to suffer in the absence of the regular leaders. He conducted a profitable seavice in the chapel Sunday afternoon, April 8. The following Sunday, Dr. Kilgo gave an exceedingly comprehensive statement of

"Christ, the Bringer into the World of the Kingdom of God." Some very gratifying results have already been marked among those who heard this masterful exposition. On last Sabbath afternoon the Association was blessed by a visit and a good sermon from Rev. W. C. Norman, pastor of Trinity Church. At the same hour, Rev. W. H. Brown was doing the work of an evangelist in the Y. M. C. A. over at the High School.

* * *

A weekly prayer-meeting is held every Wednesday evening in the chapel. Last evening, May 2, Prof. Pegram led, to the edification of all present. Come out and increase the interest by your presence.

At Home and Abroad

J. E. HOLDEN, - - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Baccalaureate Address, President J. C. Kilgo, Sunday, June 3, 8:00 p. m.

Commencement Sermon, Dr. Lyman Abbott, New York City, Tuesday, June 5, 11:00 a. m.

Alumni Address, Mr. W. G. Bradshaw, High Point, N. C., Tuesday, June 5, 4:00 p. m.

Commencement Address, Hon. John Temple Graves, Atlanta, Ga., Tuesday, June 5, 8:00 p. m.

Graduating Exercises, Wednesday, June 6, 10:30 a. m.

Reception in honor of Graduating Class, Wednesday, June 6, 9:00 p. m.

OFFICERS FOR COMMENCEMENT.

Chief Marshal, M. C. Guthrie, Southport, N. C., Columbian Society.

Subordinate, F. C. Odell, Concord, N. C., Columbian Society.

Subordinate, H. F. Mims, Newport, Tenn., Columbian Society.

Subordinate, W. C. Capel, Troy, N. C., Columbian Society.

Subordinate, J. S. Craig, Southport, N. C., Columbian Society.

Subordinate, B. F. Dixon, Jr., Shelby, N. C., Columbian Society.

Subordinate, M. C. Crowson, Lumberton, N. C., Columbian Society.

Chief Manager, S. W. Anderson, Wilson, N. C., Hesperian Society.

Subordinate, L. H. Gibbons, Wilmington, N. C., Hesperian Society.

Subordinate, H. F. Robinson, Goldsboro, N. C., Hesperian Society.

Subordinate, E. W. Spencer, Oxford, N. C., Hesperian Society.

Subordinate, W. M. Hanes, Winston, N. C., Hesperian Society.

Subordinate, G. G. Connelly, Morganton, N. C., Hesperian Society.

Subordinate, J. H. Goode, Connelly Springs, N. C., Hesperian Society.

BASE BALL.

April 3—Game with Cornell, 8 to 7, favor Cornell.
April 7—Game with Wake Forest, 10 to 2, favor Trinity.
April 10—Game with Horner School, 6 to 2, favor Horner.
April 13—Game with Lehigh, 4 to 3, favor Trinity.
April 16—Game with Horner School, 6 to 3, favor Trinity.
April 24—Game with Oak Ridge, 7 to 3, favor Trinity.
April 26—Game with Bing'm School, 2 to 0, favor Trinity.
May 1—Game with Wake Forest, 6 to 1, favor Trinity.
May 3—Game with University of Maryland, 3 to 2, favor Trinity.

Game with University of Tennessee, to have been played April 18, called off on account of rain.

There has been much complaint on account of sickness during April. Mr. W. M. Hanes, of Winston, and Mr. R. Webb, of Old Trinity, have gone home to recuperate. Grip has laid a heavy hand on us. A large number have had it. It's getting to be a serious time for seniors to be sick now, for examinations begin in about three weeks.

The Columbian debate was a success, and seems to have won the praise of all who heard it. The orations by Messrs. Stewart and Culbreth were good and were highly complimented. The affirmative won. Judges, Judge Winston, Prof. P. T. Durham and Mr. G. H. Humber. Mr. J. H. Southgate presided. Audience large and attentive.

Rev. E. R. Welch was at the college Saturday, the 21st, and Sunday evening preached a splendid sermon to the Odd Fellows, at the First Baptist church. A large congregation gathered to hear him and from the attention all seemed to enjoy the sermon. Mr. Welch looks well (for him) and seems to be happy since he got himself married.

News has reached the college that the parsonage of Rev. J. H. Barnhardt is being whitewashed and the yards swept for that great event for which he has sighed through the years. Though his troubles in the past may have been great, we trust that in the future they may be little ones. We are not prepared to give the lady's name whom he is to marry.

The new catalogues are out, and show much improvement over preceding ones. They are printed on better paper, contain the college buildings, besides other changes made in the general field of the catalogue. Profs. Edwards and Gill, who have been adjunct professors, now take charge of their departments. Other changes of professors and departments were made also. To get a degree at Trinity hereafter will be anything but play, under the new catalogue.

Another interesting feature at the college is a "Labor Bureau," of which Prof. R. L. Flowers has charge. Those students who desire to work during vacation will be assisted by him in securing positions. He would be glad to confer with any one who needs the services of students during vacation or permanently. And any one knowing of desired services, will greatly aid Prof. Flowers and the working boys by communicating his knowledge. The man who helps a

student to find profitable work does him a greater service than the man who gives him money. If the Alumni and friends of the college would take an interest in this move, the boys who are trying to work their wav here would find their burdens much lighter. Help the willing to work!

At the meeting of the Historical Society, April 28, Mr. J. Peele read an interesting paper on "The Red Shirt Movement in the South," and Mr. W. K. Boyd one on "Advalorum Taxation." Several contributions were presented, consisting chiefly of old books and records of much value to the society. Among these was a copy of our first Methodist Discipline.

Mr. G. H. Humber, of Carthage, made a flying visit to attend the Columbian debate, April 27. He has been admitted to the bar, but has not put up his sign yet.

Mr. C. L. Raper, '92, who was Fellow in History in Columbia University last year, has been appointed Lecturer in History in Barnard College, a woman annex to same university.

We are informed that Mr. J. H. Separk, '96, is to be married about the 23d of May, to a Miss Gray, of Gastonia.

We were prevented from taking part in the athletic contest at Oxford by rain and also by some misunderstanding.

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May 17 '37			

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